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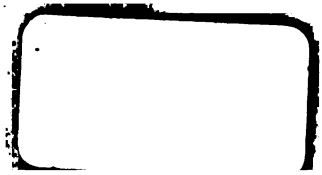

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THE

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VOL. XXXVIII.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

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SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE VISION.

As a fond mother sits beside the cradle of her first-born infant, guarding with an anxious heart and a watchful eye its balmy slumbers, the Yogie sat by the humble couch of his fawn-eyed maid; thankful that so poor a bed could yield repose so pure and light, to one who had been nursed in the lap of ease and luxury. The unwonted fatigue and anxiety she had undergone during the day, did, indeed, impart a heaviness to the sleep of the Begum which resembled the stillness of death; and it might have been supposed that her pure spirit had actually taken its flight to a higher sphere, were it not that a warm flush tinged her soft cheek, and a smile occasionally illumined her brow, indicative of the happy nature of her dreams.

With delight the Yogie gazed on his treasure, as he leaned against the pillar of the temple porch within which she lay. But a heavy thought would sometimes steal into his breast, of the fatigues and dangers she might still suffer, from the rancour of the ruthless Bheel; before they could quit the entanglements of the forest, and get within the territories of the Rajah, where assistance might be procured to make head against their pursuers. He had calculated that, even if Kempé had received immediate intelligence of their flight, as it was probable he did, from the straggling Bheels they had encountered on descending the Droog, yet he must already have advanced so far on his expedition, that it was impossible, the Yogie thought, he could return so rapidly as to overtake them, before they should reach a place of safety; even allowing for the few short hours of repose which the exhausted strength of the Begum rendered absolutely necessary. The probability was, indeed, that Kempé had already commenced operations against his opponent; and would, therefore, find it more difficult to withdraw himself from the scene of action, in which case they had little to fear from his pursuit.

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvii. p. 383.

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An anxious foreboding still, however, oppressed the mind of the Yogie; for he well knew the proverbial rapidity of the foe, and the little chance they had of escape if they once got within his active spring. It is true, the route they had pursued through the wildest intricacies of the forest, was such as to baffle ordinary pursuit; but the Puggees * of the Bheels were proverbial for activity and intelligence; and the singular accuracy they displayed in tracing fugitives by their footmarks, and other indications imperceptible to ordinary eyes, had obtained for them a mysterious and almost superhuman reputation. The conviction that these trackers would be immediately laid on the scent by Kempé, and the consciousness that they had left a wide trail through the jungle, encumbered as they were with the litter of the Begum, added very much to the anxiety of Kistna, and made him more eager for the moment of departure; though, when he witnessed the profound and placid slumber of his fawn-eyed maid, he felt unwilling to disturb that rest which was so necessary to recruit her strength for fresh fatigues and difficulties. While musing thus on the perplexing nature of their position, the Yogie found his own eyes grow unusually heavy; for his exertions through the day had been Herculean, and nature claimed her rights. Fearful, however, of submitting, even for a moment, to the dangerous indulgence, he arose from his recumbent attitude, and went down to the margin of the lake, to shake off, in the cool air from the water, the seducing lethargy.

The pale and waning lamp of night was sinking fast towards the horizon; and her trembling beams were still lingering on the mountains, when Vega hastily approached through the thickening gloom, and sat down by the Yogie's side, in a state of tremor and agitation altogether unaccountable in one of his well known bravery. Kistna instantly demanded the cause of his evident terror, and the Bheel replied in trembling accents:

"Noble prince, you know well that I despise all mortal perils, and am proof to every fear that man alone is capable of inspiring."

"Of that," said Kistna, "I have had too many proofs to doubt your courage for an instant. What then, brave Vega, has caused the extraordinary trepidation in which I behold you?"

"When I shall relate to your highness," replied Vega, "the vision that has just now passed before my eyes, you will, in justice to your faithful Bheel, acknowledge that my agitation arises not from unmanly fear, but from a supernatural warning of some power divine."

"I could have wished," said Kistna, incredulously, "that the warning had sprung from something more tangible than a vision; we should then know what course to take."

"Noble prince," said Vega, "it is, no doubt, the privilege of superior intellect and education to laugh at and despise the warnings derived from a world of shadows; but we humble dwellers of the jungle not unfrequently draw valuable information therefrom."

* The business of the Puggees is to trace thieves by the print of their feet. They measure with a string every trace of the impression of the foot, and make observations with a sense which practice renders very acute. The numerous instances of extraordinary discoveries of criminals through this mode almost stagger belief.—*Malcolm's Central India.*

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" Proceed with your vision," said the Yogie.

" Reclining by the side of yonder mountain," resumed Vega, " I whiled away the moments of my watch in counting the little waves of the lake, as they broke in succession on the pebbly beach; when suddenly the form of Lillah rose from the bosom of the deep."

" At least you dreamt so," interrupted the Yogie.

" It was no dream, may it please your highness," replied Vega, " but a waking vision, all but real and substantial. The Bheel never sleeps upon his watch."

" Proceed," said Kistna with a smile, for he remembered the vision of the Brahmin under somewhat similar circumstances.

" The form of Lillah," continued Vega, " arose from the bosom of the lake; but, alas! how changed from that beautiful creature whose smile, even of indifference, was fascinating to my heart. Her hair was dishevelled—her eyes streamed with tears—the ashy hue of death overspread her features; and in her side was plunged a dagger, while a crimson current flowed from the ghastly wound, and mingled with the limpid waters of the lake."

" My gallant friend," said the Yogie, " I perceive that the prediction of the Cashmerian fortune-teller has been busy with your imagination."

" Your highness may ridicule my superstition, as you are pleased to call it," said the Bheel, " but, for heaven's sake, despise not the warning sent by the hapless Lillah."

" What was the nature of the warning you allude to?" demanded the Yogie.

" While the sight of my slaughtered love," resumed the Bheel, " inflamed my breast with grief and rage, she wrung her hands, as if in agony, and exclaimed in unearthly accents: 'Beloved Vega! for even in the madness of my ambition you were still the dearest object of my soul, too justly have the gods punished my infidelity; and I die by the hand of the traitor for whom my fickle heart forsook my first and truest love.' Pointing to the dagger, she exclaimed in piteous accents: 'Behold the instrument of vengeance which the traitor, in his rage, has plunged into that fickle heart; and the same, my Vega, he designs for yours. He is now upon your footsteps, and will, ere long, trace you even to this secluded spot. Then seize the friendly hour of night, and fly while you have yet time to do so. But when the tyrant's hour is come, I claim it from thy love, be thine the hand to seal the traitor's doom! Be thine the vengeance for my cruel death!' Thus spoke the pale and ghastly shade; then drawing forth the dagger from the grisly wound, which was followed by a crimson torrent, with a wild unearthly cry she sank into the placid stream."

" The injunction to fly with all possible speed," said Kistna, " is, I have no doubt, a good one, and I shall prepare to obey it instantly: but shake off the superstitious horror that oppresses your mind, my gallant friend; for the scene that you have related is, I feel assured, nothing more than an unreal phantom conjured up by the peculiar tendency of your thoughts, aided by your great fatigue and want of rest."

" Alas! no," replied the Bheel, with a deep sigh. " It is, I am

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convinced, but too true. Ha!" he abruptly exclaimed, springing upon his feet, and clasping his hands, as if struck with the memory of some terrific event; "A new light breaks in on my distracted soul! What said the hoary Yogie of the Durrumsalla, whose dying prophecy had almost faded from my recollection—?"

"Be calm my gallant friend," said Kistna, who began to think that the vision of the Bheel had unsettled his wits.

"Did he not say," continued Vega, "that the dagger of the betrayed should drink the heart's blood of the traitress? Fool! fool that I was to apply the dreadful prediction to myself, as if the hand of Vega could ever mar that form on which his soul so fondly doted."

"Nay, worthy comrade," said Kistna, in a tone of deep anxiety, "this is no time to indulge in such gloomy reveries."

"But did he not also say," continued Vega, while a burst of unearthly laughter shook his breast, "did he not also say that the matchlock of the rival should penetrate the brain of the slayer? Hah! ha! ha! by Doorga, the old boy was right for once in his life."

"Come, come," exclaimed Kistna in a voice of command, and seizing the Bheel by the arm, "shake off this imaginary terror, and be once more a man. Lillah is not dead; you have only dreamt it."

"Alas! alas!" sobbed forth the unhappy Vega, while a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, "she is dead! The only being on earth for whom I wished to live, is gone for ever, and her mother's prediction is accomplished. But, by the awful name of Siva, I swear, that my matchlock shall avenge her cruel death!"

Here the Bheel bent his knee to the ground to give greater solemnity to his oath; but suddenly starting up, he grasped the Yogie's arm, and exclaimed in suppressed accents:

"Hark! heard you not the cry of the jackal from yonder woody hill? Again! an answer in the opposite direction! Nay then the Bheels are upon us, and we must prepare for instant flight. Oh! doubt me not, I know the fearful signal: full many a time, by rocky dell or mountain pass, I've crept upon the sleeping foe; and ever still the jackal's solitary yelp first told the deadly Bheel was nigh."

As he spoke a dusky figure was seen to emerge from a neighbouring coppice, and approach the little temple where the Begum lay asleep, with a stealthy pace; his body bent eagerly forward, and eyes and ears intensely directed to catch a sight or sound, to direct his search. With an exclamation of rage the Yogie was on the point of rushing forward, to guard his sleeping treasure, but Vega retained him, with a gentle pressure of the arm, as he whispered:

"'Tis the Puggee! He has traced us to cover; but he must never return, to impart his discovery, at least till we are out of reach. Steal on him softly, and let us catch the rogue in his own trap, or we are lost."

Kistna and Vega now proceeded silently towards the temple, scarcely daring to breathe lest they should attract the attention of the Puggee; who had just attained such a view of the Begum as to convince him of the success of his search, when his quick ear caught the sound of advancing footsteps, and turning round he beheld the two

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companions of her flight close upon him. With a suppressed cry he sprang towards the wood with the rapidity of lightning, and Kistna and Vega flew after him in full chace.

The moon had now entirely disappeared; but the night was clear, and objects might still be distinguished with tolerable precision: the chase was therefore continued for some time with increasing interest, and the flying enemy was frequently baffled in the numerous turns he made to escape his pursuers. But the forest through which they were now careering at top speed became, at every step, more dense and encumbered with underwood; and while the Puggee was naked, all but a cummerband round his waist, the activity of Vega was somewhat impeded by the matchlock he carried, and the speed of the Yogie was seriously checked by his flowing robes and voluminous turban. The safety of the fugitives, however, in a great measure depended on their success in stopping the Puggee, and thus preventing the immediate discovery of their retreat: they accordingly continued the pursuit with unabated energy; but every moment now increased the distance between them and the enemy, who, inspired by the hope of a rich reward from Kempé as well as the apprehension of death from his pursuers, almost literally flew before them. It was therefore very soon evident that they could never overtake him; a fact of which Vega was at length so thoroughly convinced that he suddenly stopt short, and presenting his matchlock at the Puggee, took a steady aim and fired, just as he was clambering up a lofty rock which jutted into the lake. The report was scarcely heard when the unhappy wretch, with a yell that made the woods re-echo, sprang up several feet in the air, and immediately after fell heavily and motionless upon the earth.

The pursuers now hastened to the spot where the wounded man lay, writhing in agony, being shot right through the body; and finding him still alive and sensible, though evidently approaching his last moments, they raised his head, and asked him how far off and in what direction the Maha Rajah was.

"A cup of water!" cried the dying man in a hollow voice, "in Doorga's blessed name a cup of water!"

They were luckily within a few yards of the lake, and the Yogie taking some of the refreshing fluid in the hollow of his hands conveyed it to the parched lips of the Puggee; who drank it eagerly, and reviving a little, after a pause, exclaimed in broken accents:

"Thanks! thanks!—that blessed draught—has almost atoned—for the mischief you have done me—My back! my back!—Oh heavens! I am cut in two—but the Maha Rajah will be here anon to avenge my death."

"Where is he, Ragojee?" cried Vega, who had recognized a comrade in the dying Bheel, "speak, man, if you have any bowels of compassion for the innocent, where is the Maha Rajah?"

"Vega!" cried the Bheel, with a wild stare, "Do I owe my death to you then, Vega?"

"You do, Ragojee," said Vega, somewhat affected, "but forget and forgive, man. You are going to the land of shadows, but I shall not be long after you."

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"That's true, that's true," cried the Bheel, as if consoled with the reflection, "in half an hour—you'll feel the stroke of death yourself—Doorga! what a pang! that gush of blood has stifled me." Here his utterance was choked by a quantity of blood that issued from his mouth; and his last moment appearing to approach rapidly, Vega again besought him to say in what direction the Maha Rajah was.

"Around you, and about you," cried the Bheel with a wild exultation of voice—"you cannot escape—no—if you dived into the earth—or flew into the air you could not escape his vengeance.—He has you! he has you! and he has sent Lillah before to prepare your way—ha! ha! ha!"

A wild unearthly peal of laughter broke from the dying wretch, as he stammered forth his faltering speech, and echoed through the jungle like the yell of an exulting fiend; but it was interrupted by Vega, who, shaking him rudely by the arm, as if to arouse his sinking faculties, exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Lillah, did you say? What of Lillah? Speak, wretch, what has he done to Lillah?"

"He stabbed her to the heart!" cried the Bheel, with an energy of gratified revenge that evidently hastened the catastrophe, for he writhed in dreadful agony, shrieking at intervals "My back—my back is broken! Curses wither your deadly hand!"

"Horrible monster!" cried Vega, gnashing his teeth, and tearing his hair in frenzy, while his frame shook with terrific violence; "I knew the vision must be true, but I will have a terrible revenge!"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the dying Bheel, whose voice was becoming weaker, and his senses somewhat unsettled, "I saw him do it—I saw the dagger in her side—and the red blood spurting out—and it stained the white chuddah of the Chief—mercy—mercy—what a pang! and she called upon Vega—."

"Did she?" cried Vega, with a start of delight. "Did she indeed call upon me in her dying hour?"

"Yes," said the Bheel in a faint voice. "She called upon Vega, her first and her only love."

A flood of tears gushed from Vega's eyes, and he sobbed as if his bosom would burst.

"She charged him," said the Bheel in expiring accents, "to avenge her cruel death."

"And he will avenge it!" cried Vega, almost frantic with grief and rage. "By the sacred names of Doorga and Mahadeo, on my knees I swear, that food shall not enter my lips, nor sleep visit my eyes, until I wreak on him a bloody and a dear revenge. What else did she say, good Ragojee, in pity tell me all she said."

But the soul of Ragojee appeared to have fled, for he replied not to the question of the Bheel.

"Now then for action," cried Kistna, grasping the hand of Vega with a friendly pressure, "my true comrade and gallant friend, whose faith has been tried in time of need; under the perilous circumstances in which we are, the life of the Begum, the lives of all entirely depend upon your speed, intelligence and fidelity."

"I am bound to you now," replied Vega with a bitter smile, "by

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the double tie of choice and necessity; and I have the additional motive of revenge, which I can only accomplish through your highness's assistance."

"Surrounded as we are," said Kistna, "by the bands of the miscreant, it were vain to attempt a flight through the woods: I shall therefore take advantage of the little skiff, which some fisherman has providentially left on the beach, and convey the Begum across the lake. Some distance beyond the opposite shore rises the lofty hill of Mailgotah, in whose holy temple we will take sanctuary."

"Kempé heeds not the sanctuary of the temple," said Vega, in a desponding tone, "its sacred walls will not yield you a moment's refuge; and he will rather rejoice in the plausible pretext thus offered, for coming to close quarters with the holy fathers."

"I do not trust much to the sacredness of the Sanctuary," said Kistna, "but the holy fathers have doubtless wit enough to keep the enemy at bay until the arrival of more efficient succour. To procure this shall be your task, my gallant friend; and I need hardly tell you that everything depends upon your intelligence and speed."

"Nay, doubt me not," replied the Bheel, "I swim the heady current like a fish—I glide through the thicket with the silence of a snake—I climb the mountain like a cat, and skim the heath with the speed of the antelope. I know each pass of field and flood: and through the dense and trackless forest I journey, with unerring eye, amidst the darkest shades of night. Doubt me not, noble prince: with speed and skill your highness's mission shall be executed."

"Then take this Signet ring," said the Yogie, "and fly to the royal towers of Srirungaputtun. There is yet time to reach the palace before the morning is far advanced, and I dare say you know the shortest mode of obtaining admission. This ring will procure you an immediate interview with the Rajah, to whom you have merely to state our present difficulties, and he will do the rest."

"I see your Highness's object at a glance," said Vega, "and I fly to execute your mission. Before to-morrow's sun shall sink behind the western hills, we meet again in the holy fane of Mailgotah, for

> The Bheel is lost and the Begum won
> And Vega's chequered race is run.

With this prophetic couplet, which indicated the firmness of Vega's belief in the prediction of the Cashmerian, he plunged into the lake; and holding his matchlock out of the water with one hand, he struck out rapidly with the other, towards a jutting headland at some distance, to shorten his journey, and deprive the enemy of all trace of his flight.

The Yogie now hastened back to the porch of the temple, where he found the Begum still soundly sleeping, and happily unconscious of the melancholy scene which had just occurred. Taking the slumbering maiden by the hand, she awoke on the gentle pressure, and with smiling eyes exclaimed:

"Ah Kistna! is it you that come to realize my dream? Methought we wandered together amidst the Laul Baug's lovely scenery, culling the brightest vernal flowers to grace —— but, heavens! what means that flashing eye? Why do you lay your finger on your lips in dark

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and speechless mystery? Alas! I understand you, the ruthless foe is upon us; but let us fly, my love, once more; with you I still defy every ill of life."

With eager pace the fugitives now darted down to the margin of the lake, and springing into the little skiff, pushed off on their adventurous voyage. The Yogie seized the oars, and struck the water with a strength and skill that sent the little vessel as swift as light through the yielding element. Nor were they a moment too soon; for, before they had gained an arrow's flight from the shore, a cloud of Bheels, headed by the Maha Rajah himself, rushed down from the woody heights with a wild and savage halloo, rendered still more terrific by the angry blast of the collary horn.

But when he found his prey had escaped, Kempé smote his breast with rage, and uttered the most terrific oaths and imprecations. His love for the Begum seemed changed into sanguinary fury; for he ordered his ruthless band to send a shower of arrows after the fugitives, reckless whether they shed her innocent blood or not. But they happily fell short of the mark, though all were aimed with singular precision; and, amidst the impotent shower of feathery deaths, the venerable pilgrim was seen labouring at the oar, with a vigour that seemed to the superstitious minds of the Bheels nothing less than supernatural; until, favoured by the increasing gloom, he vanished altogether from their sight.

CHAPTER L.

THE SIGNET RING.

The ungovernable rage of Kempé, when he found that his victims had again eluded his grasp, may be more easily conceived than described. He struck his forehead with his clenched fist, stamped furiously upon the ground, and cursed his followers for their laziness and inactivity, in not pouncing upon the fugitives before there was any possibility of escape. He forgot in the excitement of the moment the long and harassing chase they had already maintained; for he had engaged in active operations against the Polygar of Nundydroog, and a few affairs of outposts had already taken place, when the news of the Begum's escape reached him. Without waiting for rest or refreshment, he had immediately set off for the Droog, at the head of that body of his followers who were in immediate attendance on his own person; and having wreaked his vengeance on the hapless Lillah, for the part she had taken in the evasion of the fugitives, he had continued the pursuit with incessant activity, in the direction indicated by his scouts.

Utterly unable to divine the route now taken by the fugitives, who might land at any point they chose of the extensive shores of the lake, and be far advanced on their journey before he could hope to overtake them, Kempé called a council to advise him in his perplexity. A variety of opinions were broached, but none seemed to be satisfactory. It was, however, suggested by Giropa, the one-eyed lieu-

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tenant, that parties should be immediately sent in opposite directions, round the rugged and winding shores of the lake, and that a close search should be made in the jungle for Vega, who, it was fully ascertained, had not escaped in the boat with the Yogie and the Begum.

These measures were accordingly put in execution; and it was not long before one of the parties returned, bearing amongst them the insensible body of the Puggee, whom they had found lying in his gore on the margin of the lake where he fell. Kempé, on beholding his dying scout, raved like a madman, and demanded in a voice of thunder who had reduced him to that dreadful condition.

"Your highness," said Giropa, "may spare yourself the trouble of asking; for Ragojee will never speak again in this world, whatever he may do in the next. Besides, it is evident he fell by the shot which attracted us hither, and which, of course, was fired by your favourite Vega."

"Curses on the traitor!" cried Kempé, gnashing his teeth with rage, "will nobody discover the lurking villain? Speak, blundering fool," he cried to the insensible Ragojee, "idiot as you were to fall into your own trap, what has become of Vega?"

A shuddering motion passed through the frame of the scout, sufficient to indicate that life was not yet quite extinct; and his parched lips moved, while his eyes were fixed in a leaden glare on the Chief.

"He wants to speak but cannot," cried the inexorable Kempé; "pour some arrack down his throat, and let us hear what he's mumbling. That's it, now he revives a little; put your ear to his mouth, Giropa, and tell me what the idiot says."

"Now, my man," said the obsequious Giropa, obeying the orders of his Chief, "tell us in one word where the runaways are gone to?"

A faint murmur was heard from the lips of the dying man, unintelligible to all but Giropa, whose ear was close to his mouth.

"What says the knave?" cried Kempé in an impatient tone.

"Two words only," replied Giropa, and these were, as well as I could distinguish, 'Puttun! Mailgotah!'"

"That's enough," cried Kempé with an exulting laugh. "Now I have them. Vega is gone to Srirungaputtun for assistance, and the Begum and the Yogie are fled for sanctuary to Mailgotah. Ha! ha! ha! The fools! do they really think I care an atom for their boasted sanctuary? Bah! bah! they will shortly discover their fatal error."

"'Twill be a good opportunity," hinted Giropa, "to pick a quarrel with the holy fathers, and have a fling at the treasury."

"Aha! are you there, old boy, with your bushel of diamonds?" cried Kempé, with a ferocious laugh. "By Doorga you shall all have your full swing at the old rookery. Now, therefore, set on, my sons, for the sanctuary; you all know the short cut to Mailgotah, and it will be hard if we do not arrive there as soon as the Begum, though she has got the start of us."

"Does'nt your highness think," said Giropa, "that Vega should be stopt on his journey?"

"Unquestionably," replied Kempé, "otherwise the knave might spoil our sport. Despatch half a dozen of your quickest runners after him instantly. Hold, mount one of them on my horse, the swiftest of

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the Beemah race, and bid him fly like lightning after the miscreant. Warn him not to touch a hair of Vega's head, but to bring him to me in full life and vigour; for I would have him all to myself, that I may glut my eyes with his endless torments."

The orders of the Maha Rajah were obeyed with alacrity; and several active volunteers having started after Vega, the remainder, led on by Kempé, proceeded with all possible expedition round the shores of the lake, in pursuit of the Begum and her venerable companion.

Meanwhile Vega was far advanced towards his destination, and the skill and activity with which he cleared every obstacle that presented itself showed that his promise to the Yogie was not an idle boast. He had cut off a considerable angle by crossing a branch of the lake which lay directly in his route, evincing, by the precision with which he struck into a little goat track that led up the steep and woody bank, his intimate acquaintance with the locality. When he had gained the high grounds which encircle the lake, he had still a considerable distance of jungle to traverse, before he got into the open country; where his route would be less obstructed, it was true, but where also he would be more liable to discovery from his pursuers. He therefore preferred keeping to cover as long as possible, though it led him a little out of the direct line; and the dexterity and rapidity with which he unravelled the mazes of the forest, bidding defiance alike to natural obstacles, the darkness of the night, and the fears of wild beasts, fully entitled him to the high character he bore amongst his hardy race.

At length the jungle began to get low, thin and scrubby; and Vega, in losing its friendly shelter, now felt that on speed alone depended his own safety and the successful issue of his mission. He tightened his cummerband, therefore, literally girding up his loins to the task; and, that nothing might impede the rapidity of his motions, he deposited his faithful matchlock in a thicket which he knew he should have to pass on his return. Commending himself then to the protection of Mahadeo, he started, at a rapid pace, across an arid plain, which was totally denuded of foliage or verdure, and only diversified with a few barren rocks, or occasionally a stunted grab tree, the emblem of sterility. This was a sort of neutral ground which intervened between the jungle of the Bheels and the cultivated, though thinly peopled land that lay on the left bank of the Cauvery: and Vega knew that, if he could once clear it in safety, he might easily baffle pursuit, amongst the rice fields and cotton grounds that extended thence to Srirungaputtun, intersected as they were by artificial canals, cut for the purposes of irrigation, and containing also numerous topes of cocoa nut and mango trees.

Morning had not yet broke; though the atmosphere was free from that gloomy obscurity which pervaded the jungle, and a gentle breeze was blowing in the flushed face of the Bheel, as he sprang eagerly forward; his limbs being invigorated by its influence, and his heart beating with sanguine hopes of success. Already he thought he could distinguish in the distance the dusky summit of a mango grove, rising above the horizon; and, as he bared his breast to the cooling zephyr,

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and strained every nerve to increase the swiftness of his career, he mentally bade defiance to every effort of his pursuers. Suddenly, however, a sound broke upon his startled ear, that struck an ominous chill to his throbbing breast: but unwilling to listen to the suggestions of his boding heart, he said to himself it must be the wind rustling in the distant jungle. He next likened the sound to the rushing of a cascade or a torrent, then to the rumbling of thunder, or the discordant noise of a sugar mill: but a few minutes removed every doubt from his mind, and he was forced to confess, to his very great dismay, that the sound was that of a horse, galloping at a furious rate behind him, and evidently in the most determined pursuit.

A pang of agony shot to the heart of the Bheel; but it partook less of apprehension for his own personal safety than of mortification at his baffled revenge. To escape he felt was impossible, for the plain still stretched out before him to an undefinable extent; and there was not a single object in sight that could, in the remotest degree, conduce to his shelter or evasion. So far, however, was he from being unmanned by the danger that so imminently hung over him, that it rather had the effect of exciting him to a still further exercise of his great physical powers; and he sprang forward with increased velocity, at the same time turning over in his fertile mind a variety of schemes and resources, suited to his desperate situation. The pursuer, as if inspired with a corresponding ambition, seemed also to multiply his efforts; and although a considerable distance still intervened between them, it decreased very sensibly, until he at length found himself within range of his object. Then, fearful that Vega might, by some chance or other, escape his grasp; and probably enraged at the hard chase he had led him, he stopped suddenly, and putting his matchlock to his shoulder fired, immediately on which the gallant Vega measured his length upon the earth.

A few moments now brought the horseman alongside of his victim; when, for the first time, it occurred to him that he had disobeyed the positive injunctions of his Chief, which were that he should not hurt a hair of Vega's head, but bring him in full life and vigour, to be impaled, or otherwise tortured, as it might suit the fancy of the Maha Rajah. To his great comfort, however, he found that Vega was still alive, and bellowing like a bull, apparently in the greatest agony.

"The malediction of Doorga upon you," said the Bheel, "for leading me such a chase, with that nimble pair of heels of yours; I thought I should never catch you."

"You have done for me now at all events," said Vega, with a dismal groan, "and I shall never run another step as long as I live."

"'Twas a confounded good shot, considering we were both at full speed," said the Bheel, with a chuckle of self congratulation, "where did I hit you, Vega?"

"You have broken my leg," replied Vega; "the ball has passed through and through, and I cannot stop the blood, miserable wretch that I am."

"Get up behind me," said the Bheel, "and I'll have it spliced for you when we get to the Droog."

"I can't stand," exclaimed Vega, with a shriek of agony, "and

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you must either help me, or shoot me through the head, and put an end to my misery."

The latter alternative being in direct opposition to the orders of the Chief, the Bheel alighted and approached the wounded man, who had bandaged his leg up very carefully with his cummerband, and lay groaning at a dreadful rate upon the ground.

"Let me see where you're hurt," said the horseman, "I may bind the wound up for you at all events."

"I have done that myself," said Vega, "but I am bleeding to death. In Doorga's name carry me back to the Droog as quick as possible."

"You are in a great hurry to get back to the Droog," said the Bheel with a malicious grin, "but come along, I'll help you. There now, get up—that's it—take my arm and limp along,—but, in Doorga's name, don't make such a dismal howling, or we'll have the jackalls upon us. There now (helping him into the saddle) hold fast while I get up behind."

"Do you think," said Vega, with a heavy sigh, "that you shall see the Maha Rajah before me?"

"I am pretty sure I shall," said the Bheel, "why do you ask?"

"I wish to send him a present by your hands," replied Vega with a groan.

"What is it?" demanded the Bheel, looking up inquiringly at his prisoner.

"That, you dog!" cried Vega, bestowing upon his unsuspecting pursuer a tremendous kick in the face that laid him sprawling on his back. Then giving the reins to his steed he bounded off from the astonished Bheel with the speed of lightning, and never slackened his pace until he found himself under the Carighaut, and exactly opposite the Laul Baug. Without a moment's delay he plunged his horse into the river, and urged him to the opposite shore; where he effected a landing, undiscovered, in a thick clump of Amra trees, to one of which he tied his somewhat exhausted steed.

"It was now day-break, and objects were becoming distinctly visible in the grey of the morning, the tops of the loftiest trees being faintly illumined by the first rays of the sun. Every thing around the palace bespoke silence and repose; no living objects being yet visible save a few sentinels plodding drowsily on their respective posts. As time was precious, and every moment lost was a serious advantage to the enemy, Vega reflected how he could the most readily obtain access to the Rajah, to deliver his credentials: if he were to discover himself, he thought, suddenly to one of the sentinels, and demand admittance to the Royal presence, his clandestine intrusion, and the circumstance of his being a Bheel, which would be immediately discovered, might cause some delay or blunder fatal to the success of his mission. His object was, therefore, to make himself known to some intelligent attendant, or officer of the palace, who might without difficulty comprehend the pressing nature of his business; and no one more fitting for this purpose occurred to his mind than the sage Oodiaver; who, he knew, had the privilege of communicating at all times with the Royal family, in virtue of the confidential situation he held in the household of the Ranee.

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As, in his former visit to Srirungaputtun, Vega had made himself acquainted with all the localities of the Laul Baug, he experienced but little difficulty in finding his way to the domicile of the learned pundit. This was in a detached Bungalow at some short distance from the palace; where the adventurous Bheel found him accordingly, fast asleep, his bedchamber being on the ground floor, and the windows left partly open to cool its sultry atmosphere. Without a moment's hesitation Vega jumped in; and, approaching the Brahmin's couch, put aside the musquito curtains and tickled his venerable nose with a feather.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the sage Oodiaver, rubbing his nose half asleep, "these accursed insects penetrate the finest net in the world. But how is this? My curtains are wide open, and the window also, to let in the sun upon me. That knave of mine deserves the cowskin. Ramasamy! Ramasamy! come here, I say, you idle good-for-nothing ——."

"Don't make such a disturbance," said Vega quietly, "and I'll do it for you myself."

"Murder! murder!" cried the Brahmin in a terrible fright. "'Tis a Bheel, as I hope for a happy transmigration. Ramasamy! Ramasamy!"

"In the name of Doorga!" said Vega, "hold your foolish tongue and listen to me."

"'Tis one of Kempé Goud's dare-devils!" cried the Brahmin, pulling his nightcap over his eyes to shut out the terrible object. "Ramasa ——."

"Silence!" cried Vega, cutting short the Brahmin's appeal to his Dubash. "Silence, and follow my instructions, for precious lives depend upon your discretion and despatch."

"Oh spare my life!" cried the Brahmin, in imploring accents, "I am a poor, weak ——."

"Foolish old man," said the Bheel, finishing the sentence. "But courage, venerable pundit, your life is not in the slightest danger."

"Then, in the name of Vishnu!" said the Brahmin, "spare the lives of my royal master and mistress."

"You take care of number one first, I see," said Vega, "but no danger threatens any of you. On the contrary, I am come to save lives that are precious to all, and must have an immediate interview with the Rajah."

Here the Brahmin raised the nightcap from his eyes, and stared at his unwelcome visitor with astonishment; for the idea of a Bheel volunteering to save the life of any one was, he thought, only to be surpassed in singularity by his demanding an interview with the Rajah.

"Come, come," said Vega, "every moment presses, for the life of the Begum is at stake."

"Blessings on her!" exclaimed the Brahmin, is the ten-headed giant of Lankadwipa going to devour her at last?"

"Your wits are wandering," said the Bheel sternly, "lead me instantly to the Rajah."

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"By what authority," demanded the Brahmin in a quavering voice, "dare I venture to introduce you to the royal presence?"

"By the authority of this Signet ring," replied Vega, displaying his credential.

"A Signet ring!" exclaimed the Brahmin, throwing himself back on his pillow, "talk not to me of a Signet ring. Has not the Signet ring of the Begum already occasioned my incarceration for a whole night in a filthy dungeon?"

"But recollect," said Vega, unable to resist the temptation to a little badinage, "you had an agreeable prison companion on the occasion."

"True, true," replied the Brahmin, "Coornavati was, in sooth, a delectable creature; but, as I hope for mercy, she might have been a rhinoceros for any thing I knew to the contrary."

"Come come," said Vega, "we trifle too long. Here is the Signet ring of his highness the Yuva Rajah, who is, I fear, at this moment in the clutches of the fiend."

"Impious varlet!" exclaimed the indignant Brahmin, "how darest thou slander thus the memory of so pious a prince, who is doubtless at this moment enjoying the delights of Swerga."

"May Doorga forbid!" cried the Bheel fervently, "for then is my revenge baffled."

"Monster!" exclaimed the Brahmin, whose zeal for the beatification of his deceased prince silenced all personal apprehensions. "Does thy revenge then go beyond the tomb, and would'st thou pursue the royal soul of the prince even into the gulf of Patala, where fire eternal reigns?"

"Bah! Bah!" said Vega, in a tone of derision, "that's all a flam only to gull fools and Brahmins."

"What!" cried the sage, with a holy horror depicted on his countenance, "dost thou then dispute the existence of Patala, where Yama presides over the wicked; ordering some to be beaten, some to be cut to pieces, and some to be devoured by monsters, according to their several delinquencies?"

"In the name of Mahadeo," replied the Bheel, "keep your Patala with all its horrors for any thing I care. I have not come here to dispute with you on divinity?"

"Then what is the meaning of your words, man of mystery?" demanded the Brahmin. "I can make neither head nor tail of them, as I hope for a happy ——."

"Listen!" cried Vega, with an abruptness of manner that made the venerable man start nearly out of bed; "The Begum is at this moment in the power of Kempé Goud and his Bheels."

"Oh the pilfering knaves!" exclaimed the Brahmin, "with deference of course to the present company."

"The Yuva Rajah is alive," continued Vega, "but he is also in the clutches of Kempé."

"Praised be the name of Vishnu! Maledictions on his head!" cried the Brahmin, somewhat puzzled amidst his conflicting emotions.

"On whose head?" demanded Vega, "the god or the robber?"

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"The robber most indubitably," replied the Brahmin, "no offence I hope, Sir Bheel."

"None whatever," replied Vega, "provided you go instantly to the Rajah and tell him, that the Begum and the Yuva Rajah are at this moment at the sacred shrine of Mailgotah."

"Praised be the heaven-built sanctuary!" piously ejaculated the Brahmin.

"Kempé Goud beleaguers them in that sacred place," continued Vega, "and their lives are not worth a cowrie unless they are instantly relieved."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the Brahmin, "if this now could be depended upon?"

"Behold my warrant," cried Vega, displaying the Signet ring. "This must I deliver to the Rajah instantly."

"It is, in truth, the Signet ring of his highness," said the Brahmin, "but art thou sure thou hast come honestly by it?"

"Old man," said Vega with solemnity, "think you I would place my head in the jaws of the lion with a lie in my mouth?"

"True! true!" responded the Brahmin, slowly and cautiously, "but art thou sure thou hast no daggers or matchlocks, or other combustibles concealed about thee."

"Behold me," said Vega, "naked all but my cummerband and sandals."

"Just so!" said the Brahmin, with that sententious gravity and semblance of wisdom peculiar to dull but cunning men. "Then I think I may introduce thee—but—art thou quite sure ——."

"Fiends and Furies!" cried the Bheel in a voice of thunder, "the Begum is lost while you stand gabbling here like an old fool as you are."

The vehemence of Vega electrified the Brahmin, who huddling on his garments in silence, led the way to the palace, where he was soon admitted to a conference with his royal mistress. Nor was Vega kept long waiting for an interview with the astonished and delighted parents, to whom he briefly related the strange occurrences that had taken place at the Droog, and the perilous situation of the Begum. Satisfied with the consistency of the Bheel's story, and convinced that all was right by his possession of the Signet ring, to which he also added a few parting words confided to him by Kistna, containing an allusion to an important state secret, the Rajah, without a moment's hesitation, issued such orders as were called for by the emergency of the case.

In a short time, such was the zeal and anxiety evinced on every side, the whole of the Royal Body Guard were under arms in front of the palace, awaiting the appearance of the Rajah, who had announced his intention of leading them himself. He accordingly soon after appeared, gallantly mounted on the charger of the Yuva Rajah, and bearing on his arm the well known shield of the Bracelet, as the most appropriate ensign for the expedition. A body of troops was also ordered to proceed direct to Savindroog; which, in its present defenceless state, it was calculated would fall an easy prey, and the retreat of the robber be thus totally cut off. Vega had already departed. Re-

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fusing all sustenance himself, in conformity with his vow, he gave his gallant steed an invigorating mess of lamb's head hashed, and poured down his throat a large cup of arrack: then springing on his back he plunged into the stream, and proceeded with the same rapidity as before on his vengeful errand.

CHAPTER LI.

THE BEIRAUB.

We must now return to the Yogie, who laboured incessantly throughout the night, to gain such a start of the enemy as might enable him and his lovely companion to reach the Sanctuary before their flight could be intercepted. He had, however, many causes of anxiety to disturb his mind: for he felt assured that Kempé would divine the object he had in view, and would strain every nerve to baffle it; and although the detour the latter must necessarily make would be very considerable, Kistna was too well acquainted with the activity of the Bheel to derive much comfort from that reflection. He knew also that Mailgotah was at some distance from the shores of the lake; and, though he was not acquainted with the nature of the country, he made up his mind to meet with serious and numerous difficulties; especially as he was now deprived of the assistance of Vega, and had no means whatever of transport for the Begum. But, even supposing they were fortunate enough to reach Mailgotah unmolested, a serious doubt arose in his mind as to the ability of the Brahmins to keep the Bheels at bay, until assistance could arrive from Srirungaputtun; should Vega be so fortunate as to reach that place in safety, of which he was very far from entertaining any very sanguine hopes.

The Yogie, however, confined his anxieties to his own breast, and as he tugged manfully at the oar, exerted his mental energies to keep the spirits of the Begum from sinking under the extraordinary difficulties of her situation; while she, on her part, did everything in her power to sooth the unremitting labours of her devoted lover. Thus passed the night, and the rosy dawn had illumined the tops of the Eastern hills before Kistna struck the welcome land with his weary oar, and conveyed his loved companion to the sedgy banks of the lake; where, with pious fervor, she knelt to offer up her grateful thanks to her protecting deity.

The jungle now lay before them in one unbroken line of shade, for the heavy mists of night were as yet but partially dissipated. As the light, however, grew every moment stronger, the winding mazes of the wood became more distinctly visible, exhibiting a deep and awful solitude, uncheered by the aspect of any living object; while over all in misty distance, like some grey cloud amid the sky, was seen the sacred fane of Mailgotah. But though smiling hope inspired the breast of the Begum, and she could not but feel a well grounded confidence in the protection of the deity, from the singular interposition of Providence in their favour, yet her heart was occasionally chilled with a dark foreboding of impending evil; and when she considered how far Mailgotah still was from the spot on which she stood, and

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how inadequate were her physical powers to the difficulties of the way, she could not altogether suppress an air of despondency, which usurped her features, and indicated to her anxious lover the melancholy state of her thoughts.

This was, however, no time for indulging in gloomy reflections, for the urgency of the case called for immediate action: the Begum therefore sprang forward in the direction indicated by the Yogie, with a cheerful air and a light elastic step, which evinced, at least, a firm resolution to do all that lay in her power to conquer the difficulties of her fate. The exterior of the jungle was partially illumined by the early beam of day, and each leafy bower and verdant alley impearled with glittering dew drops: but as they advanced into its mighty recesses, their devious course was obscured by the broad shadows of the lofty trees, whose summits were partially tinged with the slanting rays of the sun; and their progress was necessarily slow, from the many obstructions they encountered, and the total absence of any thing like a road or even a footpath.

The morning was pure and mild, and the early zephyr rustled refreshingly amongst the luxuriant foliage, where, mingling with the broad glossy leaves of the plaintain, the lithe and feathery bamboo threw its light branches with graceful sweep across the way. The Betel shed its perfume on the elastic air, blending its rich odour with the pure lemon scent of the Vasira; while the flowering shrubs, the woodbine, the honeysuckle, and a thousand other aromatic creepers that spread around, intermingled together in all the wild luxuriance of uncultivated nature, diffused a grateful fragrance, when crushed by the hurried footsteps of the travellers. The air resounded with many an artless note of joy from the sylvan warblers, as they flew delighted amidst the tangled bowers of the forest: the pheasant and the jungle cock were crowing in the bosky dells, and the deep recesses echoed with the braying of the deer, which seemed so unaccustomed to the sight of human beings, that they gazed at the fugitives without the least symptom of alarm, while the peacocks strutted about with all the tameness and familiarity of the farm-yard.

It was a lively, and, under any other circumstances, would have been a delightful scene to the travellers, as they continued their rapid flight through the romantic wilds and picturesque glades of the forest: but the imminence of their danger checked that flow of delight which hearts like theirs derive from the contemplation of Nature, in all the majesty of her unadulterated beauty; though occasional vistas of the sacred shrine of Mailgotah refreshed their hopes, and urged them to renewed exertions. Thus, for a considerable time, they continued their progress, the Begum declining any further assistance from her lover than the support of his arm over obstacles too difficult for her delicate frame to surmount; when arriving at a little grassy glade, through which a streamlet meandered, they beheld a snow-white bull*

* These bulls are turned out when calves, on solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. It would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta, breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers' and pastrycooks' shops, and

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grazing on its margin. His pampered sides were fat and sleek, and the Lingam of Siva was branded on his haunches: this, together with the remarkable tameness that appeared in all his motions, led Kistna to conclude that he was one of those sacred animals which are let loose when young by wealthy individuals, at marriages, and other festivals, as acceptable offerings to the deity. Thus consecrated, they are allowed to roam at liberty wherever they choose, and are fed and caressed by the pious hands of all who meet them; none presuming, under pain of divine vengeance, to offer them insult or injury. A sudden thought inspired the breast of the Yogie at the sight, and he exclaimed in joyous accents:

"The gods, my Lachema, appear to pity your helpless condition, and have sent this animal most opportunely to your assistance. Accept it, therefore, as an omen of ultimate success."

"I confess," said the Begum, "that any mode of conveyance would be most acceptable, for the sun is hot and the way is rugged; but I have some scruples, my Kistna, as to the propriety of thus employing the sacred animal."

"Trust me," said the Yogie, "you commit no sin in doing so. The most sacred object cannot be better employed than in succouring oppressed and helpless innocence: and lo! the gentle brute approaches as if to offer his willing services."

The bull did, in fact, approach the travellers, with a tameness and familiarity that showed how accustomed he was to the presence of human beings; and he even licked the Yogie's hand, as if looking for food or inviting his caresses. To delay any longer to avail themselves of his seasonable aid would not, Kistna thought, be consonant either with prudence or true piety; he therefore prevailed on the Begum to waive her scruples; and placing her on the animal's back, they set forward on their journey with renewed hope and increased rapidity.

But the freshness of the morning was gone, and the sun was putting forth his terrific powers; spreading over the unclouded sky a fiery glare, that dazzled the eyes and scorched the brain of all who were exposed to its fury. The travellers had now got clear of the jungle; and the Begum, no longer sheltered by the leafy screen, was suffering not only from the direct influence of the solar blaze, but also from its still more terrible reflection from the arid plain on which they had emerged, and which offered not a particle of shade throughout its whole extent. All animals, both tame and savage, felt alike the terrors of the sultry noon. The antelope lay panting in his grassy lair, and the cheeta, his natural enemy, had also fled to the shelter of his den. The wild boar was lurking in his thorny fastness; and the elephant either flung his mountain form supine within some sylvan shade, or, twining his trunk round the tangled and natural bowers of jessamine and honeysuckle, in idle play, shook down their flowery honors in showers upon his grassy bed.

The friendly bull, also, which now unconsciously bore on his brawny back the hope of a great kingdom, the Fawn-eyed maid of Mysore,

helping themselves without ceremony. Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous.—*Heber's Journey.*

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distressed by the unwonted toil he was undergoing, looked round in vain for rest and shade: and vainly did the lovely rider herself long for some rivulet or fount, at which to cool her parched and burning lips. Nothing, however, met her anxious gaze except the barren heath and the blazing sky, which, with unwonted fervour, poured down its fire on her defenceless head. At length, to her inexpressible delight, a broad expanse of water gratified her longing eyes in the distance; its glassy surface sparkling in the solar beam, with an intensity that made it almost painful to look upon. As they approached, however, the crystal lake presented a most lovely and picturesque appearance; the trees that grew on its margin being reflected in all their flowery pride in the limpid stream, while numerous fairy islets, crowned with verdure, were scattered profusely on its tranquil bosom.

Invigorated by the cheering sight, the Begum patted the neck of her panting steed, and urged him forward to bathe his limbs in the cool and placid wave, which now appeared at a short distance before them; while the lengthening shadows of the cocoa-nut trees, that were thinly scattered on its banks, gave a happy indication that the fiery noon was passed and cooler hours were coming on. The view of the lake appeared rather to increase than diminish the burning thirst of the Begum, which all its limpid waters seemed in her mind inadequate to allay; and she pleased herself with anticipating the delight she would experience from the refreshing contact. Kistna, it is true, did not appear to partake of her enthusiasm; and when she reproached him for his apparent apathy on the very near prospect of enjoying so great a luxury, he smiled doubtfully, and begged her not to raise her hopes too high; for that the influence of the sun on sandy plains was apt to cause optical deceptions, that sometimes produced unpleasant disappointments.

Great indeed was the dismay of the Begum when she arrived on the borders of her imaginary lake, and found that all its limpid waters, its fairy isles and umbrageous foliage had disappeared, and nothing met her aching sight but a wide and waving plain of silver-tufted arrow grass;* whose silky blossoms, shining with dazzling lustre in the solar beam, had presented to her enraptured fancy the exact image of a crystal lake; but all was false and unreal mockery: the Begum had now for the first time beheld that singular delusion the Seiraub of the desert.†

* Sara; or Arrow Cane (Linn. Spontaneous Sacharum.) This beautiful and superb grass is highly celebrated in the Puranas, the Indian God of War having been born in a grove of it, which burst into a flame; and the gods gave notice of his birth to the nymph of the Pleiads, who descended and suckled the child, thence named Cartikeya. It is often described with praise, by the Hindoo poets, for the whiteness of its blossoms, which gave a large plain at some distance, the appearance of a broad river.—*Sir W. Jones.*

† The Seirâb, or mirage, is the appearance presented in desert countries, during the extreme heat of the sun, when a lake seems to be close at hand. The objects are seen inverted in it as in a piece of water.—*Memoirs of Baber, note.*

The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat, and, which augments the delusion, it is more frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake.—*Pottinger.*

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With a trembling heart, and eyes brimful of tears, the fainting maid implored the pitying gods to send her some relief; for her thirst had now become so excessive as almost to deprive her of the power of utterance. With increasing and painful anxiety, the ever-anxious Kistna witnessed the sufferings of his fawn-eyed maid; but he knew that her safety depended alone on their unremitting exertions. He assured her, however, from his knowledge of similar localities, that water could not be far off, and that they must be in the neighbourhood either of a river or a lake. In the mean time he looked around, in the hope of finding one of those singular vegetable productions, which Nature not unfrequently bestows upon sandy and arid situations in the East; apparently for the refreshment of birds and animals, which otherwise might suffer from the excessive heat and sterility of the soil. Nor was it long before he discovered what he sought, the Pitcher plant;* and plucking several, whose tiny cups were filled with pure and sparkling water, distilled from the dewy clouds before the sun had risen, he brought them in triumph to his lovely and exhausted fellow-traveller.

The doting mother, when she gives the milky tide to her first-born babe, feels not a purer pleasure, as the infant hangs at her breast, with artless smiles and grateful eyes, than that which filled the bosom of the Yogie when he held to the parched lips of the Begum that nectar cup, which the hand of nature so providentially supplied to recruit her exhausted powers: nor ever did delighted mother receive a more cherished reward, in the artless glances of her offspring, than the seraph smile of the Begum conveyed to the heart of her lover, as she quaffed its pure and welcome liquid.

But scarcely had the Princess quenched her thirst, when a fearful shout resounded on the air; and looking back in the direction whence it came, she beheld, to her dismay, a body of men descending an eminence at some distance, and, who, she could not for a moment doubt, were the ruthless Bheels in eager chase. A few moments sooner and the fugitives might have been concealed amidst the broad belt of tassel grass which rose high over their heads,† and was now apparently the only obstacle that intervened between them and Mailgotah: but it was evident, from the shout of the Bheels, that they were discovered; and they could even distinguish one more energetic than the rest, whom they conjectured to be Kempé, encouraging his followers, with voice and hand, to strain every nerve in pursuit of their destined victims.

* This plant abounds in the stony and arid parts of the Island of Java, from which, were it not for this vegetable wonder, small birds and quadrupeds would be forced to migrate in quest of water. At the foot stalk of each leaf is a small bag shaped exactly like a pitcher, furnished with a lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre which contracts in showery weather and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets filled with sweet fresh water are thus held forth, and afford a delicious draught to the tiny animals that climb their branches, and to a great variety of winged visitants.

† The Kusa grass, or Saccharum Spontaneum, with which the country along the Ganges and the banks of rivers in general are overspread in Autumn, grows from ten to fifteen feet high.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

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This was the critical moment that called for all that fortitude with which Nature had so eminently gifted the Begum and her gallant lover. There was now no lake or friendly boat to aid their flight, but a wide waving plain of lofty reeds, of unknown extent; and which, instead of proving a resource, might be productive of new dangers, from the shelter it was known to afford to the tiger, the wild boar and other savage beasts, during the sultry fervors of mid-day. Conscious, however, that on his single efforts now entirely depended the safety of all he held dear upon earth, and, inspired by the memory of former deeds, the bravery of Kistna rose with the imminence of the danger. Determined to resort to flight as long as the strength of the Begum permitted; and to take advantage of every accident which fortune or providence might throw in his way, reserving to the last moment the desperate resource he had in contemplation, the Yogie now urged forward the sacred bull; which almost seemed instinctively to know the peril of his lovely rider, and to exert his utmost speed to accomplish her escape.

Into the heart of that mighty mass of reeds, which waved their silver tufts on high, and screened them from the burning sun as it held its cloudless course through the firmament, the fugitives penetrated by a narrow winding pathway: but whether it was originally formed for the accommodation of human beings, or a mere track of wild beasts, they could not ascertain. It served, however, extremely well on the present emergency; and offered no obstructions whatever to the progress of the sacred animal, which continued to press forward at a steady pace that promised soon, if unopposed, to bring him to the end of his journey. But though the reedy screen shut out the robbers from the Begum's sight, her ears rung with their incessant shouts, mingled with the terrific blasts of the Collary horn; and the rapidly increasing loudness of these dreadful sounds unhappily proved that the Bheels were gaining fast upon their flying victims.

It was an awful moment of anxiety, and the firmness of the Begum was put to a severe and trying test. To fall again into the hands of Kempé would be a calamity worse than death; but even that was trifling compared to the horror of seeing her gallant lover slaughtered before her eyes, after all the noble self-devotion he had evinced in her service. There seemed, however, little hope of any other result, for the Bheels had dashed in amongst the canes in all directions, and were now closing fast upon the fugitives: their exulting shouts and yells of triumph disturbed the birds and beasts which had sought shelter from the heat in the reedy forest, whose cries and howlings added to the clamour of the chase; and the vulture brood screamed ominously, as they wheeled in giddy flight round the heads of the devoted pair, as if they already snuffed up the tainted carnage of an approaching battle field.

The chase was now becoming every moment more critical, and the Begum's hopes more faint; for they had penetrated to a considerable distance through the reedy jungle, without meeting with any object whatever calculated to assist them either in escape or defence: while

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the Bheels, by the proximity of their deafening shouts, were evidently closing in upon them fast, and a few minutes more must, in all human probability, put a period to the chase.

The path pursued by the fugitives now led into a small open space, which, by some accident, had been cleared of the canes, and presented an area of a few yards in diameter, in the midst of the reedy jungle which waved around it on every side. The Yogie gazed on the unincumbered spot with a look of pleasure, and exclaimed in cheerful tones:

"Here, my Lachema, we will make our stand; and pardon your devoted Kistna if he puts your fortitude to a severe, but indispensable trial."

"Doubt not my firmness," cried the Begum with a look of melancholy but stern determination. "Here, my Kistna, we will die together, if such be the will of the gods."

"Nay," said Kistna, "the gods will still protect your precious life; but let not your nerves be for an instant shaken by what you are going to behold, and which, to you at least, will be only, in appearance, terrible."

As he spoke he drew from beneath his vest a silken bag, wherein, on commencing his pilgrimage, he had placed a few small optical and surgical instruments; which he thought might be useful to him in the desert, or employed occasionally to raise the wonder of the ignorant and superstitious, and thus enhance the mysterious and supernatural character so essential to the execution of his project. Choosing from amongst them a small convex lens, he held its surface towards the sun; and taking up some withered cane leaves from the ground, the concentrated rays of the luminary fell upon and ignited them in a moment. Then with a firm and steady hand, just as the shouting Bheels were drawing nigh, he applied the burning leaves to the surrounding reeds, which long exposure to the sun had rendered peculiarly inflammable.

As when the gunner fires the mortal train that springs the deadly mine upon the horror-stricken enemy, scattering their ranks in unforeseen destruction; so, on the ruthless foes of the Begum, the fierce devouring flame uprose; with a sudden rush, that gave it less the appearance of a mortal conflagration than of avenging fire from heaven. Beneath, around and overhead, the wild and fiery torrent raged with ungovernable fury; as if the awful Mahadeo had poured the lightning of his frontal eye amidst the reedy maze, to manifest and save the spotless innocence of the intended victim.

Shouts and yells of horror, anguish and dying agony, piercing through the roaring of the fiery torrent, indicated the dreadful condition of the Bheels, thus seized with unforeseen destruction in the vigour of their days, and the pride of their triumph. Death, in its most horrid form, seized upon some; and others, miserably scorched and burnt, fled howling from the sea of fire, whose roaring waves rushed after them in vengeance. With a sinking heart Kempé gazed on the awful scene; his faculties bewildered by the strange and unexpected catastrophe, and his soul smitten with terror and remorse, as

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the curse of the dying Charun, of which this appeared to be the consummation, occurred to his too retentive memory:

The fire consume both thee and thine!
Such is the doom of wrath divine.

Meanwhile the lovers remained upon the bare spot from which the fire had sprung; untouched, though very much incommoded by the excessive heat. They gazed with unshaken fortitude upon the awful sight, as the fire rapidly receded from where they stood, seeking fresh aliment, and consuming every thing in its fearful progress: and they listened, with feelings of unmerited pity, to the horrid yells, and agonizing shrieks of the scorched and flying Bheels. To these were now added the screaming of birds, and the roaring and howling of beasts of prey, unexpectedly surprised in the sea of fire, and wrapped in the destructive flame without the possibility of outstripping its rapid course. These altogether formed a combination of terrific sounds, sufficient to inspire the firmest bosom with dismay; while the heart of the Begum was rent with pity when she beheld myriads of birds of all descriptions flying upwards to avoid the fire, but, overpowered by the excessive heat, flung back again to perish helplessly in the devouring element.

Parched and withered by the long continued heat of Autumn, the reedy jungle, totally drained of sap and moisture, blazed with an intense though transient fury; and in a short space of time, of all the mighty mass, which had extended for miles around in every direction, the ashes now alone remained in smoking heaps upon the blackened earth. The Bheels had disappeared, the cries and groans of the sufferers, both brute and human, had ceased altogether, or were only heard faintly and at intervals; and, the smoke having cleared away, the delighted fugitives beheld at a short distance before them, crowning the pinnacle of its lofty site, the sacred temple of Mailgotah.*

CHAPTER LII.

THE SANCTUARY.

Their hearts glowing with gratitude at an escape so unexpected and providential, the fugitives renewed their journey, and with increased rapidity they cleared the black and frightful waste which the daring hand of Kistna had so suddenly spread around. They were, however, very much incommoded by the excessive heat arising from the smouldering heaps of ashes that lay in their way; and their eyes

* Mail-cotay is one of the most celebrated places of Hindoo worship, both as having been honored with the actual presence of an Avatara, or incarnation of Vishnu, who founded one of the temples; and also as being one of the principal seats of the Sri-Vaishnavam Brahmans, and having possessed very large revenues. The large temple is a square building of great dimensions, and entirely surrounded by a colonnade. The temple is alleged to be of wonderful antiquity, and to have been not only built by a god, but to be dedicated to Crishna, on the very spot where that Avatara performed some of his great works.—*Buchanan's Journey through Mysore.*

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were occasionally pained or disgusted by the half burned bodies of beasts and birds, which had vainly attempted to escape the conflagration, and many of which still displayed symptoms of life and agony. But the Sanctuary of Mailgotah now rose before them, and their hopes expanded with the view. The sacred temple, which displayed an exterior of dazzling white, stood on the summit of a lofty mountain, whose conic form and rugged sides rose proudly, high over the dark green woods which clothed its base with a mantle of luxuriant foliage; and the pious tradition that the shrine was the handy work of the god Vishnu, himself, in one of his incarnations, was in a manner confirmed by the solitary grandeur and natural sublimity of its aspect.

Kistna's conjecture as to the proximity of a river was now verified by the appearance of a deep and heady current which barred the further progress of the fugitives: and though the stream had very much diminished from its wintry dimensions, it still presented an obstacle of considerable magnitude, flowing with a rapid and a turbulent motion between its steep and rugged banks. The sight of this untoward difficulty filled the manly breast of the Yogie with many an anxious fear for his adored fellow traveller; and he stood for awhile on the brink, gazing on the foaming torrent, and uncertain in what way he could best convey her over. He was, however, suddenly aroused from his musing by the Begum, who exclaimed in terrified accents:

"The Bheels! the horrid Bheels! I see their swords gleaming in the sun, though as yet I can scarcely distinguish their bodies from the scorched and blackened earth."

"Your fears deceive you, my love," said Kistna, "the miscreants cannot have yet recovered from their panic."

"I am not deceived," exclaimed the Begum, with increased energy, "I can now plainly discern the monsters in rapid pursuit. Then boldly let us plunge into the stream; with thee alone will I live or die."

Encouraged by the fortitude displayed by the Begum at this trying moment, Kistna led the bull down the rugged bank, and all together plunged into the stream. Swimming alongside of his precious charge, he conducted the sacred animal, whose vigour, being renewed by the refreshing stream, enabled him to make head against the raging flood, with a strength and activity that promised a happy result. In this manner they proceeded for some time, struggling with the foaming tide, and making a slow but a decided progress towards the opposite shore. They had not, however, reached the middle of the stream when the Begum with a sudden cry exclaimed:

"They come! they come! The Bheels have reached the bank of the river; and our fate, alas! is sealed if they succeed in crossing over."

"Fear not, my love," said Kistna, "by mere swimming they cannot now overtake us, and there is not a boat to be found."

"Alas! alas!" cried the Begum, even that hope is snatched from us, for the one-eyed Bheel, who is surely my evil genius, has dis-

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covered a small coracle,* concealed amongst some bushes. Now he springs inside——lo! another wretch follows his example, and they push off from the shore."

"Are there only two?" demanded Kistna.

"No more," replied the Begum, "but they advance swiftly through the current, whirling their light bark round with rapidity and skill."

"Do they appear to be armed?" asked the Yogie.

"No," replied the Begum, "they laid by their arms to use their oars more freely. Now they approach us, their faces beaming with a savage and ferocious joy. Ah heaven! receive my humble prayer! Pitying gods preserve the life of my lord, even though my own unhappy doom be captivity or death."

"Light of my soul!" cried the Yogie with confidence, "the gods will guard my angel bride, even though the ruthless Bheels are drawing nigh. We are now approaching the friendly shore: therefore banish fear from your breast and hold your steady course alone; for I hear the flashing oar of the miscreants, and one more deed remains to be done.—Nay argue not, my Lachema; by your love I entreat, by your duty I command you to obey. Proceed instantly to the shore, and leave the rest to heaven and me."

With a powerful effort, and a shout of triumph, the Bheels now forced their circular bark close up to the lovers, and, in imagination had already seized their prize; when the Yogie clung to its narrow rim, and with gigantic strength and activity sprang inside, before the astonished robbers had power or presence of mind to prevent him. Lachema, thus left alone, urged forward her sacred steed, which bore her safely through the remainder of the current to the shore, whence she looked back with trembling anxiety on the deadly strife.

The contest was indeed a deadly one, for all three were powerful men, and fame, honour and existence hung on the uncertain result. Unfurnished with any other arms than those of nature, they grappled fiercely with each other in a mortal strain; not desirous apparently of inflicting inferior injuries, but grasping each other's throats, as if anxious to extinguish life at a single effort. The frail bark, which was now the theatre of this unequal and mortal contest, rocked and reeled beneath the desperate combatants; while the helpless cries of the Begum on one shore, and the triumphant shouts of the Bheels on the other, urged them on to renewed exertions. At length the slight wicker work of which the coracle was composed gave way beneath the terrific struggle; and bursting asunder, all three, still linked together in their deadly embrace, plunged with a headlong dash into the foaming tide, and disappeared amidst the surging billows; while a heart-rending scream issued from the breast of the Begum, and the heavens echoed with the triumphant shouts of the Bheels.

It were a vain attempt to describe the pangs that rent the soul of

* Basket boats are made of split bamboos formed like wicker work, of a circular form, and flat-bottomed, covered with tanned hides; they are moved on by means of long poles, one man on each side alternately impelling the boat by fixing the end of the pole in the bed of the river: the whirling of the boat occasioned by its circular shape is far from pleasant.—*Seely's Wonders of Ellora.*

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the afflicted Lachema when Kistna sank in the boiling flood from her distracted view, and she now stood all alone and helpless to combat with her dreadful fate, without a kindred spirit to aid or cheer her in the struggle. But still more vain would be the task to paint the ecstasy that lit up her peerless features, when her gallant lord rose alone, and in triumph, to the surface of the stream, and struck out vigorously for the shore; while the lifeless bodies of his terrible opponents soon after appeared floating down the rapid current and glistening in the sun. When the grateful Lachema thus beheld that horrid monster deprived of existence, whose evil eye had so long appeared to exercise a mysterious control over her destiny, it seemed as if the anger of heaven was appeased, and her trials about to terminate. A calm and holy confidence inspired her breast, and she knelt with pious fervour on the sod to offer up her thanks for the happy termination of so fearful a struggle. Then, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, she received her hero on the shore, and pressed him to her grateful and affectionate heart.

There was no time, however, to be lost, for the Bheels were now making preparations to cross the river and renew the pursuit. The fugitives therefore directed their footsteps towards the sacred shrine, to which a broad and noble flight of granite steps led, with an easy sweep, up the rugged side of the mountain: and as they passed in succession several stations, or platforms, in their ascent, the gentle Lachema felt her bosom thrill with awe and pity, when she beheld the direful penances self-inflicted by the stern ascetic pilgrims, who occupied the stations; and who were thus gradually and painfully winning their way up to the sacred summit, which had been consecrated by the divine labours of the deity himself.

Absorbed in the intensity of their own devotions, the presence of the fugitives was scarcely observed by the Yogies who occupied the platforms; at each of which they were bound to perform certain prayers and penances, before they could ascend to a higher station. Some stretched their bare arms erect over their heads, till they grew stark and withered in the air, dead branches of the living frame. Some clenched their hands, with determined obstinacy; nor seemed to feel the slightest pain as their growing nails pierced through the withered member. Others appeared in frightful travestie: by incessantly looking over one shoulder, the head became distorted from its natural position, and presented the fearful object of a human being with his face turned behind. Some gazed intensely on the sun, until sight and brain were both alike destroyed; while others, buried perpendicularly in the earth, allowed themselves only one small aperture to breathe through, and to imbibe by suction the little nourishment they required to support nature. One withered and almost lifeless object hung from a tree, suspended by his heels, swinging with a gentle motion to and fro, across a slow fire that was smouldering under his head: and another, whose unbending firmness mocked his body's pain, reclined day and night on a bed of sharp-pointed spikes, in the certain confidence that his worldly torture would obtain for him eternal happiness in every future state of existence.

At length the royal fugitives attained the summit of the mountain,

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and beheld, to their great delight, the divine edifice which was built by the hands of Vishnu himself, when, in his fourth Avatar, he assumed the form of a monstrous man with a lion's head, and, springing from a pillar, destroyed an impious king who was on the point of murdering his own son. The temple built by the god, to commemorate this exploit, is accordingly dedicated to Narasingha, or the Man-lion; and such is the sanctity of the place, that even the waters of the Ganges are said to be miraculously conveyed to it, through subterraneous passages, a distance of upwards of one thousand miles.

A rich and stately portal led into the court of the temple, through a lofty tower, whose pyramidal form was covered over with sacred sculpture, the beauty of which evinced a perfection of art that accorded well with its divine origin, and drew from the fugitives exclamations of piety and admiration. All inside was vast, stupendous, and magnificent; and the sacred stillness that reigned throughout inspired even the most callous breast with feelings of involuntary awe. A noble veranda, wide and lofty, its massy roof supported on pillars of black granite, was carried round the four sides of the spacious area; and in the centre stood the inner temple, or holy of holies, distinguished by the peculiar beauty of its architectural ornaments, in which the Hindoo chisel has never been surpassed.

The veranda was adorned with splendid marble statues of the superior and inferior deities, of exquisite sculpture and design. There the mystic Triad, or three supreme personified attributes, were represented seated on their respective Vahans, or vehicles, the Swan, the Eagle, and the Bull, the types of Purity, Truth, and Justice. The awful form of Vishnu appeared conspicuous, seated on his Vahan, Garuda, or the Eagle, the type of Truth. In his four hands he brandished the bow, the mace, the tulwar, and the Chanca, or sacred shell, in which had lived the demon Sanchasoora, until the god, with force divine, tore him from his dwelling, and scattered his impious fragments to the winds. There Brahma was sculptured creating the human race, as he sprang from the navel of Vishnu, on a Swan, the type of Purity, while the god slept on the serpent Ananta, or Eternity, floating on the face of the milky ocean. In the same superior group, Siva, the destroying personage of the Triad, was represented, riding on the Bull Nundi, or Justice typified; whose every joint is a virtue, whose three horns are the three Vedas, and whose tail ends where Adherma, or Injustice, begins. A crescent beamed over the frontal eye of the terrible god, and around him was rolled a twisted snake, the symbol of Eternity.

Another celestial group represented the youthful Crishna, the beautiful-haired god of song, with tuneful pipe and graceful mien, as when he sported with the shepherd maids in the leafy bowers of Vrindavana; while Vasanti, or Spring, strewed flowers in his path; and Cama Deo, smiling in wanton pride, bent his bow of sugar cane on the Gopiah, or nymphs who preside over music and poetry.

Regarding this playful group with a look of pity sat Ganesa, the offspring of Siva and Parvati, and the god of Wisdom. His portly form supported an elephant's head, the symbol of sagacious discernment; and at his feet couched his favourite rat, the emblem of fore-

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thought. Beyond him was Surya, the Sun, drawn in a chariot by a many-headed horse, representing the hours: his charioteer was Arun, or the dawn, and he was followed, in a mystic dance, by the Seasons. By his side, in a car drawn by an antelope, was Chandra Maha, or the Moon, originally a male deity, whose virility was forfeited by unseasonable curiosity, but restored again by the pity of Mahadeo, the god whom he had offended.* Varoona, the deity who rules the stormy sea, was sculptured on the back of a terrific crocodile; and Kartikeia, the leader of the celestial armies, rode on his splendid peacock, brandishing his golden spear.

The walls of the veranda were enriched with fresco paintings, that displayed with a glowing pencil, the bright inhabitants of heaven. Almost breathing, so true to nature was the touch of the artist, sat, on her golden throne, Anna Purana Devi, the goddess of abundance, feeding with a golden ladle an infant Siva: her complexion was ruddy, and her robe of various dies, while a crescent moon adorned her forehead, and she seemed bent with the weight of her numerous full breasts. In another compartment was represented Seraswati, the wife of Brahma, and goddess of arts and eloquence, with a lute in her hand, and her features illumed with a smile of mild benignity. By her side, as if for the contrast, sat Mahakali, the awful bride of Siva, whose sanguinary propensities were fully indicated by the necklace which she wore of human skulls.

Beneath the magic touch of the pencil glowed the "Churning of the Ocean," when the gods and giants combined to produce from a chaotic mixture of all the plants and trees the earth contained, churned together in the White Sea, the Amrita, or Cup of Immortality, and other blessings wanting for the general good. The mountain Mandara they used as a churning staff, and the serpent Vasuci served them instead of a rope. Then were seen to issue in succession, as the productions of their joint labour, the Physician of the Gods; the Apsaras, or nymphs of Indra's heaven; Sura, the goddess of wine; the moon; the jewel worn by Crishna; the All-bestowing tree; the Cow of Abundance; the Elephant of Indra; his steed; poison and ambrosia; the Bow of Vishnu and his Chanca, or Shell; and, to crown all, appeared the goddess Lachema, ever young and fair, with radiant eyes and swelling breasts, for whom the gods and giants strove in mortal combat, till Vishnu won the incomparable maid, and carried her to heaven as his bride.

* The god Soma, or Chandra, (the Moon,) was traversing the earth with his favourite consort Rohini; and arriving at the southern mountain Sahyadri, they unwarily entered the forest of Gauri, where some men having surprised Maha Deva caressing that goddess, had been formerly punished by a change of their sex, and the forest had retained the power of effecting the like change on all males who should enter it. Chandra, instantly becoming a female, was so afflicted and ashamed, that she hastened far to the West, sending Rohini to her seat in the sky, and concealed herself in a mountain, afterwards named Soma-givi, where she performed acts of the most rigorous devotion. Darkness then covered the world each night: the fruits of the earth were destroyed; and the universe was in such dismay, that the Devas, with Brahma at their head, implored the assistance of Maha Deva, who no sooner placed Chandra on his forehead, than she became a male again.—*Wilford on Egypt and the Nile.*

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Beyond, in picturesque beauty, extended the lovely bowers of Nundana, the garden of Indra. Amidst those delightful shades, where grow the five celestial trees that yield whatever can delight the soul, the god of delusions, with the thousand eyes, projects his rainbow, and sports with his goddess Indranee, on their beautiful elephant with three trunks; surrounded by the Apsaras, those nymphs divine, who touch the lute to the deities in the sacred bowers of Swerga.

With grace and skill the artist represented the holy Mount Meru, whose base lies below the ocean, and whose lofty head, soaring up to heaven, is rent into three distinct peaks; one of gold, another of silver, and the third of iron, to give an emblem of the deity in his triune capacity; appearing as three to those who are involved in the gloom of worldly illusion, but as one to those whose eyes have been cleansed from the earthy film. The descent of Gunga from heaven was also represented with the same fidelity and skill; the sacred nymph, flowing from the feet of Vishnu, rested on the head of Siva, whence she descended in three distinct streams to fill up the bed of Ocean; which, though dug some time before, had until then been empty. The nymph was also represented bestowing her hand on two-faced Agni, the god of fire, and the metals are said to have sprung from the mystic union.

The metamorphosis of Tulassi was also depicted with grace and spirit. With nimble feet and streaming eyes the nymph fled from the adoration of Crishna, when he quitted the ethereal abode to revel on blue Yamuna's banks; till, struck with the vengeance of the slighted deity, she grew, amidst her flight, into a lovely tree, thenceforward sacred to the god. The remainder of the space was occupied with a spirited delineation of the numerous Avataras of Vishnu; when, touched at human woe, the pitying deity came down from heaven to purge the earth of its wickedness, which accumulates so fearfully when the weak and sinful human race are left to the delusions of their own erring hearts.

In the centre of this splendid court stood an open square temple of great beauty and magnificence. It was raised above the level of the surrounding area, and was approached by four flights of steps facing the cardinal points. The flat granite roof was supported on numerous lofty pillars of marble of the most beautiful proportions; and the whole was sculptured with exquisite taste and execution. This was held in peculiar sanctity, as the undoubted work of the deity; and those who took refuge within its sacred precincts were exempt from all punishment, and secure from all revenge. An altar stood in the midst of the temple; and there a venerable troop of Brahmins were offering up sacrifice and prayer; when the fugitives approached, and, kneeling on the sacred steps, demanded, in the name of the "Thousand-titled deity," sanctuary from deadly pursuit and impending danger.

The Brahmins approached the steps, and gazed with great astonishment on the lovely fugitive and her venerable companion; for they were much superior in appearance to the ordinary class of persons who sought refuge at the shrine, and who were generally either fugitives from justice, or evil doers who, by some act of violence, had provoked private revenge. But the innocent countenance of the Begum,

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and the venerable aspect of the Yogie, forbade the supposition that they were common criminals: and there appeared, moreover, an air of dignity around them, even in the midst of their distress, that very much puzzled the reverend fathers; until the high priest of the temple, a venerable man, whose snowy beard descended to his girdle, approached, and exclaimed, in solemn accents:

"Praised be the holy name of Vishnu! In the visions of the night I beheld this persecuted maid and this aged pilgrim; even kneeling, it seemed to me, on the very steps of the sanctuary. And methought a voice divine commanded me to take them to my shelter. Approach, then, ye favoured of the gods, and bend your knees at the altar of the Sanctuary, for there no mortal evil can come nigh you."

The Begum and the Yogie accordingly entered the temple amidst the inquiring gazes and the wondering exclamations of the Brahmins; and, approaching the altar of Vishnu, knelt before the god in silent and profound adoration.

LET THE WORLD FROWN.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Let the world frown; not thou, not thou!
Twine rosy garlands round thy brow,
Nor pine for pearly braid, to fret
Thy whiter skin, beside it set;
Wild flowers are rife, and sweeter far
Than gemmy clasp or jewelled star:—
Smiles on thy lip, love in thine eye,
Let the world frown, I care not, I!

We may not now, as we had wont,
Slake sudden thirst from silvered font;
Nor, when we hunger, haste to sate
Our appetites with courtly cate;
The hot-house fruits ye rich may be—
We may not taste, but only see;
But juicy apples from the bough
Smile on us still, so frown not thou!

We have been rich, and never tasted
The relish of those riches wasted;—
We now are poor,—but not so poor
As drive the beggar from our door
With nayfull looks —Hearts may despond
When linkëd thoughts cease to be fond,—
But that *we* love, our lives avow,
So let the world frown on—not thou!

And the world takes me at my word,
And flees us like a frighted bird;
Most aptly reading in our looks
A scorn its nature little brooks;
We heed it not—for round us glows
The sunshine of a love that knows
Nor pouting lip, nor clouded brow—
So let the world frown on—not thou!

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PASSAGES AT THE GERMAN BRUNNEN.

NO. II.—THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE melancholy fate of Agnes Beechwood overshadowed Wiesbaden with gloom to the feelings of those who had noted its progress or tended her deathbed. The Okehamptons hastened their return to England, and I renewed my German wanderings. Whether I may hereafter be tempted to impart to the world any passages observed during these wanderings, I know not; for the present I confine myself wholly to my Brunnen experiences, and shall proceed to relate a passage that I witnessed at Baden-Baden,—a duplication of name by which the beautiful and highly fashionable Spa of the Grand Duchy of Baden is distinguished from the thousand-and-one Badens of Germany and Switzerland.

To Baden-Baden, its beauties and its gaming-tables, (for its waters, however lauded by French novelists and recommended by French physicians, with whose let-alone system they well accord, have little medical potency,) flock visitors from every part of Europe, and even from beyond the Atlantic. English, French, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Poles, Russians, Hungarians, and Americans, are here. The Europeans, of the highest rank and of the lowest, continental princes and English nobles, blacklegs from London and *chevaliers d'industrie* from Paris; the Americans, merely rich men, who seek the old world—where they can display and enjoy the wealth they have acquired, not indeed unenvied, but unannoyed by the more active envy of democracy—as a preferable abode to the new. This mixture of ranks and nations produces an agreeable variety in the phantasmagoria or kaleidoscope exhibited for the entertainment of the quiet observer, tossed about and shifted in position, as are the collectively cosmopolite groups, amidst striking scenery, by incessant balls, concerts, breakfasts, picnics, tea-drinkings, and whist-parties, in addition to the over-crowded *tables d'hôte*, and the eternal, but eternally exciting, *rouge et noir* and *roulette*.

Amongst the motley throng gathered together, as if for my especial amusement, was an English couple of the class that once constituted the pride and strength of our sea-girt home; namely, the Squirearchy, or landed gentry of moderate estate, say from one thousand to two thousand pounds a year. When I say *once*, I allude not to the days of the Squire Westerns, who, trusting the care of their estates to the honesty and industry of their hereditary tenants, hunted, coursed, or shot all the morning, regularly got glorious at their early dinner, and were carried insensible to bed every night. The strength of their native land those savages might be, for they were a hardy race, but they were assuredly anything rather than its pride. I refer to the country gentlemen of some half century ago, who resided quietly upon their estates, studied agriculture as a science, introduced every im-

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provement, tried every rational experiment upon farms kept in their own hands, partly by way of example to their tenants, whom they encouraged and assisted in all expensive and permanent ameliorations of the land; who, administering justice to their poorer neighbours as part of the great unpaid, (a just, though sneeringly intended designation,) were each the little potentate of a tiny district, who were courted by the noble and wealthy of their respective counties for their local influence, and associated with them as independent men, upon a footing of as much equality as is really compatible with great difference of rank and fortune, but never dreamed of emulating their luxuries and magnificence. These days of squirearchical respectability passed away when England was visited with the epidemic mania of envying, and therefore endeavouring to rival superiors. No one is now content to remain in his own station. The shopkeeper apes the merchant, and is a bankrupt; the farmer his landlord, and cannot pay his rent. The petty country gentleman must live like the knight of the shire, and he like the lord lieutenant of his county; the noble, with a rental of a moderately reasonable number of thousands, like the Dukes of Devonshire and Sutherland. The consequence to the squirearchical and aristocratic copyists appears in estates put to nurse, and families wandering as vagabonds about the continent, or settled in cheap foreign towns, till all English feelings and habits are forgotten, and their native land is become distasteful to the rising generation.

To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Irnham, but to its least extravagant division. Gilbert Irnham, upon an income of two thousand pounds a-year, had not built a saloon to rival the galleries and ball-rooms of castles and abbeys in harbouring a dancing county. He had not engaged a French *chef de cuisine, alias* man-cook, whilst an English female *artiste* was to be had. He kept no racehorses; he was content to see his lovely wife upon the course in a britzka and pair, provided he had his nag for the road, and his hunters into the bargain; and that lovely wife twined in her luxuriant tresses pearls and flowers, unemulous of the diamonds of the Duchess of A. and the Countess of B. But that their equipage should be inferior to that of Mr. C., who could not have above three thousand pounds a year, that their dinners should fall short of those of Sir George D., who certainly had not five thousand pounds a year, that Mrs. Irnham, universally allowed to be *the beauty* of ——shire, should be worse dressed than the affected heiress Miss E., that she should not enjoy a London season at least every other spring, and be able to talk like her neighbours of Grisi and Taglioni, of Thalberg, the Queen, and Prince Albert,—these were things not to be thought of.

It needs no ghost to tell the result. After living for some six or seven years at a rate double his income, to the back perhaps of some bachelor debts, incurred by Mr. Irnham before coming to his fortune, the gentleman found it necessary to place his affairs in the hands of his solicitor, let the mansion of his fathers, and go abroad for a few years upon a small allowance. His plan was to fix himself in some cheap place, that might afford a good school, against his only child, a fine boy of five or six years old, should be ready for the pedagogue. But prior to thus settling, he wished to see, and show his wife, some-

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thing of the continent and of continental life. Their first pause to look was made at Baden-Baden.

The Black Forest afforded resources to the English sportsman, and a powerful attraction in the novelty of hunting the wild boar. The novel and easy tone of society, the dances without even the trouble of changing a walking garb, for the frequent *réunions*, whilst a dinner *toilette* sufficed even for a *bal paré*, or what called itself a full dress ball, with the variety of parties of all kinds, delighted Mrs. Irnham. In the full beauty of six-and-twenty, when no charm is yet lost save the freshness of early girlhood, and that is amply compensated by heightened expression of countenance and roundness of outline, she was an object of very general admiration, and frankly enjoyed that and herself, without any infraction of her conjugal purity and delicacy, if some little, perhaps, to the lowering of her matronly dignity.

But if the amusements of the sportsman and excursions through the beautiful surrounding country occupied Irnham's mornings, if he gladly accompanied his beloved Priscilla to the evening dance at the *Conversazion Haus*, as the building consecrated to the gaming table is here called, and was happy to see her so, he wanted some further evening pastime for himself. The Conversation House seldom abounds in first-rate conversers. He was no dancing man, and indeed felt some small degree of contempt for those that were; he was too fondly attached to his wife to find pleasure in flirting with other women, and though that was a resource, he thought it a dull one, of which he soon grew weary. So situated, in a place where the sums won or lost at *rouge et noir* and *roulette* form the main, if not the exclusive subjects of discourse and discussion, at least amongst masculine interlocutors, it was next to impossible that an idle man should not habitually lounge from the *réunion* room to the gaming rooms, as even the dancing men themselves are constantly doing—should not seek the tables, if only to watch the freaks and vicissitudes of fortune, rather than saunter up and down the great room for hours. The excitement of the gambling scene is attractive even to those who take no part in it, as witness the crowds of both sexes, thronging, pressing to look on, whenever any report of unusually high play circulates through the lounging, or, I suppose, the especially conversation-room of the edifice. But this excitement is terribly infectious,—who knows it not to his cost?—and Irnham was soon tempted to risk a few pieces of silver.

The first time that his wife, hanging upon his arm, saw him thus fling a crown-piece down upon the *rouge et noir* table, she was evidently frightened. She endeavoured to draw him away, whilst timidly whispering, "O, Gilbert! remember how little we now have to spare, how many privations to endure!"

I was near enough to overhear the soft expostulation. He saw that this was the case, and I regretted it, fearing to have thus contributed to harden him against it. But my apprehensions were groundless, as I afterwards learned, even from his wife's praises of her husband, as much as from her occasionally incautious communications. There needed no extraneous circumstance to render Gilbert Irnham impassive to remonstrance, to provoke the look that accompanied his haughtily interrogative reply, "Since when, Priscilla, have I become so unable

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to conduct myself as to want a governess?" As he spoke he took gold from his purse, increased his stake, and played higher than I had ever before seen him.

From this moment the Irnhams became to me objects of anxious as of eager and inquisitive interest, whose fortunes I followed, as I do those of the hero or heroine of a novel. I watched them as I had watched the Beechwoods; and, assiduously seeking, found sources whence I derived information circumstantial enough to enable me to supply by reasoning whatever might be deficient. And for this, courteous reader, you will please to give me credit, if it should ever occur to you to fancy that I am telling you what I can have no means of knowing.

Gilbert Irnham was active and athletic in mind as in body. To him nothing seemed a trouble that was to be done, whilst accidental circumstances had, even from boyhood, rendered the idea of *henpeckedness*, if I may coin the substantive, a perfect bugbear. Captivated as he had been by the delicate beauty of Priscilla Manvers, by her polished manners and sprightly conversation, and still more by her preference of himself to wealthier lovers, he would hardly have sought her in marriage had he not found in her the timidity, the yielding gentleness, the very helplessness, that he esteemed the primary, the essential charms of the female character. He desired not in his wife even activity enough to superintend domestic arrangements and details, for to govern in small things as in great was his pleasure, and an energetic notable woman his abhorrence. His wife was to be his plaything, his darling pet; but to be so, she must be entirely, absolutely, and in every respect, dependent upon himself. Accordingly, the honeymoon had scarcely waned when he required his bride to surrender her pin-money into his hands, that he might have the satisfaction of supplying all her wants. Frankly she complied; and if he delighted in surprising as well as in decorating his beautiful wife with gowns, hats, scarfs, bracelets, and all the ornamental parts of dress, he delighted still more in hearing her ask him for money to procure its less elegant portions, or for the relief of distress. Never had Priscilla Irnham had cause personally to regret the pecuniary dependence to which she had obediently reduced herself. But when she learned that her husband was so deeply in debt, as to be under the necessity of letting their house and going to economise abroad, she looked at her blooming boy, and asked herself whether she ought not to have remonstrated against an expenditure disproportionate to their income? With a sigh she acknowledged that had she done so it would have been fruitlessly; yet the same unsubdued feeling of self-reproach inspired the few expostulatory words that had reached my ear; and the effect produced by this her first attempt in the course of her wedded life to offer an objection to any action, wish, or whim, of her lord and master, as, with all his love for her, he literally was, probably satisfied her that her passive acquiescence had not contributed to the evil she deplored.

As I have already had occasion to show how the fatal attractions of *rouge et noir* or *roulette*, when once sought as an amusement, gradually gain power over the mind of the player, the pursuit becoming first a taste, and ere long an all-absorbing passion, I need not dwell again

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upon a progress so mortifying to the pride of human nature. I need have to do only with the result, and with the circumstances which rendered this different in Mr. Irnham's case from Mrs. Beechwood's. The lady had come abroad solely for pleasure, and was living much within her regular income. She seldom played very high, and, despite Wiesbaden gossip, had never materially inconvenienced herself in money matters. Nay, if she had, her capital, while it lasted, was at her disposal. The mischiefs in her case were the improper associations and intimacies in which her devotion to play involved her, and its deadening effect upon her better feelings, inducing the utter neglect of all her maternal duties. But Mr. Irnham, driven from England by his debts, was to live upon the continent upon a very small portion of the income, the whole of which he had never found sufficient, the remainder being irrecoverably assigned to his creditors until their demands should be satisfied; and if he lost his quarter's allowance, he was without resource until the next should become due. Fully conscious of this, he long played cautiously, and as low as the rules of the tables permitted. But when did caution permanently control an inclination professedly indulged to a limited extent? Irnham grew bolder through habit; and a temporary run of luck begot the unfortunate idea that he might possibly win enough to afford his Priscilla and himself something more of their accustomed indulgences during their banishment, perhaps even enough to shorten its necessary duration, by contributing to the payments making at home. Need I state his disappointment? Distracted at the idea of the consequences to his family of embarrassments in a foreign country, remote from all friends and relations from whom temporary aid could be hoped, he played more desperately, in order to retrieve his losses—and lost accordingly.

At this period of his gambling career Irnham lent a ready ear to the various threadbare schemers who beset him, with devices and systems for rendering success infallible. I speak not of blacklegs or sharpers, of the employers of dishonest means. Such persons quietly enrich themselves, and seek dupes rather than partners. But be it known to you, courteous reader, if you are happy enough to be uninitiated in the mysteries of the gaming-table, and ignorant of these things, that in every place where *rouge et noir* and *roulette* are licensed, there is hatched an animal bearing, in slang phraseology, the name of doctor. This play doctor professes the science not only of correcting the caprices of the blind goddess, but of actually nullifying the certain, allowed, and recognised advantage or odds enjoyed by the banker, or *entrepreneur*, who holds the table, and plays against everybody; an advantage sufficient to have enabled all these bankers, after paying a very heavy tax to government for their licences, to amass large fortunes. I believe the individual who now holds the tables of Wiesbaden, Ems, and Schwalbach, and who is, in French parlance and denomination of coin, a *millionnaire*, began life as a waiter at a *restauration*. But this proof of the magnitude of the banker's advantage daunts not the doctor, whom I must entreat you not to suspect of any thing like juggling or underhand proceedings. No—he undertakes to produce this marvellous result wholly and solely by mathematically,

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or, for aught I know, algebraically devised systems, for determining either the manner and order of placing the stakes successively upon the different chances, called *la marche*, or the regular increase or decrease of the stakes themselves, called the progression, or both in combination. The devisers of these wonderful systems are ever ready, in their unbounded liberality, to offer a handsome share of the profits they are sure to make, to whoever will advance the money requisite to realize the said profits. And perhaps it is not the least wonderful part of the business that they do, one and all, find persons, who, tired of losing their money at haphazard, are able and willing to try one scheme after another; whilst other persons, who laugh in the scornful superiority of wisdom at these doctors, concoct equally or more certain systems of the same kind for themselves. It is really a sight at which, but for the tragical character of the too certainly foreseen catastrophe, angels, having our spleens, might laugh themselves mortal, to behold, seated around a table where the chances are governed by a rolling ball, or the turning up a row of cards, a number of men, middle-aged and upwards, gravely intent upon books and papers, as if working a problem in Euclid, or upon boxes made in humble imitation of Babbage's calculating, or Raymund Lulli's reasoning machine. It can hardly be necessary to add, that I have never yet seen one of these systems permanently succeed. I have, indeed, seen more than one enjoy a run of luck long enough to turn the heads of all the players and half the spectators around the table. But in a very few days the face of affairs has changed, and the table has recovered its losses, besides winning the whole fund provided by the doctor's partner, and all that risked by the imitators of proceedings, of the principle supposed to govern which they were altogether ignorant.

These doctors, as I have said, now beset Irnham; and he, by nature ever sanguine, eagerly listened to their flattering promises. Not that he adopted a system upon the word of its author. No, he held himself too wise for such rashness. He investigated it; but he did so biassed by his wishes. He followed the reasonings and calculations of the inventor, and was convinced by his demonstrations that success was infallible—probable, is a feeble word, despised by all system-mongers, whether doctors or auto-contrivers.

Irnham now looked about him for the means of carrying the system he had adopted—and he adopted many in succession—into effect, and thus recovering his losses, paying his debts, and doubling, at the least, his patrimonial income. He had already, during the earlier period of this play mania, reduced in every practicable way the daily expenditure that absorbed the cash he wanted for his mighty schemes. He told his wife that one servant must now suffice for her and the child; and as her own maid, engaged at a high salary as a first-rate professor of all the *arcana* of the toilet, as hair-dressing, millinery, and what not, "scorned to demean herself" by looking after a troublesome brat, she was dismissed with an order upon Mr. Irnham's man of business, for the amount of her wages and expenses home. A personal attendant who knew not how to arrange her glossy tresses in the first style, how to set the folds of her dress, of her shawl, &c., was an evil with which the beautiful Priscilla had never in her life, at least never since her

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coming out, been annoyed. And annoyed she was; but she was aware of the necessity of economy, and submitted silently. She would have done so more smilingly had she not seen her husband throw away at the gaming-table the trifle wrung out of their privations.

But now matters speedily got worse. Irnham drew upon his solicitor in advance of his next quarter and his next, till the solicitor positively refused to honour another bill. He ran in debt to every one at Baden-Baden who would trust him. He disposed of his watch, of his rings, his gold chain, of all ornamental valuables pertaining personally to himself; and as their produce disappeared in the failure of one system after another, he demanded, and of course obtained, his wife's trinkets, to supply the same calls, to be swallowed up in the same vortex.

During all this time Irnham had necessarily neglected his wife, as she had never before been neglected; and deeply was she hurt at seeing the attractions of play superior to her own. The mortification she felt rendered her the more sensitive to the deprivation of indulgences and comforts far beyond her worst anticipations, and to the diminution of civility in landlord and tradespeople, increasing, if this can be said of diminution, with the amount of their unpaid claims. But of this cause of the change of demeanour that annoyed her she was unconscious, and suspected not the urgency of the unnecessarily created necessity that robbed her of her ornaments, until she had occasion to ask for money to satisfy the impatient demand of her little son for some toy. She did so with her wonted confidence, never doubting but that she was, as usual, affording pleasure; that twenty times the trifle she wanted would be poured into her lap amidst kisses and caresses. What was her amazement when, with an execration against female extravagance, female disregard of the economy required by altered circumstances, her husband burst from the room without giving her a single florin! The fair Priscilla sighed to think that evils, in themselves so hard to bear, as are those of poverty to the spoilt children of affluence, should be rendered yet more painful by temper. She compared her Gilbert as he was with what he had been, and involuntarily with the admirers who surrounded her as soon as she appeared in the *Conversazion Haus*, or anywhere in public.

This last contrast was not wanted to place her husband in an unfavourable light. In good truth, Irnham's temper had become uncertain and irritable, as the temper of ruined gamesters, of all who cannot help secretly suspecting they may be doing wrong, usually will become. Nor was the helplessly yielding Priscilla the person to remedy the evil, if indeed it were, which I much doubt, susceptible of remedy. It is perhaps possible that a very clear-sighted, judicious wife, with self-command to bend habitually to this despotism, might, when she first saw him play, by coaxing, persuasion, prayers for indulgence to her whim, and careful abstinence from any allusion to the dangers of the gaming-table, have lured her three-tailed bashaw from the scene of temptation to explore the beauties of Switzerland. At the present phasis of the disease the case was desperate.

His timid wife acted as if she felt it so. She ventured upon no second expostulation, she uttered no complaint, she expressed no wish;

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but the terror with which she shrank from his occasional outbreaks of anger, and her sedulous avoidance of the gaming-table, where she knew that he was to be found, were a tacit reproach that exasperated because it wounded him. A gloomy restlessness seized upon him, which neither her tremblingly offered caresses, nor the bolder fondling of his child, could soothe; and this insensibility to tokens of affection, erst so dearly prized, fell upon Priscilla's heart like ice, unavoidably chilling her love for a husband whom she now feared more than she respected him. These fits of gloom intermitted, as it were, with others of softer dejection, with bursts of tenderness, when he clasped his wife and child to his bosom, and wept convulsively upon her neck. Then Priscilla's heart melted and her love revived, but still its spirit was changed—there was a sense of dread mingling in her attachment, at which she shuddered and trembled.

Is she to be severely censured if she fled from her uncomfortable home to scenes of social amusement, of which she knew herself the ornament,—if she sought to escape from her vague anxieties and miseries amidst the admiration that followed her footsteps? That admiration had, indeed, in some measure changed its character with her husband's change of conduct. In fact, although mischiefs may now and then arise from imprudent intimacy, it is, I am convinced, very seldom that the language of lawless love is addressed to the happy wife under the guardian eye of connubial affection. It is upon the neglected wife that the libertine fixes his eye, whether that neglect be inevitable, accidental, or criminal. Mrs. Irnham, owing, I believe, to her mental pre-occupation, and her eager pursuit of something that might divert her thoughts from her indefinite uneasiness, appeared to be perfectly unaware of this change; and thus her unobservant indifference so far unconsciously assumed the colour of coquetry, that it in some measure encouraged, by not at once repressing, the illicit hopes that fluttered around her.

Of all this Irnham saw nothing, engrossed as he was in his insane expectations, by the successive schemes through which he trusted to realize them. More than once, when the complete failure of a system produced temporary despair, the idea of escaping by suicide from all the evils pressing upon or impending over him, especially from a sense of remorse not always to be driven away, arose temptingly to his mind. Then his eye would dwell yearningly upon his pistols, which amidst all his sales of superfluities he had carefully preserved, as he persuaded himself, because necessary to the traveller's protection against banditti, but, in truth, to retain the choice of life or death always in his power. But the thought of his wife and child had always interposed, and he had blushed at the cowardice of deserting them in misery in order to escape from his own well-deserved share of suffering. Alas! the only result of his reviving fortitude was a return to the system-mongers and the gaming-table, whence alone he looked for relief.

After several such alternations of misery, he one evening entered the *Conversazion Haus*, with the last sum that he knew how to raise for many months to come in his purse. A new scheme, more infallible—a bull, a contradiction in terms, ceases to be a bull or an absur-

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dity amidst the madness of gamblers—than all the previous infallibles, had just been proposed to him, and he was strongly inclined to try it. But the doctor, whose system was in course of unsuccessful trial, argued, prayed, urged solemnly plighted promises and engagements so vehemently, that he obtained this one evening more for his infallible plan. Fortune proved, as usual, adverse to Irnham, whilst she smiled upon a player beside him named Robertson. This man was a suspected blacklegs, who seldom meddled further with a game of chance, over which he could exercise no controlling power, than to throw down a piece or two, by way of maintaining a footing at the table, where he was upon the look out for dupes. But this evening, happening to light upon a run of luck, he pursued it with such extraordinary success, as, in opposition to his own losses, provoked in Irnham a feeling of bitter envy, that cruelly enhanced the pangs of disappointment and impending ruin.

At length Irnham's last Napoleon was swept away by the croupier's rake, and with it the possibility of profiting by the new system, of the infallibity of which the very impossibility of trying it soon convinced him. The agony of remorse, mortification, despair, of ten thousand feelings, all torture, that seized the wretched man, was terrific. Every remaining spark of fortitude was overwhelmed: and he rushed from the *Conversazion Haus*, resolved, if such a frantic impulse can be called resolve, to relieve himself by self-slaughter from a load of anguish that he could no longer endure.

He reached his own room, seized a pistol, and loaded it. But as he was raising it to his head, he heard the soft voice of his wife in the adjoining chamber soothing their wayward child; persuading him not to tease papa for something that the boy had asked and been refused. The heart-stricken suicide's hand sank. His determination was unaltered; but he shrank in idea from the shock it would be to the gentle creature whom he had undone, to hear the report of the death-dealing weapon, to be the first to find his mangled, disfigured corse; and he rushed from his home, as he had before rushed from the scene of his ruin, to execute his fell purpose elsewhere. His distracted speed brought him to the garden of the *Conversazion Haus*. There he stood still, and with the ejaculated prayer, "God forgive me!" was again raising the pistol, when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed him with fears of interruption. He judged it best to wait until the person, whoever it might be, should have passed, and to avoid his notice stepped out of sight behind a tree.

From his concealment his eyes sought the disturber, as though to expedite his passage. The path was checkered by an alternation of dark shade under the overhanging trees, and of bright open spots, upon which the moonbeams played in soft radiance. The intruder as he drew near traversed one of these illuminated intervals, and Irnham recognised Robertson. An impulse of vindictive hatred shook his frame. An idea of obtaining the means of complete redemption, and at the same time of glutting his vengeance upon the abhorred and despised successful blacklegs, flashed across his bewildered intellect. There was no time for thought. At this instant Robertson passed from the clear moonlight into gloomy night, and Irnham darted

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upon his intended victim, presenting his pistol, and crying, in a voice disguised more by agitation than design, "Your money!"

Robertson, if not a particularly brave man, was nevertheless cool and self-possessed, as indeed it behoves persons of his profession to be. He saw the pistol shake in the convulsed hand that presented it, and at once perceiving that his assailant was no practised robber, he clutched the barrel, and struck the muzzle upwards. The two men now strove for the pistol, as for life or death, and in the struggle it went off. But momentary as had been the conflict, it had shifted its scene from the dark shade into the moonlight, and even as the report of the pistol rang on his ear, Robertson beheld the features of his antagonist. He exclaimed, "Great God! Mr. Irnham!" and the unhappy perpetrator of two crimes in intention, overpowered by the shame of detection, let go his hold of the pistol, to cover his face with both hands.

Robertson had scarcely recognised the would-be robber, ere he had conceived the advantage to be derived from the incident. He seized Irnham with a strong grasp, and dragged him away from the public walk where the encounter had taken place, behind a thick clump of bushes, that completely sheltered them from observation; saying, as he did so, in a hoarse whisper, "That d——d shot will bring all the idlers down upon us, to make out what has happened; and if seen, you are a lost man."

Irnham, crushed by the consciousness of guilt and failure, by the shame of detection, by the horrible sense of infamy hanging over himself and his family, and confounded by Robertson's apparent magnanimity, was helpless as an infant in his hands. He followed unresisting, and was soon ensconced in a small thicket of shrubs. From this retreat he and his companion witnessed the fruitless search for the cause of the report which had been heard, and pretty generally connected in idea with the evident state of frenzied despair in which Irnham had rushed from the play room. They heard the remarks and conjectures that announced the expectations of the seekers; and they heard the final inference, that since neither corse, wounded man, nor blood were to be found, the firing must have been a harmless accident; whereupon the search was abandoned.

When the coast was clear, Robertson led the sinking Irnham back into the moonlight path. Then he looked at him, remarked that he was in no condition to appear before Mrs. Irnham without alarming her and betraying himself, and insisted upon his accompanying him to his own, Robertson's, lodgings, till he should have recovered some degree of composure. Arriving there, he carefully locked up the pistol in his secretaire, threw a bag of money, his winnings, with affected negligence, upon the table, and called for wine, of which he forced a glass or two upon his guest, to steady his nerves. He then, in a tone of commiserating kindness, inquired what could have driven a gentleman of Mr. Irnham's appearance, manners, and station, to the desperate act that had for the moment brought them together.

In Irnham the hopeless depression of despondency had succeeded to the wild energy of despair. He was completely subdued by the superiority which his attempted crime had given to his, so lately con-

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temned, companion, and unreservedly confessed his utter destitution, his purposed suicide, and the mad impulse to procure the means of trying a new system, which, if he could but play, it was certain to retrieve all his losses, that had prompted his sudden, unpremeditated attack upon Robertson. His hearer listened with every appearance of sympathy; but shook his head as he answered, laying his hand upon the bag that contained his winnings: "If this were indeed certain, I could easily supply you with the means, to be repaid by a share in your gains. But my experience of the game, my knowledge of the great advantage fairly and lawfully enjoyed by the bank, have long since convinced me, that though a casual run of luck, like mine this evening, may sometimes pour a golden stream into a punter's pocket, no scheme ever was or can be devised, really calculated to overcome fair advantage, and beat the bank. You would only plunge deeper into the mire by trying more. The doctors are all knaves or madmen."

"If that be so, what is to become of me, and of those whom I have ruined?" groaned Irnham. "Suicide would free me from my wife, my child!"

"If you actually are driven to such extremities," resumed Robertson, "I think I could suggest a plan much more likely to answer; and if you will join me in it, I will readily lend you whatever may be necessary in the meanwhile to relieve your present difficulties and distresses."

That Irnham eagerly and thankfully inquired what this plan might be, follows of course. But it was not so easy for the sharper to unfold his nefarious scheme to one who, notwithstanding his recently attempted felony, he could not but feel to be a thorough gentleman, with the high sense of honour inseparable from that character. He first required Irnham to pledge himself to secrecy, whether he should accede to the proposal or not. Then he hesitated, and whilst plying his guest with wine, said he should like to mature and arrange his ideas more completely before he disclosed his project. Then, rambling as it seemed from the subject, he talked vaguely of the enormously rich Russian, Prince Tchermaloff; of his admiration, his passion for Mrs. Irnham, which was so ostentatiously, so insolently displayed, which bore such a character of confidence of ultimate success, as to deserve punishment, though there was as yet no overt act that could authorize a challenge. And after all these preliminary preparations, during which he kept urging Irnham to drink, it was not without many evasions, circumlocutions, and sophistical arguments, that he at length proposed to the self-degraded man to join in plucking a pigeon; that pigeon being Prince Tchermaloff, whose audacious passion for the beautiful Mrs. Irnham was to be used for ensnaring him.

No evasion, circumlocution, or sophistry, no wrath marital excited against the intended pigeon, could disguise the infamy of this proposal. Irnham's indignation was unbounded, and had his pistol been within his reach, his own life or Robertson's must have been the instant forfeit. But no such resource was at hand; and his skilful seducer suffered him not to forget that his honour, and with it that of his family,

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was in his, Robertson's, keeping, since he had the pistol to accredit his statement of the plain truth, whilst everybody had already suspected that it must have been the ruined gamester who had fired; and when he saw him writhing under the anticipation of infamy, he dared to insinuate the possibility that extremity of distress might throw the most virtuous of women, if a mother, and already disgraced, into the toils of a wealthy, a dissolute lover. Irnham felt what he said, felt his entire subjection to the unprincipled wretch before him, and his agony was unspeakable. Robertson saw his advantage, and that it must in the end insure his victory. He saw that the longer Irnham meditated upon his subjection, the more complete it would become, and reminding him that he was pledged to secrecy, bade him go home and sleep upon his proposal, for that they would discuss it no more that night, in his state of agitation and excitement, as well as of exhaustion. At the same time he placed a purse in the hand of the guest he was dismissing, to relieve the more pressing necessities of his family. Irnham impetuously, indignantly rejected the proffered aid. Robertson enforced the acceptance of the offers of his friendly benevolence with the superior rights resulting from the transaction of the evening. The humbled gentleman refused more respectfully, more feebly; at length, his nerves fearfully excited by the various agitations he had undergone, and by the wine he had swallowed, his intellects half bewildered, overpowered by Robertson's claim of superiority, by his own beggared condition and the wants of his family, he submitted, though with bitter repugnance. He sought his home late at night, with what he felt to be the retaining fee, the binding earnest, of the wages of crime, degradation, and infamy in his pocket.

SONNET.

On returning to Calcutta after a voyage to Singapore and Penang.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Umbrageous woods, green dells, and mountains high,
And bright cascades, and wide cerulean seas,
Slumbering or snow-wreathed by the freshening breeze
And isles like motionless clouds upon the sky
In silent summer noons, late charmed mine eye
Until my soul was stirred like wind-touched trees,
And passionate love and speechless ecstasies
Upraised the thoughts in spiritual depths that lie.
Dear scenes, ye haunt me still! Yet I behold
This sultry city on the level shore
Not all unmoved; for here our fathers bold
Wore proud historic names in days of yore;
And here are living hearts that ne'er grow cold,
And many a friendly hand and open door!

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LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.[1]

FROM THE FRENCH. BY M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Squall.

I BEG to inform those amongst my readers who are in the habit of skipping the indispensable storm-chapter in every tale of the sea, that they may venture to make an exception in my favour, and that there are several reasons, all equally conclusive, for their so doing.

In the first place, it is but justice to allow, that I have endeavoured to make this tale as independent of the element on which it was acted as possible; that I have let slip a thousand opportunities of dipping my pen into tar or bilge-water, when they were ready to my hand; in a word, that I have employed local colouring with a reserve and moderation, of which there are few examples in recent literature.

Moreover, my tempest is far from being, as is usually the case, a *hors d'œuvre*, or episode in my story; on the contrary, it is one of its most dramatic portions, and one of the most important facts that it contains;—were it not so, I protest I would have left it out altogether.

Lastly, it has the merit of being a simple and genuine tempest; such as I have myself witnessed, and not such merely as I have read of;—which circumstance gives it a new and individual character. Thus, for example, you will remark that it occurs at day-break, whilst all former storms have been wrapped up in the mysteries and obscurity of night; in addition, I have avoided all allusion to waves running mountain high, and other accessaries of the like sort, all more or less copied from the first book of the Æneid, created and described by Virgil, that thorough seaman of the court of Augustus, who died, as is well-known, of sea-sickness, on his passage to Naples by water.

I even inform my readers, with all possible candour, that I hope to save all my heroes from shipwreck, and that the only danger for which I allow them to tremble, (as I own I am inclined to do,) is that which threatens the happiness of Madame Bergerac; yet this, I sincerely trust, may finally triumph, for the sake of good morals, and the peace of mind of my captain.

The picture exhibited on the deck of the Magnificent, as the morning broke, presented two distinct groups. On the one side, the passengers; on the other, the crew. We will begin by examining the crew.

The man standing near the steersman, whose air of command and lofty stature seem suited to the importance of the part he is called upon to play, is Bergerac. He is surrounded by his mate and petty officers, ready to repeat his orders to the seamen, or to execute them

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p. 416.

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themselves, if necessary. In his right hand he holds a speaking-trumpet, and placed within reach of his left is his open spy-glass.

He is really a fine-looking fellow; worthy of being called the most expert seaman of the port of Nantes, and of being entrusted with the safety of the ship, and of the thirty lives that it involved.

All the sailors, at their separate posts, had their eyes fixed on him. You saw by their anxious and motionless attention that his slightest signal would be obeyed, without a word, without a doubt of the propriety of the order which it conveyed. It was Strength awaiting the commands of Science, the Arm ready to obey the Head.

Not a word was spoken, the wind alone raised its fearful voice amidst the general silence.

The successive appearance of the various passengers interrupted this silence, before the captain had yet given a single order; and the deck soon became a scene of confusion and of discordant sounds, that made the mixture of the farcical with the tragic as grotesque as it is indescribable.

M. d'Argentières was the first to make his appearance on deck, and his entry was not more dangerous to himself, than diverting to the spectators.

At the moment he issued from his cabin, with his white nightcap secured to his head by a yellow silk handkerchief, and a flowered dressing-gown wrapped round his flannel drawers, the ship gave a lurch, which quickened the trembling steps of the négociant, and very nearly made him turn a summerset down the main hatchway.

He was picked up by one of the sailors, and seemed at first quite surprised to find himself still alive; his earliest effort of returning consciousness was to rush to the mast, to which he clung with the wild pertinacity of a man who has embraced his last chance of safety.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" he cried at last, "have we not gone down?"

"Not yet, but we very soon may!" replied M. Ledru, with a coolness that made M. d'Argentières shudder.

At this crisis, Madame d'Argentières entered upon the scene,

> "Like a beauty just torn from the couch where she slumbered,
> With no superabundant apparel encumbered." *

She hastened towards her husband, and as she let herself fall into his arms, with a trustful abandonment that made the latter almost sink beneath her weight, the interesting couple uttered a cry, to which no language of mine can do justice in description.

This cry completely drowned the whistle of the boatswain, who allowed his annoyance thereat to embody itself in an oath of the most energetic intensity.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Madame d'Argentières, "dare you blaspheme at such a moment as this?"

In the course of a few minutes, this trembling and shrieking group was reinforced, by the arrival of their child, M. Champlein, Mademoi-

* . . . . . Dans le simple appareil
D'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil.

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selle Hyacinthe, and the two Smyrniotes; and as, in all of them, fear manifested itself in some new and original guise, their general effect was very strange and very varied.

The Smyrniotes, divided between the terror they really felt, and the desire to justify the valorous boasts in which they had hitherto indulged, looked alternately at the passengers and the crew, hesitating as to which part they should take.

Less demonstrative than M. and Madame d'Argentières, and less secretive than the two Smyrniotes, M. Champlein and Mademoiselle Hyacinthe afforded a study not less curious than the rest of the party. They were seated close together, on a bench placed against the bulwarks, where they mutually supported one another in resisting the frightful pitching of the vessel.

This pitching, however, produced very different effects upon the pair: on the *modiste*, the effect was entirely moral; on the bachelor, entirely physical.

The latter (to call things by their technical names) was casting up his accounts. This occupation was the more painful from the circumstance that, as he had not yet breakfasted, his efforts to relieve himself were as useless as they were convulsive. You might have counted, by his agonised groans, every pitch or lurch that the vessel gave. The unfortunate man came to life, and again suffered the pains of dissolution at every second minute.

His neighbour, less agonised than himself, but convinced that her last hour was come, and that each successive wave was about to precipitate her into another world, was seized with a violent attack of religion and christian terror, quite edifying to behold. Overpowered with remorse for her numerous sins, she sought to unload her conscience by a sincere avowal and fervent contrition; she longed to confess, and as there was no priest at hand, she addressed herself to M. Champlein, like the dying Bayard to his squire;—with this difference, that the peccadilloes of the pretty emigrant from the Rue Vivienne were of a different nature from those of the knight without fear and without reproach, and that the enumeration of them was not quite so indifferent to the amorous bachelor, as was the confession of Bayard to his follower.

In vain did M. Champlein endeavour to shut his ears to the pertinacious and unseasonable revelations of the milliner; he could not be deaf to them all, and the little he did hear was as exactly calculated to mortify him, as it would have been to amuse any one else.

Consequently, when she begged him to give her absolution, he roused himself from his own sufferings for a moment to send her to the devil; and the poor sinner, fancying she heard in his voice the anathema of the last judgment, sunk down upon her knees, with dishevelled hair, drooping arms, tearful eyes—a living impersonation of Canova's Magdalen!

In the mean time, the wind raged with redoubled violence; the waves lashed the ship's sides with increasing fury; ropes and blocks, sails and rigging, clashed and strained more and more; the captain roared through his speaking-trumpet until he was hoarse; the petty officers whistled and shouted until they were exhausted and out of

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breath; the sailors cursed and *sacre'd* at the top of their lungs; M. and Madame d'Argentières fell into each other's arms with renewed sighs of mutual tenderness; and, above all this orchestral movement, a small voice, sharp and incessant, like an octave flute in a symphony, was running up in an ascendant scale: "Pa—a—pa—a! ma—a—ma—a! and then ma—a—ma—a! pa—a—pa—a!" until, at last, its powers utterly failed.

This voice you have already recognized as belonging to Mademoiselle d'Argentières.

But, in the midst of all this hubbub, what had become of d'Harcourt and Madame Bergerac?

They had rushed upon deck like the rest, but in a state somewhat more decent and collected; a common instinct had brought them side to side, and they both watched in silence the manœuvres and exertions of the crew. Only, whenever a more violent motion of the ship than common made the lady's step waver, Albert supported her with his arm, and she leant tenderly upon him.

Yet, the pleasure which he experienced at this momentary abandonment was poisoned by a feeling full of bitterness and envy—that, namely, of the superiority of Bergerac, at this season incontestible—of that energetic commander upon whose skill and coolness all their lives depended, and who seemed not to have a thought to waste upon any one of them.

In the course of an hour or so, when the captain perceived that the most fearful intensity of the storm was past, and that he was now certain to weather it, he deigned to bestow a glance on what was passing around him on the deck. The confused and extravagant spectacle which it had at first presented was becoming somewhat more calm, but continued as pitiable as ever. A fine and searching rain was falling, driven in their faces by the wind, and mixed with the salt spray of the waves as they dashed in rapid succession over the sides.

There was a slight degree of ill-humour mixed with the compassion with which Bergerac saw his passengers exposing themselves without shelter, and almost without garments, to the inclemency of the weather, when they might so easily place a roof between themselves and it, by returning to their cabins. It seemed like a species of ingratitude thus voluntarily, and without cause, to endanger their health, at the moment when he and his crew were devoting themselves to save their lives. The captain ventured to make the remark to them, and to recommend that they should seek shelter under the poop. This advice could not have been worse received had he recommended them to throw themselves to the bottom of the sea.

These good people, as is always the case with those who find themselves in a critical position, the dangers of which they are incapable of appreciating, fancied that seeing the tempest with their own eyes would diminish the dangers to which they were exposed, and, had they been shut up beneath the deck, would have imagined that every wave was about to overwhelm them, like a litter of kittens tied up in a sack.

There was no resource but to allow them to endure the pelting of the storm and the rain, although they were already drenched to the skin

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Madame Bergerac alone listened to her husband's advice, and retired to the saloon, whither d'Harcourt did not fail to follow her, as soon as he could do so without being remarked.

CHAPTER XVII.

The passions and the elements.

Madame Bergerac was seated upon a couch, in the same spot, and nearly the same attitude, in which the artist had drawn her portrait. Although she felt the reasonableness and the true kindness which dictated the advice her husband had given her, to take refuge in the cabin, the solitude that reigned there, and the gloomy half-light that rendered every object round her dim and indistinct, added to her fears a feeling of sadness and indefinable discomfort, and she already experienced a vague desire for sympathy and companionship, when Albert softly approached her.

At his unexpected appearance, her first impulse was one of joy, her second one of fear. A secret voice told her that the presence of d'Harcourt was more dangerous even than the tempest, and she rose with the intention of retiring to her own apartment, when Albert detained her, saying, in a tone of supplication,

"Will you refuse the poor consolation and sympathy I have come to offer you?"

She remained. He seated himself by her side, and they spoke at first of the storm, of the perils that surrounded them, of all the topics to which their position naturally gave rise;—but this was not the object that had induced d'Harcourt to follow her to the cabin.

His own rhapsodies had fixed his heart or his imagination, as impostors often deceive themselves into a belief of what they constantly affirm; he was excited, moreover, by the unusual obstacles to his success, and specially by the fruitlessness of the efforts he had made, during the last three days, to surprise Madame Bergerac in the absence of her husband. He now forgot the dangers with which the hurricane menaced him, in common with the rest of those on board, and saw in it but the opportunity for which he had so impatiently watched, whilst he resolved to improve it to the uttermost, fearing lest another might not speedily present itself. In less than five minutes, therefore, by an easy and skilful transition, he brought the conversation round to the subject which alone had attracted him to her side—his love.

The tempest from without now changed the current of her emotions. A concussion, more violent than any that had preceded it, shook the Magnificent with such violence, that the whole of the after part of the vessel creeked and strained as though it were about to go to pieces; and d'Harcourt was obliged to hold on by an angle of the table, to avoid measuring his length upon the floor of the cabin.

"Albert Thorigny," cried Madame Bergerac, in the extremity of her dismay, making useless efforts to gain the door; "Albert Thorigny, lead me to the door, I beseech you! I cannot, I dare not remain to die here! . . . . .

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"Remain, Juliette, remain!" said Albert; "the more furious the storm is, the sooner will it lull. Confide to my love the sweet task of calming your fears, as your presence alone makes me insensible to all the dangers that menace us! . . . . . Already, you see, the fury of the blast is spent."

Madame Bergerac still insisted on seeing the deck; Thorigny detained her still. . . . . .

"Do not leave me," he cried; "for pity's sake do not leave me. You know the excesses of which my love is capable; do not put it to a new trial! Do not deprive me of the only hope which still binds me to existence; do not leave me, if you would have me live, if you have any pity for me, if the fulness of my love deserves the slightest return!" . . . . . .

Madame Bergerac had paused, panting with her conflicting emotions; she neither dared to advance, though three more steps would have brought her to the door, nor to look upon Albert's face, though she had resigned her hand to him.

They both felt how fearful and decisive was that moment. If Juliette persisting in departing, the victory was her's; if she remained, the success and triumph of Albert were at last secured.

Whilst the one was a prey to this conflict of opposing feelings, and the other kept in suspense between hope and fear, a frightful lurch almost threw the ship upon her beam-ends; at the same moment, a violent hand was laid upon the fastenings of the door, . . . and Madame Bergerac fell, fainting, into the arms of Albert Thorigny!

CHAPTER XVIII.

My ducats and my daughter!

The captain, who had not quitted the deck for an instant since the storm commenced, did not remark the disappearance of Albert, at the moment when he glided so quietly into the cabin; but it was not long ere he perceived that he was not amongst the passengers on the poop, and he easily guessed that he had followed Madame Bergerac.

His first impulse was to interrupt their tête-à-tête at once; but the Magnificent, whose slightest movements he directed in person, could not be abandoned at so critical a moment; besides, he called to mind his reliance on Maître Anspect's vigilance, and this was exactly a case in which to have recourse to it.

Maître Anspect, who, in spite of the multiplicity of duties which devolved upon him on such an occasion as the present, had scarcely taken his eyes off the captain for a moment since he made his appearance on deck, did not wait for a repetition of the signal preconcerted between them. At the first movement of Bergerac's finger, he took possession of the post that had been assigned him.

Having thus entrusted the keeping of his honour to the vigilance of his faithful follower, the captain felt somewhat more secure, and gave all his attention to the management of the ship. But in about a quarter of an hour's space, at the very moment when Bergerac, himself seizing the helm, had given orders for a manœuvre on which the

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safety of the Magnificent depended, his eyes fell upon Anspect, who stood before him, perfectly collected, and without any apparent emotion. . . . The appearance of a ghost could not have given him a greater shock. Bergerac's blood rushed back to his heart; his face became as pale as death, and drops of perspiration started to his brow; but, a moment after, both were suffused with an angry flush, as he listened to the words that Maître Anspect whispered in his ear. . .

The traitor, then, dared to work upon the terrors of the wife in the hopes of dishonouring the husband, who was exposing himself to preserve his worthless life from shipwreck. Burning with just indignation at the thought, Bergerac for a moment forgot the storm, his vessel, and himself. He let go the wheel, and was about to rush into the cabin; but, at the first step he took, a simultaneous cry from the whole crew recalled him to a sense of his culpable and dangerous neglect. Fortunately, Maître Anspect, whose presence of mind never deserted him, was still upon the spot, to seize the wheel as it escaped from his captain's hands, or it might have gone hard with the Magnificent, and all on board of her.

This terrible warning recalled Bergerac to a sense of the imperious duties of his command, and he returned instantly to his post. But, soon, the idea of his wife's danger recurred to him, with additional force, and the struggle that distracted his mind, for some minutes, was fearfully intense, between his duties as a husband and a commander—between his anxieties for his wife and his care for his ship.

The unhappy man, whose fancy exaggerated, more and more, the perils that environed the one and the other, knew not which to succour; and was half tempted, in his distraction, to abandon the Magnificent to her fate, and let them both go down together. At last his feelings as a husband triumphed. Bergerac resigned the wheel into the hands of the steersman, under the superintendence of M. Ledru, and again turned towards the entrance of the cabin.

This was exactly the point at which we left d'Harcourt and Madame Bergerac; and if the captain wished to save her, there was no time to be lost. The violent hand laid upon the door-handle was that of Bergerac, trembling with hasty agitation. Albert felt at once a vague presentiment of what was about to occur, which cut short his transports, and froze the rising joy of his heart. Besides that he had retained more *sang-froid* than Madame Bergerac, he had not failed to remark the secret surveillance exercised by the captain during the last three days; and as he naturally attributed this surveillance to some suspicions that had been awakened in his mind, his fears of a surprise on the present occasion were far from being ill-founded. It was not long before his worst anticipations were realized.

A fearful exclamation, which escaped from Bergerac as he was on the point of entering the cabin, warned d'Harcourt of his approach; and, all the jealous fury of the captain thus revealed in a single word, gave him clearly to understand, that unless he disappeared instantly, it was all over with him. Without reflection, and as quick as thought, he took the only course which his desperate position opened to him, and rushing to one of the stern-windows, that overhung the boiling gulf below, he darted out of it, and disappeared. Madame Bergerac,

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who had opened her eyes for a single moment, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back senseless upon the couch. So that the captain, who entered the cabin just as the window swung to again, with the rolling of the vessel, finding in it no one but his wife, stretched, apparently lifeless, upon the couch, fancied himself again the toy of some delusive dream.

CHAPTER XIX.

He is dead!

Bergerac hastened to employ all the means his ingenuity could devise to recal his wife to consciousness. As she recovered her recollection, and perceived the captain leaning anxiously over her, Madame Bergerac experienced all the sensations of a sick person awaking from a state of lethargy or delirium. The veil of romance that had blindfolded her, fell from her eyes as by enchantment. She had sunk into the sleep of error and delusion, from which she was suddenly awakened to reality and reason. All the duties she had been on the point of forgetting, appeared before her, embodied in the form of her husband, with such vivid and startling clearness, that she threw herself at once on her knees before him; and without for a moment considering whether he knew nothing or knew all, whether he believed her guilty or innocent, she confessed to him all the struggles of her mind and thoughts, and implored his pardon.

"My friend! my protector!" she cried, frankly opening her heart to him, whilst she bathed his hands with her tears; "my friend! my protector! forgive me that I have been on the point of wronging you; but my head alone was for an instant led astray; my heart is irreproachable, before heaven and before you. I have never ceased to love you, Bergerac; I am still your chaste and faithful wife; you are still my husband, my saviour, my best friend! Look upon me, Bergerac, without shame and without anger; look upon me with that kind and indulgent glance which I know so well, and feel so gratefully, and tell me—O tell me that I am forgiven!"

Whilst Madame Bergerac thus spoke, her countenance, more eloquent even than her words, was bright at once with the candour of conscious purity and the tears of sincere repentance.

The captain raised her from the floor where she knelt, with a gesture full of dignity and forgiveness; and, reserving for Albert all the indignation which he spared his wife, he threw around him a dark angry glance, and inquired in a hollow tone—

"Where is he?"

At these words, a shudder of dismay passed through the whole frame of his young wife.

In her turn, she cast around the room a glance as bewildered as that of Bergerac had been ominous.

"Yes!—yes!" she said, pressing her hand against her brow;—"where is he?"

Then, fixing her eyes upon the window through which Albert had disappeared, she struggled in vain against the frightful remembrance

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that assailed her, and cried at last, in a voice agonized by pity and remorse—

"He is dead!—He is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the captain, starting back with surprise, and uncertain whether he heard aright.

"Yes!" continued Madame Bergerac, and her evident agitation but too fatally confirmed her words: "yes! I now remember;—great God! as you were about to enter, he threw himself headlong from the window."

Bergerac hastily examined the window, and saw at once that it had been opened.

"The madman!" he said; "he has forestalled me!"

"But, may it not still be possible," resumed Juliette wildly, "may it not still be possible to save him? He may not yet be swallowed up by the waves?—Might you not throw a rope to him?—Could you not send a boat to his assistance?"——

She had not yet finished speaking, when Bergerac was already on deck. With a generous impulse, he forgot his resentment in a remembrance of his duty. The husband would have run his rival through the body; the captain ran to save the life of his passenger.

"Lower a boat!" he cried, as he ascended the poop.

And his was the first hand to loosen the ropes that secured the boat in which Maître Anspect's ambush had been laid.

"Captain," inquired the mate, running with three men to assist him, "is there any one overboard?"

"M. d' Harcourt," replied Bergerac, lowering away as he spoke, and preparing to throw himself into the boat the first man.

The mate detained him forcibly by the arm.

"M. d' Harcourt!" said he, with astonishment. "You are mistaken, captain; here he is, close behind you!"

Bergerac turned hastily round, and there, in truth, within two yards of himself, stood the man whom he believed to be dead.

So far was Albert from having fallen into the sea, that the point of his varnished boot was scarcely damp, and the rest of his dress was but slightly splashed by the spray from the waves.

In throwing himself out of the window, he had, perhaps, run some risk of drowning, though nothing was farther from his wishes or intentions; it was entirely an act of presence of mind, and confidence in his own activity and skill.

Forced to disappear in this manner, since there was no other mode of retreat open to him, he had seized a rope which he remarked hanging over the stern, and, swarming up it, had quietly resumed his place upon the poop, without any one remarking his perilous ascent—the attention of the sailors being fully occupied with their duties, and that of the passengers with their personal sufferings or fears.

Bergerac guessed at once how it had all happened, and, inasmuch as the desperate project of M. d' Harcourt had mingled interest with his indignation, equally did this schoolboy trick inspire him with profound contempt.

"Monsieur," said he, after looking at him from head to foot with a bitter smile, "I had not hoped to find you in such good case, and I

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am happy in being spared the danger and inconvenience of saving you."

Albert bowed slightly, less to express his thanks than to hide his confusion.

At the same moment, Madame Bergerac arrived, trembling, on deck, scarcely daring to look round her, lest her worst fears should be confirmed. At sight of Thorigny, she had almost relapsed into her fainting fit, and she could not restrain one last impulse of a sentiment that was fast dying out, as she exclaimed,

"Thank God! he is saved."

"Excuse me, madame, we were mistaken," said the captain, with ironical satisfaction; "M. d' Harcourt has not fallen overboard at all."

A rapid glance of the lady confirmed what her husband said.

She then took Bergerac's arm, and turned away her eyes coldly from Albert, who at that moment almost wished himself at the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

Anchoring for the Night.

The weather was now moderating; the wind was still high, but it came in less violent gusts; the sea was still heavy, but its long rolling waves were gradually subsiding.

Order was restored on deck; the sailors, already forgetting their dangers and fatigues, sang or smoked in the galley, as they watched the blue heaven again unfolding itself; and the passengers, one by one, retired to their cabins, to change their dripping garments.

In the meantime, the Magnificent, driven out of her course by the violence of the storm, had so completely lost her reckoning, that it was impossible to determine her position, without having recourse to the observations and nautical calculations in use under such circumstances.

Bergerac gave provisional orders for running before the wind in the presumed direction of the coast of Africa. Then, having stationed men in the tops and on the forecastle, with orders to keep a good look out, he requested his mate to calculate their position, whilst he retired for the same purpose. With this intention he shut himself up in his cabin; but all his efforts were in vain to concentrate his thoughts, and fix his attention on the figures with which he covered the paper before him. The remembrance of the events that had just occurred, and the impression they had left upon him, occupied, in spite of himself, every faculty of his head and of his heart; and, instead of attending to his calculations, he was laying plans of revenge; instead of tracing the course of the Magnificent, he was asking himself at every moment, what course he should pursue towards Henri d'Harcourt.

Although he had not positively surprised d'Harcourt at his wife's feet, he was enabled to act and speak as though he had so detected him, since the confessions of Madame Bergerac gave him, indirectly, every facility both for judging and punishing, and for doing so without loss of time.

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But what immediate satisfaction could he demand from a passenger on board his own ship?

The idea of a duel was the simplest and least complicated, and it recurred a hundred times to his mind; but again came the recollection that he had already killed one man, and how would his conscience smite him, if he exposed himself to the risk of killing another!

Nevertheless, he was on the point of adopting that rash determination, as he could hit on no more prudent plan, when a cry, that resounded throughout the ship, reached his ears.

Land! land! repeated, at the same moment, the men in the tops, the sailors on deck, and the passengers. An instant after, M. Ledru entered, and announced to the captain, that the coast of Barbary was in sight. This news created a sudden revolution in all Bergerac's ideas, and brought to his lips a smile of satisfaction, strongly blended with sarcasm. The execution of the secret plans which he had conceived and nourished during the preceding days now became possible. He thought no more of the duel.

"Carry on to within two hundred fathoms of the shore," he said hastily to his mate, "and we will anchor for the night."

In the course of an hour, this double order was executed, and the Magnificent lay motionless upon the calm, transparent waters of the bay of * * * *.

At last, the night came. When all on board slept, with the exception of the watch stationed forward, the captain, who had remained in the sitting-cabin, wrote a letter, which he carefully folded and sealed, and then addressed to "Monsieur Albert Thorigny."

He now gave a low whistle, and a sailor, who waited for that signal at the door of the cabin, was at his side in a moment. It was Maître Anspect. Bergerac had a new mission to confide to him.

On receiving some orders given in a low voice, the sailor went to a door, on the right of the entrance to the poop, which he cautiously opened, and entered the small cabin to which it led.

A man, overpowered by a swoon-like sleep, which had come upon him so suddenly that he had not had time to undress himself, was stretched upon a narrow bed, by the light of a small night-lamp.

Maître Anspect, taking this person up in his vigorous arms, carried him, still sleeping, into the saloon, and laid him for a moment upon the couch between the windows.

He now opened the window, and stretching out his arm, caught a rope that hung outside, the end of which he knotted securely round the body of the sleeping man.

Next, he lowered himself from the ship's stern, and, suddenly, the body, raised by the rope and pushed outwards by the captain, made its exit by the window, and disappeared, without noise.

An instant after, Maître Anspect came up again as he had descended, and re-entered the smaller cabin. He brought from it, in succession, several objects, which he lowered from the window, as he had done with the man; he then requested the captain to see if anything had been forgotten.

Bergerac entered the sleeping-cabin, and cast a hasty glance around.

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There remained in it nothing save the bed, two chairs, and a table; but upon that table, in front of the night-lamp, he perceived a large drawing, and a small memorandum-book, bound in morocco.

The captain looked at them both with attention. Some unfinished lines in the latter struck his eyes. He read them with undisguised emotion, and tore out the page; then, as though what he had seen gave him a desire to know more, he rapidly turned over the pages of the book, from which he tore another leaf, which, with the former one, and the drawing, he rolled carefully up.

This done, Bergerac placed the book in Maître Anspect's hands, and added to it the letter which he had prepared beforehand. Anspect thrust them both into his waistcoat pocket, regained the window, and disappeared again, to return no more. . . . .

The captain listened attentively for some moments, until he heard the sound of a pair of sculls in the water . . . . he then went quietly to bed.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SONG VIII.

THE DEAD BRIDE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

" Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

HAMLET.

STREW about the bridal bier,
Where my young espoused lies,
Snowdrops fairest of the year,
Violets that match her eyes.
Lay her gently in the grave;
Flowers shall spring where beauty sleeps,
O'er the *lost* I could not save,
O'er the *loved* my spirit weeps.

Bring me relics of my fair!—
(All is dear and hallowed now!)
Ringlets of her golden hair,—
Rosy bands that wreathed her brow,—
Gems that on her bosom shone,
Stars of light on purest snow;—
Bring them all, (now she is gone)
Mute companions of my woe.

There's the *first* fond pledge I gave,
Worn in love's unwedded hours,
Worn by her, that's in the grave!
Here—the bridal veil and flowers;
This, my senseless image, she
Sanctified with kiss and vow:
She can come no more to me,
All that loved have left me now!

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TALES OF A TOURIST.—No. 3.[1]

THE MARCHIONESS OF ARGEVILLIERS.

THE next morning, Jacques Loubet presented himself at the hôtel of the first president; he was the man of business of the Marchioness of Argevilliers, and obtained by that means a freer access to her than the young "noblesse de robe" or "d'epée," who were scarce ever received save in visits of full state. That illustrious household was distinguished by habits of austerity, a haughty reserve, that kept every one at a distance, and lofty and imposing manners, which were never departed from even in the closest intimacy of the domestic hearth. Never did the first president escort his daughter-in-law without uncovering; never did she fail, when he came to see her, to reconduct him as far as the ante-chamber.

That young woman's life had welled away until the hour of her widowhood, in a crowd of minute duties; she was surrounded by a triple rampart of devotion, grandeur, and etiquette, which prevented the greater number of persons from approaching her. It was pretty generally known that her husband did not lead her a happy life, and that she loved him not; yet her reputation remained intact, so completely did the precautions, with which she was surrounded, seem to place her beyond the reach of every danger. As for Master Loubet, he was too much beneath her for the world to dream of coupling their names together.

The funeral of the Marquis of Argevilliers was slowly passing along the Place des Prêcheurs; there where, a few short hours before, the basoche and the Royal Courtois had delivered battle. The advocate came with the hope of conversing with the marchioness for a few minutes. He was horribly distressed at the state in which he had left her the evening previous, and he trembled, as he thought on that wound, whose bloody traces he seemed yet to see.

All the nobility of the town were there in mourning habits; there were a hundred persons in the marchioness's saloon. The advocate waited in the ante-chamber, uncertain whether he ought to announce himself.

"Do you want something, Master Loubet?" said one of Madame D'Argevillier's women, on leaving her mistress's room.

"I came to learn how Madame la Marquise is; perhaps you can tell me?"

"Ill, very ill, Master Loubet. She has not left her bed to-day, and not a soul as yet, except M. the first President, has entered her chamber."

The servant looked around, as if to make sure no one could overhear her; then she whispered, "I should never have thought Madame la Marquise would have taken this affliction so much to heart; since last night one would have supposed she was mad."

"Seigneur! mon Dieu! and what says the physician?"

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi; p. 172.

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"She would not see him. Yesterday, about nightfall, she shut herself up in her oratory, strictly forbidding us to come to interrupt her prayers. Jesus! I don't know how she could remain there all alone, whilst the body of M. la Marquise was over her head surrounded by tapers! We were all praying in the bedroom. At midnight, Madame la Marquise left her oratory. Had you but seen her, Master Loubet! you'd have said she was a corpse, so ghastly pale, and such a terrible look. She had been weeping bitterly, for in undressing her I felt the front of her corsage was quite damp, as though it had been dipped in water."

"But Madame la Marquise is not unwell of herself—'tis only sorrow, I suppose?"

"Quite enough to lay her in the same place with M. le Marquis, should it continue. I watched all the night at the foot of her bed;—Madame la Marquise did not weep; but every instant she writhed her arms, and uttered stifled groans, as if under the influence of nightmare. About two o'clock, she told us she was afraid, and we were obliged to light all the candles; 'twas like a chapel for the dead. At length, as morning dawned, Madame la Marquise fell into a doze. I thought she'd get a little rest; but suddenly the drums beat in the Place des Prêcheurs—'twas the Royal Courtois on its march; Madame la Marquise awoke with a start. I ran to the bed, drew aside the curtain, and we were all shocked on seeing her. She was seated on her couch, dishevelled, her arms extended, her eyes fixed, and as it were glazed; a moment after she fell back on her pillows; and then she wept."

"And what has she said since? what done?" demanded the advocate, with painful anxiety; "have you told M. the first president, and sent for the physician?"

"Madame la Marquise forbid us to do either. Now M. the first president has just been to tell her that she must open her chamber, and receive every comer; 'tis the etiquette. Madame la Marquise is in no state to bear such a fatigue; but when monsieur, her father-in-law, has said, 'it must be done!' 'tis like a decree of Parliament."

"I'll return before evening to hear how matters go on. You have a good and generous mistress, Genevieve; you must serve her, watch over her with zealous care. She deserves all you can do."

The advocate's eyes filled with tears as he said this, and he walked briskly away to hide the emotion that seized him on hearing these details. His soul was filled with tender and melancholy thoughts.

"She suffers! she weeps!" thought he. "O! that I could have saved her, at price of my heart's blood, from the distresses of that fatal night! 'Tis not her husband's death that throws her into such a state of anguish; he was a man so little to be regretted! Ah! humble as I am, and noble as he was, I feel myself more worthy of her than that man of morose disposition and ferocious aspect! With what jealousy should I have been devoured had she loved him! But neither he nor any other ever won her heart—it beats for none. Alas! last night—I felt it palpitate with fear beneath my happy hand!"

In crossing the Place to regain his own house, the advocate perceived Marius Magis forming the centre of a numerous group, com-

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posed of some attornies' clerks, and certain usherers to the Parliament, with a dozen or so of the bourgeois. Every one turned their eyes on M. Loubêt; Marius Magis went up to him. "Well!" said he, with an affected air, through which, however, pierced a malignant satisfaction at having to announce some scandalous piece of news, "la belle Loubette has not returned from the rendezvous she fixed with Captain Lausac, and this morning they went off together."

"How! what say you!" interrupted the advocate, with a look that made Marius Magis drop his eyes to the ground abashed and alarmed; "if this is one of those lies which your viperous tongue is so apt to forge, I'll force you to make ample and public amends."

"Do me more justice, Master Loubet; I am your friend, and 'tis for that reason I have been seeking you these two hours, wishing to let you know all that passes; it's in everybody's mouth, I can tell you, and ——"

"Pray finish, my worthy *friend*," interrupted the advocate, with suppressed rage; one so disinterested and devoted as yourself can doubtless give me more exact and better information than all the world besides, of the misfortune which at once desolates and disgraces my unhappy family."

"Ah! you needn't be at much trouble to establish the fact—there's no proces-verbal or examination on oath required! La belle Loubette left her house yesterday about nightfall, and has never been seen since; her servant sought her all over the neighbourhood; she even came to my house—but in vain, nowhere could she be found. Now don't you think, as everybody else does, that she's gone off to the frontier with the handsome Captain Hector de Lausac? Ah! well! one can't be surprised—that fellow's a devil amongst the women! But you don't answer, advocate. Don't you think she's gone with him?"

Master Loubet crossed his arms, and said coldly, "'Tis probable I shall go and find out the Cadet Beauregard."

"He's off too; so you'll get no satisfaction from that quarter."

"Thank you for your useful information, Marius Magis!" said Master Loubet, as he saluted the Basochien with haughty irony.

On re-entering his house, he found Catherine awaiting him at his study-door: she was in tears.

"Cousin," cried she, in a voice broken with sobs, "did you but know what has happened!"

She stopped suddenly; on seeing the gloomy and irritated features of the advocate, she perceived he had heard all.

"Well, Catherine, go on," said he as he sat down.

"It was Marius Magis, that messenger of ill news, who came, and wished to see you. He spoke to my aunt ——"

"And told her all! And my honourable, my excellent mother, had to undergo so painful a humiliation!" interrupted Jacques Loubet, in a frenzy of indignant feeling.

"She answered Marius Magis not a word; but as soon as he was gone, she was seized with illness, and we were obliged to carry her to bed. O God! help and support us in this fiery trial!"

The advocate walked to and fro in his cabinet with agitated step;

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Catherine, her hands clasped, and leant against the wall, wept bitterly.

"Should it not be true!" she resumed, "should Marius Magis have spoken falsely! My poor sister! she is perhaps calumniated."

"That I'll soon ascertain," said Master Loubet, with a gloomy and resolved air. In one way or another there must be an end to all this. My poor mother! what an undeserved stain on her saint-like life! Happily you are by to console her, poor angel."

He mounted to Misé Loubet's chamber; the old woman only said these words to him: "Jacques, the bad conduct of that unhappy girl will bring me to the grave; tell her so, should you ever see her again —and then perhaps she will repent!"

There was a certain severity of morals in the honest bourgeoisie of former times, as inflexible as the point of honour amongst the high nobility; Misé Loubet had been throughout her long life a perfect model of that virtue, from which no female of the Loubet family had ever lapsed before. The public dishonour of her niece struck her a blow, which was of necessity mortal. The old servant, who had for forty years formed part of their household, was only second in the depth of her affliction to her mistress; she took the disgrace of the Loubets to heart, as though her own fair fame had been the sufferer; already did she shrink with alarm from all the gossip, the painful questions that were sure to assail her, when she showed her head in the neighbourhood.

The advocate watched for a moment or two with heartfelt pity the tears that stole down his mother's withered cheek; then said, as he knelt by the bed, "I am going to set out, mother; I'll seek this unhappy girl, I'll bring her back with me. We'll afterwards consider on the best means of making her change her guilty conduct."

"Jacques, tell her that sincere repentance on her part will efface her sins and our disgrace!" cried Misé Loubet, as she embraced her son. "Tell her I remember still she is the sister of the angel you are about to marry!"

At these words, the advocate turned his pale features sorrowfully away; the passion concealed in the inmost recesses of his heart had wholly absorbed that affection, from which he once expected to reap his life's purest happiness; he only felt now the friendship of a brother for that humble-minded girl, so confident in his love, and he grew sick at heart when he thought on the engagement which his mother's words recalled to his mind. At that moment he longed for some catastrophe to alter, to derange, that uniform course of life, to which the example of three or four generations had condemned him; ardently did he desire his liberty, even were it at the price of the position he enjoyed; in a word, to win it to himself he had not recoiled before any of those desperate acts on which depend a man's life and fortune. He would have staked his all upon the cast, and stood the hazard of the die!

The advocate calmly proceeded to make preparations, as if for a long absence, and departed the same day without having seen the marchioness again.

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Ever since that fatal evening of St. John, the mansion of the Loubets seemed uninhabited; the windows remained closed day and night; no longer did the neighbourhood see the pretty face of poor Catherine at the narrow balcony peeping out from between the branches of a Spanish jasmin, whose starry flowers she loved to mingle with her own fair hair. She never left that house, once so full of tranquil happiness, and now so sad and deserted.

The advocate returned not, neither did he let them hear from him; Misé Loubet was gradually sinking to the grave; the old servant seemed fallen into second childhood. Every day did she punctually enter the study, to dust and put all things to rights, and answer every client, that Master Loubet was gone to the courts, forgetting totally that for some days past he had left the town.

Catherine, like a ministering angel, surrounded those two aged females with her pious solicitude; her soul, torn by such cruel, carking cares, derived a brief repose in the rigorous fulfilment of her duties; she supported the terrible misfortune that had struck her, with all that exalted humility which the spirit of tenderness and faith alone can give. Incessantly did she pray to God for her unhappy sister, for Jacques Loubet; every morning did she awake with the hope of their return, every livelong day did she await them at the bedside of Misé Loubet; then, when night returned, when she went to secure the heavy bolts of the door, whose threshold no foot had crossed, sadly would she say, "To-morrow! still another day—O God!—mercifully grant that Jacques return not too late!"

Misé Loubet grew dreadfully alarmed at her son's silence; she dreaded some new and terrible misfortune, and often did she say, "Catherine, I fear I shall never see my son again! Alas! I shall die before his return! Who knows where he is gone to seek that unhappy girl! Who knows when he will return!"

Just two weeks after St. John, Misé Loubet expired.

The next day, between eleven and twelve at night, Catherine sat alone, and watching in the advocate's study. The servant had been long retired to rest, and silence the most profound reigned throughout the small house, solitary as it was, and sombre as the chapel of a cemetery. Catherine wept as she thought on the sad event, that had in so short a time changed the house of happiness to that of sorrow; she wept as she thought on the distress of Jacques Loubet, when he should return and find her alone in that spot where he had left her with his mother.

A gentle knock at the door suddenly roused the young girl from these painful thoughts; she arose with a bound on recognising Master Loubet's well-known tap. It was in fact himself. Catherine recoiled on seeing him; then, bathed in tears, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming:

"Ah! you have been ill, cousin Jacques! How changed you are!"

He also wept.

"My good, kind, Catherine," said he, as he kissed her brow, "how is my mother?"

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She shuddered, and convulsively pressed the advocate's hand, raising her eyes to heaven. He comprehended her at once.

"Dead!" murmured he, falling annihilated into a chair.

There was a long, sad silence, only broken by sobs. Catherine, on her knees near Master Loubet, had not a word of consolation for so heavy a blow. There was a something, an expression so hopeless, so despairing, in the advocate's pale and wasted features, that the young girl's blood froze as she looked, and her tongue refused to utter an articulate sound. Seized with horrible alarm, she dared not inquire what yet she longed to know. So they remained. At length, with powerful effort, she cried out in piercing tones:

"My sister! my poor sister! speak!"

"Marius Magis lied," he replied in brief accents; "she did not go with M. de Lausac."

"Ah!" exclaimed Catherine, with a movement of joy, I was sure it was an infamous calumny! My poor sister! But yet she's not here! Not a soul has seen her! Alas! alas! where is she then?"

The advocate had risen; he threw around a hurried and feverish glance, and carried his hand to his brow, as though to collect his ideas.

"Catherine," said he, with effort, returning to the young girl, "you know not all our misfortunes. I am in a terrible position: I must quit the kingdom; my life is in danger—I go to-morrow."

"I will accompany you."

"No, Catherine, no! it is impossible. A fugitive, and tracked on all sides, who knows whether I shall have time to save myself?"

She listened to his wild words, overwhelmed with fear, ignorant of the meaning of such strange language, and venturing not to risk a question.

"Go and repose yourself, Catherine; for myself, I shall remain here," he resumed; "all the night will be too short for me to set my affairs in order."

Then she threw herself at his feet, crying,

"Let me watch by you, Jacques; there is a something in your air that fills me with alarm. O God! what has happened? Speak! why will you tell me nothing? I am no longer a child. Try me—you may confide all to my discretion. Only try me!"

He made her sit down by him, and said,

"Did you but know what pain you cause me, and God knows I am already greatly to be pitied!"

She hastened to dry her tears; she strove to repress her grief. But her heart refused—again and again it overflowed—'twas broken by the cruel thought of their approaching separation.

"Catherine," said the advocate gently, after a brief silence, "tell me of my poor mother."

What a night! The young girl, buried in the large arm-chair, abandoned herself to a gloomy despair. The advocate wrote silently and long at his bureau; from time to time, however, a tear rolled down his cheek, and he would murmur—"My mother! my poor mother!"

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When dawn stole in, cold and obtrusive, he arose; and touching Catherine's shoulder, said to her,

"Cousin, those papers on the bureau concern yourself: they are my mother's will, appointing you her sole legatee in default of me, her right heir; other writings also, which lawyers will explain to you; and the address, to which you must direct your letters in order to ensure their safe delivery to me. And now we must part, dear Catherine! God make you as happy as he has made me miserable!"

She no longer wept, but prayed with hands clasped and kneeling on the chair. The advocate kissed her brow, saying in a broken voice,

"Poor angel! the guardian angel, whom God has given this house of ours! There dost thou remain alone, but not deserted—Heaven watches over innocence and purity like thine!—Farewell—farewell!"

The advocate left the town and gained the open country; he had one adieu yet to make, and thither did he bend his steps at peril of his life. The marchioness had for some days resided at "the Pavilion;" 'twas a delightful country-house, a delicious rural retreat, situate about half a league from Aix, in a small but romantic valley, whose grateful vegetation, a sparkling, brawling rivulet sustained in perpetual verdure and luxuriance. There, bright fountains ever fell cool and sparkling into white marble basins beneath mysterious and peaceful shades; the Flora of the south, with prodigal hand, had scattered her flowery treasures in the extensive gardens, along the rich and spreading meads, on the declivities, the smiling eminences that on all sides shut in this valley of delights, crowded as they were with lofty pines, whose tops sighed and trembled in the breeze.

The pavilion was concealed behind a screen of lofty chestnuts, and you reached it by a winding alley, bordered with cypress and Spanish broom.

The advocate wandered the whole morning in the green bosquets; his brain was one wild whirl—fatigue and poignant grief blunted and dulled his usually acute faculties of mind; he walked mechanically, as one impelled by some invisible hand. Towards noon he took the path that led direct to the Pavilion.

The marchioness was alone in a vast saloon built in the Italian fashion, whose lowered jalousies intercepted the ardent rays of the sun; there reigned within its cool extent a light, soft and gentle as that projected by a lamp of purest alabaster; the nymphs and naïads, painted in fresco on the walls, stood out amidst the surrounding half obscurity with fantastic but graceful effect. The marchioness, clad in her long mourning garments, lay reclined on a chaise-longue. She started when one of her women announced the advocate Loubet; and suddenly springing up, she said, "What wants he with me?"

He entered. On seeing him so pale and moved, the marchioness was seized with vague fear.

"Good day, Master Loubet," she said, forcing a smile, "'tis long since I have seen you."

He approached her, trembling in every nerve, and answered in a hollow voice—

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"I have been on a journey, a fatal journey, Madame la Marquise, and now I am about to depart again——"

"For a short time, no doubt?"

"Perhaps for ever."

She gazed on him, struck with his air more than by what he said, and stammered out a few unintelligible words.

"I wished to pay my adieux to you," he resumed; "I wished to tell you with my own lips what the public voice had informed you of to-morrow, perhaps to-day; I fly from the grasp of the law—I am going to take refuge in a foreign land, for I have been fighting a duel, and had the misfortune to slay a man."

The marchioness uttered a feeble exclamation, and turned away her eyes.

"They will say I slew him to avenge the honour of my family," continued the advocate, "and I will leave them in that belief; but to you will I declare the truth whole and entire. It is your due. The wretch dared to say before me that he was your lover, that you were his mistress—be patient—I have avenged you, madam."

"You have slain Lausac! Lausac is dead!" cried the marchioness, springing to her feet.

There was a moment's silence. Madame d'Argevilliers would fain have spoken again, but her voice failed her; horrible despair burst forth in her aspect and gestures.

"Ah!" murmured the advocate, transfixed with horrid stupor, "*he spoke the truth then!*"

The marchioness fell senseless. He gazed awhile upon her form with vacant eye, and then paced slowly forth. The fresh air revived him, and with a wild cry he fled with frantic speed along the valley.

That same evening, the Cadet Beauregard arrived at Avignon with the sad news that the advocate Loubet had killed Captain Hector de Lausac in a duel.

Marius Magis was one of the first to hasten to the hôtel of the Black Mule, where full soon all the idlers of the town were gathered together to comment on the mysterious circumstances of that sad event. The general stupefaction was at its height, when the Cadet Beauregard affirmed upon his honour that "La belle Loubette," who had not been seen for fifteen days past, did not leave the town with Captain Lausac. Some said that some other officer of the Royal Courtois must have carried her off; others made sure she was doing penance in a convent. Amidst this grand conflict of charitable tongues, Marius Magis took care to talk the loudest, and give the longest reasons for his talking, in order to make himself of most importance; for that purpose he *kindly* placed himself, his time, and services, (disinterested man!) at the disposition of Cadet Beauregard, and promised to save him all trouble in settling the affairs and securing the property of the defunct captain. He had not left much more than would pay his debts.

Early next morning, Cadet Beauregard and Marius Magis, accompanied by a notary, went to the garden, which no foot had entered since St. John's day; they were going to take an inventory of the furniture in the small pavilion.

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"Poor Captain de Lausac!" sighed Cadet Beauregard as he entered the garden, "may his soul find rest with God! Who could have predicted so speedy an end to his life and loves!"

It had rained during the night; the foliage of the trees was brightly, beautifully green; the flowers, covered with clear drops, bloomed brilliant and many-hued; the birds warbled in the tufted branches of the tulip-tree; all was calm, and smiling, and attractive in the balmy inclosure.

"'Tis a veritable hermitage dedicated to Cupid, god of love!" cried Marius Magis, seized with a mythological reminiscence; "let's examine this cell of delights."

He opened the door and recoiled abruptly, uttering a loud cry; the notary and Cadet Beauregard instantly rushed forward, and plunged their eager eyes within. With hair standing on end, big sweat drops on their brow, and cheeks pale as ashes, with one voice they exclaimed—

"Oh! horrible! horrible!"

The hideous and rapidly decomposing corpse of a woman lay stretched at full length upon its face at the extremity of the saloon; the floor was covered with vast stains of clotted and now dried blood. At the noise they made something moved beneath the fallen figure, and in another moment a large, disgusting rat, frightened from its atrocious banquet, scudded across the room and disappeared. Marius Magis instantly recognised the disfigured corpse, by its striking and rich attire, to be that of the wretched "la belle Loubette."

"Messieurs," said he, as he closed the door, "we must go immediately and apprise the authorities of this."

An hour after, a strict examination was entered into on the very spot where the crime had been committed. A mitten of black silk, and a knife with a handle of box, which the Cadet Beauregard recognised as having before seen on a table in the saloon, were found beside the corpse, pierced with several stabs, each a mortal wound.

Every one was filled with horror and excitement, for neither of those articles gave any clue as to the perpetrator of the deed. A few voices were raised in accusation of Captain Lausac.

"I never left him the whole of the night of St. John's feast!" cried the Cadet Beauregard, resolutely. "We came together here to the rendezvous which 'la belle Loubette' had granted; he called her by name, he entered this very saloon; and I well remember that in shutting the door he said to me, '*There's like the smell of blood within!*' He could not possibly see aught in the surrounding obscurity, but poor Loubette was there a corpse already—I am convinced."

Then Marius Magis advanced, and, struck by a sudden recollection, cried, with extended hand, trembling lips, and amidst profoundest silence, "I saw some one leave this place the eve of St. John—about ten o'clock—I know who has done this foul deed—'tis Catherine Loubet—and I am ready to sign my deposition before the proper authorities!"

The Palais de Justice of the city of Aix was an ancient edifice, whose most modern portion dated from some centuries back. Three

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antique towers crowned its gloomy walls; the highest, called the clock tower, was a magnificent mausoleum, raised to the memory of some Roman patrician, who had died in the colony founded by Caïus Sextus. The ancient counts had included that monument, which the barbarian hordes, whose invasion swept away the last traces of former civilisation, left standing, in the boundaries of their palace. But all the splendours of that far-famed abode, raised by the Berangers and inhabited by King René of Anjou, the royal troubadour, had long since disappeared; and on the very spot where the cours d'amour once passed their gallant decrees, the parliament of Provence now held its sittings.

The different jurisdictions had their prisons in the interior of the palace, beneath the stout old walls built during the Roman domination; the least horrible was situate on the second story of the clock tower; the sun could feebly penetrate there for a moment at high noon, and the strained ear might catch the tolling of the weary hours from the summit of the tower.

For many a long year the spiders had wove in peace their gauze-like and impalpable webs on the blackened walls of that desolate chamber; a swallow built its nest in the sill of the single window, which slender bars, eaten with rust, alone defended, and in the interstices of the disjointed stones grew a small tuft of yellow wall-flower.

There was it they confined Catherine Loubet, after having passed her first night of prison in the terrible dungeons below. The cell had been prepared for her reception. The bed, placed in a corner, resembled a bier supported by two trestles; a vase for holy water and a crucifix were fastened to its head; further off, and opposite the window, stood, or rather tottered, a worm-eaten table, having upon it an earthen cruise, some black bread, and a few scattered books of piety.

The prisoner was seated in the centre of that chamber, chill and gloomy as a subterraneous cavern; a single ray of the sun, but one, fell intercepted and obliquely upon her fair head, and surrounded it, as it were, with a faint and struggling glory. There was a certain melancholy abstraction in her whole attitude; her calm, pale brow was rested on one of her hands; her lips moved noiselessly; she was reading a book, that lay on her knees, to herself: 'twas "The Lives of the Saints."

For long did she thus remain—so still—so motionless—you might have taken her for a statue of sweet contemplation; after some time her eyes were raised to Heaven, to the bright, blue sky without, a slender patch of which was just discernible between her prison bars. The swallow poked its little black head, and white and glossy breast, out of its nest of clay; gracefully did it poise itself and sweep the wall with its forked tail; then it glided between the bars, opened its wings, and flew delightedly to and fro in the warm sunlight. The humble gilliflower waved its branches, decked with some lingering flowers, in the fresh morning breeze, and filled the prison with faint but grateful perfume. Then a tearful mist obscured the fervent look which Catherine raised to heaven. One, two, bright drops rolled down her pallid cheek, and fell upon her hand.

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That very moment the door was thrown open with that terrible noise of keys and bolts, whose sound is so acutely painful to the prisoner's ear. The young girl turned away her head with a movement of involuntary fear, and remained motionless in a state of cruel anxiety. She fancied they were come to fetch her to appear before her judges. Some one entered, saying in a grave voice,

"God be with you, Catherine Loubet!"

"Father Athanasius! Is it you? Are you come? Your charity, then, has not abandoned me!" she cried, as she rose, trembling in every nerve, and her hands clasped; alas! I fancied no one, not even my confessor, could penetrate into this prison."

Father Athanasius was a Franciscan of advanced age, and simple and pious spirit. He had neither great eloquence nor depth of learning to boast; but he was universally respected for his kindness of disposition and sanctity of life.

"My child," said he, letting fall on Catherine a look full of sadness and compassion, "I knew that you had need of me; I obtained permission from Monsieur the first President to see you before trial. I am come to confess you. When you have laid your conscience bare at the tribunal of penitence, you will appear with more tranquillity before that of man. They have but your life in their hands; your eternal salvation depends alone on God."

"The thought of that is my only consolation, my only hope, father. You are come, you say, to hear my confession; I am ready. Alas! I have had time enough here to make a long examination of conscience."

The good monk sat down on the only bench there was in the prison; Catherine knelt down by his side, and, after a moment's recollection, recited the Confiteor in a low voice. Father Athanasius also prayed, his hands crossed upon his white scapulary; his eyes remained fixed on the prisoner in sorrowful expectation. He encouraged her with a mute gesture, pointing to the crucifix suspended to his ebony chaplet; but she remained silent after finishing her Confiteor.

Then the monk turned away his eyes, and gently said,

"My child, you are at the feet of a God, full of long-suffering and mercy: the repentance of the greatest criminals has found grace in his eyes."

"Father," she replied, in a humble voice, "'tis about a month since I received your last absolution; 'twas on the Sunday before St. John's day, and I believe I have committed no mortal sin since then."

The monk looked her in the face, and said, with something like indignation, "Daughter, you are speaking to your confessor, not your judges; God sees every secret of your heart, nothing is hid from him!"

"I firmly believe it, father, and I have placed all my hope in his merciful succour; for in his eyes I am innocent. The world accuses me of a horrible crime, covers me with shame, with ignominy; the justice of man is about to condemn me; but, adjudged guilty at the tribunal of men, I am declared sinless before that of God!"

The young girl raised her eyes, with an expression sweetly calm and mild, to heaven; she seemed to implore its mighty aid in mental

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prayer. The serenity of a pure, unsullied conscience blazed upon her brow. There was a moment's silence. Father Athanasius trembled; the accent, the words of Catherine worked a sudden change in his conviction, and he forgot his part of confessor for that of counsel and advocate.

"My child," said he, forcing Catherine to rise, "there are terrible charges against you, astounding proofs. In the name of the blessed Saviour, conceal naught from me. Answer without dissimulation and fearlessly to all my questions. Where were you the eve of St. John?"

"In our house with my poor aunt Loubet,—I never left it."

"Yet you know what Marius Magis said?"

"Yes, when I was confronted with him," she replied, reddening with indignation; "but what reply could I make to a falsehood so fearful, which dishonours me and consigns me to a shameful death? The truth? I did declare it, without being able to give any proof of what I said."

"Was there no witness, then, that could affirm that you remained at home the whole of St. John's eve?"

"There was! But which of them can now raise their voice in my defence? My aunt is dead; Veronica, our old servant, has lost her memory; she seems deranged ever since our misfortune; and my cousin, Jacques Loubet, has fled out of the kingdom."

"But that mitten, Catherine, that mitten, all stained with blood, and similar, exactly similar, to that found near the corpse of your unfortunate sister? You have been seen to wear just the same."

"Alas! my kind aunt made them for me. But that which was found in the drawer of the bureau was never mine. Who put it there I know not. Some terrible mystery lies hid in all this: it will be discovered some day, when it is too late."

She placed both hands on her brow, and leant against the wall in utter misery. Father Athanasius raised his arms and eyes to heaven.

"I well remember that on St. John's eve, some one knocked at our door," resumed Catherine; "Jacques ran to open it; I came after him, and he instantly sent me back. No doubt a woman entered our house then. How did she leave it? Who was she? Jacques alone knows, and could tell."

"We must have his testimony to clear up this terrible affair!" cried Father Athanasius. "I'll go to Monsieur the first president's, to all your judges; your trial shall be delayed until—"

"But Jacques cannot return under pain of death: he has fought a duel, slain a man."

"'Tis a heavy misfortune, an enormous sin in the sight of God, and a whole life long of penance and good works would be required to cleanse its stain. But perchance Jacques Loubet would not risk his life in coming to defend you; he fought in the papal territories, and the royal ordinances only reach to duels fought upon the soil of France. If the De Lausac's family institute no prosecution, the affair will die away. We'll get your trial put off: as witness, as advocate, Jacques Loubet can and must save you."

"If that is my only means of escape, I refuse it, father."

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"But you do so at the risk of self-homicide, my child; 'tis a grave sin before God to be unwilling to employ every means of saving your life."

"And that of Jacques, father—can God command me to expose it to peril to save my own? My poor cousin! Did you but know how generous he is, how devoted to those he loves! At the first word of my misfortune he would return, without regarding his own danger, without one thought whether the family of De Lausac would not prosecute him as the murderer of that unhappy man who dishonoured my sister and caused her death. And I, beneath the axe of human justice, about to suffer its blind sentence—should I also give up to it the head of Jacques? Oh! never! never! Father, I'll tell the truth before my judges, as I now tell it before you, before God; then will I calmly await my fate—my body to the scaffold, my soul, I trust, to heaven!"

"Unhappy child! But the question, the torture!"

"I know it," replied Catherine, turning pale; "I know, and dread it more than death. Holy Virgin! our good lady! give me the strength to support that terrible trial, and to repeat until the end that I die innocent!"

"God will not permit so great an iniquity to come to pass; he will save your life, my child," cried the old monk, brushing away his fast-falling tears.

Catherine fell on her knees by his side.

"Father," said she, "it is not death that makes me fear, life seems now to me so sad and miserable! When I consider my situation, I feel an ardent impatience to wing my way to that better world whose door the sentence of my judges will open. I bless God, who calls me by this way, however thorny to the flesh, back to himself! Amidst the terrible misfortunes that have fallen upon my family, I am not the most deserving pity. My wretched sister—'tis for her we must pray! Dead unconfessed!—dead without a moment for repentance! Poor soul! what must have been its piteous state before God! And Jacques Loubet—he, so good, so kind, so just, so honoured—he has slain a man, and now his conscience knows repose no more; night and day, a small still voice cries in his ear, 'Thou art a murderer!' But I, father, I have no remorse to feel. Ah! what care I for prison, sentence, or disgrace! my hope and refuge are above! I shall die innocent before God, before you, who will receive my last confession. I feel no fear, no hatred, in my soul; in dying, sincerely and from my heart shall I pardon my enemies, my judges, and my executioners!"

As she finished these words, Catherine raised her eyes to heaven with calm resignation; there was no ostentation in her courage, no pride in her firmness; a secret source of sorrow rendered the complete detachment from life and its affections easy to her.

"My child," said the monk, touched with immense compassion in presence of such undeserved and heroically-sustained misery, "you find nothing worthy of your regret here below, then?"

"Nothing, father."

"And yet you were a happy young girl before this terrible blow?"

She shook her head sadly, and replied, after a moment's silence,

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"All my happiness here on earth was long since over; I have suffered severely, though unknown to all."

Father Athanasius regarded her with an air of surprise.

"Yes," she resumed, "I have had a fiery trial to endure, and many are the tears I have shed in secret, whilst all believed me so tranquil and happy. For some time have I wished to renounce the world, and I had determined on entering a convent before the end of the year."

"Before the end of the year! But you were betrothed to Jacques Loubet!"

"Our marriage would never have taken place; 'tis true Jacques would have married me, in obedience to his mother's wish; but I had seen clearly into the depths of his soul;—he loved me as a sister, but wished for me no longer as a wife, and I would have given him back his repented word, have restored to him his liberty, by taking the veil."

"So, then, you would not have recoiled before the sacrifice of all your affections in this world, and now you renounce the defence of your life, rather than expose that of Jacques Loubet to peril! My child, you must indeed love him above all things, and far more than yourself!"

"Yes, father," she replied, with modest simplicity, "I would sacrifice myself a thousand times to ensure his safety; my last prayer shall be for him—"

The monk arose.

"My child," said he, with the authority given him by his age and character, "God forbids you such devotedness; he wills not that you should abandon thus the care of your life and honour: the testimony of Jacques Loubet must save both; a declaration, written and signed by his own hand, might arrive in time. You know where he is?"

Catherine answered not.

"Only tell me where I must address the letter that will inform him of your terrible situation."

She hesitated, and cast her eyes to the ground, not venturing to utter a refusal.

"No vain scruples, daughter," resumed the monk; "speak, I command you."

"Well, then, father, I obey; I trust the care of all that regards Jacques Loubet to your charity and prudence. You must address your letter to Genoa, to the house of a merchant there named Pietro Filomarini, if you still deem it right to write. But, after all, will it reach the hands of Jacques? Who knows whether he has passed the frontier?"

"He returned here after that unhappy duel, did he not? You saw him?"

She made an affirmative gesture.

"And can you tell me what day?"

"The evening before my arrest."

"That's only five days since; the police have not set off in pursuit; there's no warrant out against him, I'm quite sure; perhaps he's not so far as you think. He might have concealed himself at first in the environs of Aix, and, not being disturbed, have waited there until his affair died away."

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"Wherever he be, father, be sure you bid him not return; his liberty, his life, must be cared for before all!"

"Daughter, I answer you for both; steps shall be taken in his favour with messieurs the counsellors to the parliament; for, although I am but a poor monk, the least and lowest of God's servants, I have some influence with men in power. I will go and supplicate a lady of distinction, full of piety and virtue, to intercede in your favour. She shall get your trial put off. Only let me not want for time, and the truth shall emerge from the darkness that now covers it! Be of good courage; every day will I come to see you."

The gaoler had just re-opened the door; he stood waiting on the threshold.

"I leave you in the presence of God," continued Father Athanasius, extending his hand towards Catherine to give her his blessing; "pray, my child, pray earnestly, to reassure your afflicted soul. Every day will I say a mass to your intention."

"Father, may God render to you tenfold all your ardent charity does for me, unworthy!"

When the monk was gone, the sad prisoner sank dejectedly on her bed, and wept bitterly and long. The hope of life could not reanimate her soul, broken as it was and utterly overwhelmed with the loss of all it ever loved. She turned away with a sort of impatient disdain and fear from that world where she saw herself for ever separated from the only object of her affection.

In crossing the Place to repair to the first president's, Father Athanasius met with Marius Magis, the cadet Beauregard, and a few others, who were pacing to and fro until the hour when the courts opened; every one of them spoke of Catherine Loubet; for three days past, nothing else was talked of throughout the town. The Basochien promulgated, (no other word would sufficiently describe his manner,) for the hundredth time perhaps, his opinion of the affair, in which his testimony occupied so important a place. He felt a certain satisfaction in being mixed up in a procedure so terrible, which was already being turned into tales and ballads. And yet, he had not what might strictly be called a bad heart; he felt no particular hatred for the unfortunate girl; he was simply a man fond of gossip, of mixing himself up with his neighbour's business, and ever on the look out for what he called a sensation. Nothing ever took place in the town that he didn't know all about it; should a dispute arise, one was sure of seeing him drop in the midst, as if from the clouds; was any scandal whispered, he knew the minutest and last details. He was ever on the watch, continually moving from one acquaintance to another, dropping a commentary here, a significant nod there, giving every body, gratis, the benefit of all news, good or bad, true or false, which he had rooted out in his peregrinations (so to speak) by night and by day, in the good town of Aix.

"Messieurs," said he, stopping in the middle of the group that followed him, "all that you've just heard is stated in my deposition, taken on the very spot where the crime was committed, and signed with my own hand. God knows what it cost me to accuse the wretched girl! But my conscience could not support such a weight.

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Not one of my words has been lightly uttered; in criminal matters, a witness must affirm nothing that is not 'de visa.'"

"And yet, who can be certain that his feeble and limited sight has not deceived him?" interrupted Father Athanasius, touching the shoulder of Marius Magis. "I have just seen Catherine Loubet in her prison, and she persists in saying that there is a terrible mistake in the facts you have deposed to."

For all reply, Marius Magis held up two fingers, and made a gesture of sad conviction. A murmur arose from amidst the group collected round him; public indignation demanded a victim; it called for vengeance on the assassin of "la belle Loubette;" and Catherine, whom such formidable proofs accused, was already condemned in the opinion of all.

The monk sorrowfully withdrew; this irresistible manifestation alarmed him; he trembled lest he should again meet with it in accosting the judges, and, instead of directly repairing to the first president's, he resolved to go and solicit the support of the Marchioness of Argevilliers.

Just as he was entering the hotel, Genevieve, the marchioness's first woman, arrived from the pavilion.

"Reverend father," said she, approaching the monk, "Providence sends you here to counsel me how to act; I am in a state of the greatest anxiety."

"If it is anything that should be said in confession which is the cause, go and await my coming in the church; I shall be there in half an hour."

"No, reverend father, it's nothing to do with me, but concerns a person whom I have long served—a person for whom I feel the warmest affection, the sincerest respect, and whose spiritual director you are."

"Then I'm ready to hear you here,"

"If your reverence would be so kind as to enter the garden for a moment, I could speak to you with more safety than in this hall, where some lacquey may be listening at the door. What I have to tell you is a secret."

Father Athanasius, much astonished at the woman's sad mysterious air, followed her into the garden. When she was satisfied no one could either see or hear her, she burst into tears and said,

"Reverend father, my mistress, the Marchioness of Argevilliers, is become like one insane, and I'm at my wit's end how to conceal the terrible fact any longer."

"Holy mother of God! what say you, Genevieve?"

"Not a soul knows it yet, not even Monsieur the first president, and I dare not tell him."

"But what has been the matter? Why was not I sent for? Did Madame la Marquise never ask for me?"

"Alas! no, reverend father, she would see no one, but weeps night and day; it's almost a week since her eyes were dry—but I believe the root of the evil stretches further back. Ever since the death of Monsieur the Marquis, madame has visibly declined. She would infallibly have died had she remained here in her vast chamber, hung

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with black, where Monsieur the first president wished her to receive all the visits of etiquette; from morning to night Madame was surrounded by figures in deep mourning, who never conversed with her but on her loss; it was fast killing her. I thought she would recover when she obtained permission to pass a month at the pavilion. There she receives nobody; and even Monsieur her father-in-law contents himself with sending to inquire how she is, without coming to visit her. Madame was beginning to recover a little, she was, in fact, much better, when, last Sunday, the advocate Loubet came to—"

"The advocate Loubet!—on Sunday last!—to Madame d'Argevilliers!"

"Himself. He looked much disturbed, and I instantly judged that some great misfortune had befallen him. Madame received him in the great saloon; he scarcely remained a quarter of an hour with her, and I don't know what passed; but when I returned to Madame, I found her in a pitiable state—drowned in tears, and groaning heavily. I closed the doors, to prevent any one seeing her in such a condition, and endeavoured to console her."

"Well, what did she say?"

"Nothing. I could not extract a single word; sometimes she would weep so passionately as almost to become convulsed, at other times she would remain motionless, with a look that chilled my blood, such horrible despair did it express. At length she swooned, and fell into my arms like one dead. Then I called her other women, who aided me to put her to bed. As soon as she regained her senses, she strictly forbade us to send in search of the physician, or to inform Monsieur the first president; she has only spoken since then to renew the order. She never sleeps throughout the whole night, and takes no food; you would say she was determined to die. If this lasts, I verily believe, before fifteen days are gone, she'll be lying beside Monsieur the Marquis in the vaults of St. Savior. There is something very extraordinary in this overwhelming affliction, and I don't doubt that Advocate Loubet told Madame la Marquise some heavy news, some serious misfortune, which—"

"At all events, if he did, it could only regard himself; and, despite her extreme goodness of disposition, her unwearied charity, Madame la Marquise could not possibly take the thing so much to heart. Does she know all that has been since discovered?"

"The death of 'la belle Loubette,' and the crime of Catherine Loubet? No, reverend father; I did not wish to talk to her about such things—in the state she is, it could only have made her worse. I have, on the contrary, endeavoured to distract her from her sorrows, by telling tales, merry stories, any amusing trifle I could think of—but nothing would do. The melancholy which now preys on Madame la Marquise can no longer be concealed; people will be coming to the pavilion, and then what must be done? Madame cannot remain secluded as she is, not speaking a word to living soul. Notwithstanding her orders, I was on my way now to inform Monsieur the first president. What do you counsel me to do, reverend father?"

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"I can say nothing before I have seen Madame la Marquise," replied the monk, after a moment's reflection. "I am expected at the confessional; but no matter; I will go immediately to the pavilion."

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Are they not wondrous? how the sight
Revels in changes quick and bright,
Less like the work of mortal hand,
Than some gay scene of fairy-land:
Lo! from our fixed and rapt survey
Object by object melts away,
Yielding their shadowy forms and hues
To merge in fresh Dissolving Views.

The ancient castle seems to shine
Reflected in the clear blue Rhine,
Anon, the proud and stately tower
Becomes a simple woodbine bower;
Swift sailing ships, and glittering seas,
Change to the churchyard's mournful trees,
Whose dark and bending boughs diffuse
Shade o'er the dim Dissolving Views.

How sad a tale of truth ye tell,
How do ye bid the spirit dwell
Upon the change, the dream, the strife,
The mockery of human life!
Soon is each fleeting joy o'ercast,
Nothing that glads our eyes can last,
Rich sunlight may the scene suffuse,
But ah! it gilds Dissolving Views.

The banquet-hall becomes the shed,
The battle-field the lowly bed,
The hero sinks into the slave,
The altar changes to the grave;
Forms of young loveliness and bloom
Shine forth and fade—we mourn their doom,
Till Time, to soothe our grief, renews
The bright and false Dissolving Views.

In every season, clime, and age,
Poet, historian, and sage,
Warn us distrustfully to meet
Life's frail and flattering deceit;
But ye in graphic might arise,
Bringing the lesson to our eyes,
We look, and pensively we muse
On once beloved Dissolving Views.

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Nor idle is your fair array,
Surely a moral ye convey,
Bidding us prize that far-off home,
Where shade and change shall never come;
And, as your phantom world departs,
We sorrow for the spell-bound hearts,
Who smile to greet, and weep to lose
Earth's varying Dissolving Views!

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"'Twas night, and not a sound the ear did reach,
Save the rude breaker dashing on the beach;
Or, echoing from the turret far away,
The fitful snatches of the warder's lay.
Slept knight and baron high, the sword and shield
All bright and burnish'd for the battle-field."
WILLIAM NORTON SMYTH.

I LEAVE you to imagine what passed in our minds at the arrival of every courier, especially whenever, through the delay arising from contrary winds, they brought us all at once a long series of news, detailing events which grew more and more disastrous. Our astonishment was such, that for a long time we refused to believe what the newspapers related, and what was told us in our letters.

In the meantime we often congratulated ourselves on the state of quietness which our abode in Corsica procured us, especially when we learnt what was happening in the different garrisons of France, and how completely the soldiers there had become a butt for the persecutions of the revolutionary partisans.

There were existing at this period great commotions, in Provence in particular; and Marseilles and Toulon had been the theatres of deplorable scenes. The regiments in garrison there had been obliged to assume the new cockade; this began to touch us very nearly, on account of the continual intercourse subsisting between these ports and those of Corsica. That island, however, seemed quite unconnected hitherto with any of the insurrections; it was even in a degree unacquainted with them, on account of its difference of language and the sort of apathy which its inhabitants always exhibit for what does not directly concern themselves. Its principal inhabitants were afraid to flatter themselves that they should be treated by the King and the National Assembly as a province of France, in the changes which it was proposed to operate, on account of the short time that their country had been conquered.

The minister of war had, a short time before, recalled from Corsica two Swiss regiments which were in garrison there, without supplying their places with other troops; and this circumstance reduced our number to three French regiments and two companies of artillery, which were all we had to keep in check the whole island with, in case of a movement. The brave regiment of Ernest, commanded by M. de Caraman, had just recrossed into Provence.

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvii. p. 370.

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The municipality of Marseilles, which had not yet joined the republican side, had solicited that this general would send some troops into the city to hold it in garrison, notwithstanding the privilege which belonged to it of receiving none except into its forts; for the city magistrates felt the necessity of keeping a check upon the populace, whom the factious were incessantly inciting to revolt; and the principal merchants of the place on their side earnestly seconding this demand, M. de Caraman took upon himself to order three regiments of infantry, two hundred dragoons, and six pieces of cannon, to enter unexpectedly into the city. They constructed large barracks upon the Mall, capable of containing two hundred guardsmen, who were to remain there permanently; these troops were devotedly royalist, they still knew what it was to obey, and their good order astonished the rioters; but it was not long before the latter, excited by the leaders of the republican party, began to heap all sorts of insults upon the soldiers of the king, and the arrogance of the populace reached its height upon finding the troops remain passive. They even threw stones at the men while under arms, crying out to them, "We know that you have orders not to fire."

This system of moderation, which seemed to be adopted all over France, did away with all authority from the very commencement of our troubles; and when the government would have resumed it, it was too late, severe measures would have been attended with too great an effusion of blood, because the minds of men became more and more excited, and the uneducated multitude, unable to calculate the effects of political movements, acts like a machine, according to the impulse given to it. The French Revolution was a continual evidence of this. The prime movers kept themselves in general behind the scenes, and putting in motion some rasher heads, tried from time to time, by means of obscure instruments of this sort, whether the time were come, or it were possible to obtain any proposed result. If the thing did not succeed at first, they postponed it to another opportunity, or they attempted it in some other way.

Simple *good sense*, added to experience, would have sufficed to find a remedy for all this. I may cite Napoleon's policy in proof of it, for *he* knew well the means by which a government was to be sustained. But three-fourths of mankind are content to live only in the present hour; it is the malady of the age; the past makes men fear to look into the future. Do not our slightly-built edifices, our shrines that look reared for a day, our ephemeral works, compared with the piles that have seen the flight of ages, all seem to speak the same thing? Was it not the feeling of the past rather than the present to which De Staël was giving voice when she said, "We always feel esteem for those who ardently aspire after an object which lies beyond the grave?"

We were the only troops in France which had not yet mounted the tricolored cockade; even the islanders had not thought of assuming this sign of rebellion; but it was about this time that M. Salicetti, their deputy from the Tiers-Etat to the States-General, who was in the habit of corresponding with many of his fellow-countrymen, and whose head was all on fire, endeavoured to stir them up to arouse the minds

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of the people in the principal towns of the island, and to incite the Corsicans to follow the example of the French towns in displaying the national cockade, as it was called, and organising the burghers into bodies of militia.

For some time we remarked a sort of fermentation among the most knowing of the people, without being able to tell exactly what they were aiming at, but it seemed to presage disturbance; and this circumstance retained me in my garrison at the time when I had anticipated leaving it, in order to take advantage of a furlough which I had obtained; I now thought it was my duty to stay, and my commanding officer was glad I should. We were now upon our guard, and held ourselves in readiness, reposing at the same time our entire confidence upon the governor of the island, the Viscount de Barrin, who manifested the best intentions, and was resolved not to cede to the will of the populace, nor to that of their leaders, without the positive orders of his majesty.

We ought to adhere to this, he said, lest we should lose entirely for France the possession of the island, as several foreign powers had their eyes upon it, and he agreed with us in thinking it not improbable that some of them might profit by any commotion to obtain possession of it, or, at least, to seize some of its harbours, for many of them were very considerable, and well capable of receiving an enemy's fleet; in which case, their presence so near our ports in Provence and Languedoc, might be very injurious to our commerce, and become a great obstacle to the egress of our men-of-war from the harbour of Toulon.

I had myself had some means of judging of the possibility of this, from having, during my stay in Italy, mingled a great deal in general society, and been on intimate terms with many English and Russian officers, who happened to be there at the same time with myself. The English, who were exceedingly well-informed men, were for ever questioning me with respect to Corsica, as to what was the nature of its soil, the number of its harbours, and their adaptation to that purpose, and particularly whether the island possessed many forests; and what nature their wood was, and whether of kinds suited for the navy.

The Russian officers, who were five or six in number, were in the suite of a general officer, whom the Empress Catherine had sent to attempt some negociations with the different Italian courts, for the purpose of founding a maritime establishment in the Mediterranean. That great princess felt the advantage this would confer upon the crown of Russia, seeing that Russia, which is so constantly exposed to wars with the Turks, could only carry it on efficiently by sending squadrons into the Levant, and it was of great importance to its ships coming from the Baltic, to possess some harbour upon these shores, both to winter in and to attend to repairs and provisions. They did not at all conceal their envoy's mission and its object, and we had had many conversations on the subject, for I saw them first at Naples, and we met again at Rome and Florence, where we took frequent rambles in company. I was agreeably surprised by the finished manners of these northmen, whom I had supposed half-barbarous still;

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and especially at the information they possessed, and the facility with which they spoke our language, with scarcely any accent; all conspiring to raise my ideas of the court of the empress and the strength of her government. Their views seemed to be more particularly directed towards the coasts of Naples or Sicily, as the nearest to the Turkish shores, and they were anxious to obtain permission from the king of the Two Sicilies to anchor their vessels, if no more, in some of his ports.

All this had been a warning to me with respect to the position of Corsica; though at the same time convinced it would be a possession very difficult to retain, for any nation more remote from it than France.

It was on a Sunday, about this time, that some citizens of Bastia, all men of the higher classes, who had previously concerted together a slight scheme of revolutionary outbreak, assembled themselves openly, and having fastened each a tricolored cockade in their hat, went in a large body to pay a visit to the governor, it being half an hour before the time usual to do so; their errand was to present him a large cockade, and solicit his acceptance of it in the name of the people, and his putting it, like them, in his hat.

The governor, after having remarked upon the step they were taking as quite unauthorised, told them, that notwithstanding the desire he felt to do anything which was the wish of the Corsicans, he could not allow himself to put this cockade in his hat without an express order from the king; especially in the place of that he had always worn, and which made a part of his uniform; but on their insisting strongly, and saying that he could leave the white cockade there with it if he wished, he thought it best to yield, and allowed them the triumph of seeing him fasten it where they wished. We were on our way to the governor when this deputation left, and as we reached his house we met them coming down; but what was our astonishment on entering, when we saw the Viscount de Barrin with an enormous tricoloured cockade in his hat, especially after what he had been saying to us the night before, when we had held the conversation just related. He spoke first, telling us that he had not felt himself justified in altogether refusing the proposition that some individuals had come to make to him, that he should assume this cockade,—inasmuch as it was known that the king had assumed it; but that he was the only person in the garrison who was to adopt this change, and that the officers and soldiers were to keep their present one until fresh orders. Many of the officers present thought, and several of them, among others the Count de Rully, colonel of the regiment of the Maine, *said* to him, that this condescension on his part had rendered our position much more difficult.

In effect, we had hardly returned to our hôtel, which was situated in the middle of the town, when, as my comrade, who commanded the artillery detachment, and myself, were about to seat ourselves at table, we heard a great deal of noise in the street, composed of the united clamour of songs, musical instruments, and shouts of *Viva la patria! Viva la nazione!* We ran to the window; but what can describe our astonishment in seeing almost the whole of our cannoniers arm-in-arm with persons with whom they had never had the slightest connexion,

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and who were natives of the island. They had all in their hats tri-colored cockades, which had just been given to them, and they were then at the door of a coffee-house, at which they entered. We left our dinner to run to the governor's house, to give him an account of what was passing, and inquire his orders. He desired us to make our cannoniers return to their barrack, and lay aside their new cockade; and we instantly followed them to the coffee-house where we had seen them go in, and ordered them to return to the castle: their Amphitryons would have persuaded us to allow them a few moments' delay, but we refused, and the soldiers marched before us to their quarters. My comrade immediately assembled our two companies, and addressed to the little troop of gunners some very keen reflections upon a step so extraordinary, and which was such a violation of the rules of discipline. The non-commissioned officers, who were all elderly men and of considerable experience in the service, had taken no part in this proceeding, but seemed, on the contrary, to partake our displeasure at it.

My comrade ordered all the men to lay aside immediately the new cockade, which they had no right to take without an order from their superior officers; all obeyed instantly but one, who began to resist, saying that he should not take it off, for it was the cockade worn by his father; upon which the captain had him taken off into confinement by two sentries.

Order was now restored; but the inhabitants of the town were in succession assuming the cockade at the instigation of those who directed this deep undertaking. As soon as they learnt what had passed at the barracks, they set their hearts upon seeing the troops assimilated to themselves; the success they had met with in their attempt with the Viscount de Barrin made them believe they might go to further lengths, and our position became more embarrassing every day. The general ordered all the guards to be doubled; but it was in vain that we sought to penetrate the ulterior schemes of these Franco-Italians; and we were not surprised to learn that Napoleon Buonaparte, who had arrived two days before, having come over under the pretext of visiting his aunt and cousins, was behind the scenes, and that it was he who moved, in great part, all the springs of this insurrection. We learnt that there had been landed on the evening of Saturday two chests from Livournum, which were entirely filled with cockades. The artillery officer just mentioned, and who had but just been witnessing how these things were carried on in France, was very glad to profit by the opportunity his furlough afforded of training his countrymen in the steps which were silently pointed out as the means to accomplish the great end in view, the overthrow of the throne.

He this time kept entirely out of the way of his comrades in the artillery, neither dining with them as in the preceding year, or making any attempt to fraternize himself with them. I had another comrade in the island, who was also in the artillery, and, like Buonaparte, a Corsican by birth; they were the only two Corsicans at that time in the artillery service; his name was Massoni, but the contrast of his disposition to that of his compatriot was remarkable; he was a man of the highest principle, and his love for the king was a strong feature in

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his character. We had been companions at the military school, and were united by many ties to each other; he was gay and light of heart, and of most amiable disposition, so that all his companions loved him, and it had been a great pleasure to me to meet him again on his own shores; yet, notwithstanding all this, and my intimacy with his sister, who had married a major in the French army, and to whom he had introduced me, we quarrelled, and I fought with my *friend*. It was but a slight dispute, which we fell into one day in the street; I grew angry, and gave him a rude reply, he answered as a soldier ought, and we parted without saying more. I had been wrong, and did not feel contented with myself; I felt that I owed him an explanation; it was late, and I put it off till to-morrow, but I did not sleep much; and I began to persuade myself that the affair would be difficult to arrange, particularly as we had no positive witnesses on the spot; I was afraid, besides, that my comrade might perhaps suppose anything like cowardice on my part, if I appeared so willing to confess myself in the wrong, and that in that case the step I was about to take might make me lose some of his esteem. I resolved, at last, to go and look for him very early in the morning, and act according as circumstances should occur. I knocked at his door, and he rose to open it for me; I had my sword under my arm, and I began saying to him as I entered, "I am come to look for you on account of what passed between us yesterday." He did wait for the end of my sentence, but exclaiming, "I shall be at your service in a moment!" began rapidly dressing himself. I said no more, but walked silently up and down his room while he dressed; he took his hat and sword, and we went out together. At the street door he asked me which way I wished to go. "Where you will," I replied. He passed on before, and led me, by a path above the town, to a spot behind one of the little stone forts which crown the heights. We took off our coats to measure our strength against each other, and, after about five minutes of mutual attack and defence, he made a plunge with his sword, which, though it seemed to me a mere scratch, had gone deep into my arm, and, as it bled a good deal, I told him I was satisfied if *he* was, and that I felt I had been in the wrong. Massoni embraced me, and we became again intimate friends. What was a great pleasure to me too, though the affair became known in the garrison, his sister continued to receive me with her usual kindness. I shall have occasion to speak again of Massoni hereafter, but I will now return to the secret intrigues of the Corsicans, whose wishes were as yet far from being accomplished, as a part of their plan was to obtain possession of a supply of arms.

The same individuals who had carried the message to M. de Barrin with respect to the cockade, now undertook to go and demand from him, in the name of the Corsican nation, that a supply of fusils should be delivered up to them, and that they should be permitted to form a town militia. The viscount refused both these demands, and they left him in great discontent: during the following night, they posted up placards full of menaces against the Viscount de Barrin and all his officers, if they should not assume the national cockade. The governor began to grow uneasy; he hesitated at first, and finally ended by giving us an order in writing to put this pernicious cockade into our hats.

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This triumph gained, they returned to the charge, to obtain the right of organizing a town militia. The governor being unwilling to agree to this proposition, they made no account of his refusal, but it was agreed in one of their meetings to strike a decisive stroke—while we were kept in entire ignorance of their plan; our comrade Buonaparte, who was one of the principal chiefs of the cabal, taking good care not to initiate *us* into his complots. The day and the hour had been fixed upon; it was open noonday, and we were descending from the citadel to take our way to our hotel, when we met in the streets an endless number of armed men, who went and came in all directions, some with guns in their hands, others pistols, and weapons of all shapes and sizes, the greater part having stilettos, the sort of cutlass in such common use amongst them, and only to *see* the blade of which is enough to make one shudder, it is narrowed, sharpened, and pointed to such a degree.

A great part even of those of the inhabitants we had thought peaceable were at their doors, some occupied in putting together the different pieces of rusty firelocks, others in playing the batteries or rubbing up the guns; but, no matter what it was, every one was in motion, and seemed to be doing what was perfectly natural to him, so that a stranger might have thought they were merely devoting themselves to their ordinary work; in a word, the town seemed to have been metamorphosed into an armourer's workshop.

There was no time for any of us to concert measures with the other officers; these hostile demonstrations were enough to make us all take our way back to the citadel and call in our soldiers, after which the gates were closed, and we waited, under arms, the orders of the governor, who we supposed must be aware of what was going on. In fact, we soon heard the alarm beat in the town, and immediately mounted our guns upon the batteries, while a part of our cannoniers occupied themselves in conveying ball, cartridges, &c. to the summit of the fort.

Nothing could exceed the zeal and ardour shown by all; we had no need to excite our soldiers to the work, it was they who hurried us on. They were roused to an inveterate pitch by this conduct of the Italians, and exclaimed, "They defy us, do they, those varlets!—they will see *who* it is they have to deal with!"

"In the midst of all this movement, whom should I see hastening into the menaced garrison, to offer his services and demand to combat by our side for the royal cause? It was our comrade De Massoni, the officer with whom I had measured swords but a few weeks before. He renounced his native land, now rising in insurgence against the representative of its king, and the Corsican Massoni became an officer of France. Like his compatriots, Buttafuoco and Gaffori, he had taken his oath to be faithful to Louis XVI., and he kept his vow; the fear of the sharp and hidden dagger of the south did not stop him from seeking his comrades at the post of honour. The homage that is thy due be thine, beloved friend, if thou livest still! I have altogether lost sight of thee, for now *thirty* years; but if thou hast sunk under the misfortunes of France, or those of thy unhappy country, assuredly thou hast fallen with honour! thrice have I had reason to know it

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well; and if ever we find each other again, I promise thee well we will fight no more.

But where was Lieutenant Buonaparte at the same hour? Just in sight of us, in a house near the port, deliberating with a party of disciples of the clubs upon the way to rise against his general. Hardly had he left school, the military school at which the king of France had had him educated, when he betrayed his sovereign. It was not for want of knowing his duty, too! he knew how to reason too well for that!

Massoni was in part aware of his intrigues, and pointed out to us with his finger the house in which the assembly of conspirators was at that moment being held. We could see them; our loaded guns were pointed upon them; a single stroke would have put an end to all the tumult.

It was by the command of the governor, whose house was situated at the other extremity of the town, that the alarm was sounded, and the Count de Rully, who had received his order to that effect, and another to keep his regiment under arms, entreated him earnestly to come immediately to the citadel, as he was about to do himself; but the Viscount de Barrin, believing himself in safety with his guard, delayed doing so. In this interval, Count de Rully having arrived among us, despatched a company of his chasseurs to his house to fetch the colours of their regiment, and, in re-ascending to the citadel, the platoon was assailed in turning the corner of a street by several discharges of fire-arms, the shots coming from different windows, and several of the soldiers receiving slight wounds, and bullets through their hats and clothes, while one of their officers, M. de Tessonet, a devoted spirit, who afterwards served as aide-de-camp to the Prince of Condé, was seriously hurt, nearly the whole charge of a fusil, loaded with shot, entering the lower part of his body. The detachment had no charges in their guns, nor even any supply of cartridges, so they continued their route without seeking to retaliate—indeed upon whom should they, for those who attacked them had taken care to hide themselves behind walls; but the news of this circumstance entirely confirmed our fears, and justified the dispositions we had already made for defence.

With the greatest impatience we awaited the arrival of the governor, when we learnt that a fresh deputation of Corsicans had waited upon that general, to announce to him that they had just assembled in order to determine what should be the mode of organization of their citizen-militia, adding that they wished to remain at peace, but that they were determined, before all things, to secure their liberty, which it seemed there was an intention to frustrate, since the troops had been assembled by the alarm-beat. The Viscount de Barrin replied that they had no reason to be surprised that *he* should have taken measures, after the spontaneous arming which had just taken place in the town, and the agitation which prevailed in the minds of all; but he was ignorant of the attack which had been made upon the chasseurs of the regiment of the Maine, and the discharge which had been as unexpected as it was perfidious. They told him that the inhabitants were irritated at the alarm having been beaten, and that the

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best thing he could do would be to accompany them into their assembly, in order to explain his further intentions, as that was the most likely way to calm the minds of the people. The number of deliberators had so increased, that, to consult together more at their ease, they had adjourned to a church that stood by the harbour.

The general, finding himself thus without any of his officers, at a great distance from the citadel, and surrounded with only his ordinary guard, was extremely embarrassed as to what course he ought to take. Astonished at the boldness of their language, he began by making some remonstrances, but finally took the unhappy resolution of going into the midst of this assembly of the populace, where he found himself alone, surrounded by a multitude of armed men, all speaking a language which he did not understand. The tumultuous crowd eagerly pressed him to have some arms delivered up to them, while he replied to those who explained this to him in French, that the few muskets he had in the castle were intended for the troops, and that he had no right to dispose of them for any other purpose without an order from the king. They still insisted upon their demand, but reduced the number they required to two hundred, and the general, astonished, no doubt, at such a moderate proposal, thought it best to submit to it, in the hope that his doing so would facilitate his getting himself out of their hands; and, in consequence, addressed an order, written and signed with his own hand, to the commandant of artillery, desiring him to deliver them that quantity.

The colonel of the regiment of the Maine, in conjunction with some of the officers of his regiment, the major who commanded the citadel, and the commanding officer of the artillery detachment, were at that very time deliberating upon the means that could be taken to release their general, and discussing whether they ought to obey any orders received from him while in such a position; it being even proposed to name a council of war, which should sit in the castle until the governor should return among us. We knew that the rioters were opposing his leaving the church, and many officers believed that a menace to fire upon the town would bring the heated minds of our opponents to reflection; but others were not of this opinion, fearing that men who could thus as it were retain our commander as a *hostage*, might massacre him in their rage if so exasperated; besides which, we had not a sack of flour in the citadel, and unless by burning the town, it would be impossible to hold out there many days without succours, which could only come from France, and would take, how many weeks to reach us! The commander of the artillery conferred with the other officers upon the order when it arrived, and they finished by coming to the conclusion that they must obey it.

Two hundred muskets were in consequence taken out of one of the gun-rooms, and delivered up to the Corsicans, who were waiting for them at the gates of the citadel.

Hardly had they reached the place of assembly, when they were distributed at random among the multitude; and those who could not obtain a share, wanting to be supplied in their turn, made a tremendous uproar, addressing a thousand vociferations to the governor, demanding that he should order more to be delivered to them. Per-

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fectly confounded by these audacious pretensions, the Viscount repulsed them; upon which they menaced him, and raised their daggers to his heart, till, yielding almost without knowing what he did, he wrote and signed a second order for delivering up muskets, to the amount this time of five hundred. A crowd of men presented themselves at the gates of the citadel furnished with this order, which the artillery officers refused at first to obey; they could not persuade themselves that the writing shown to them could have come from the governor's hand; but after examining and consulting over it, they recognized the hand-writing as undoubtedly his, and their fears for the life of their general made them resolve to yield to circumstances. Our soldiers were ordered to transport the muskets from the castle to the gate at which the crowd awaited them. The number augmented; they pressed nearer and nearer; all wanted to obtain some; and they grew so outrageous, that the guard could not keep them within bounds, and the soldiers were unable to make themselves heard. The only way to overawe them would have been to fire upon them, for the gates being blocked up by them, could not be shut; and while doubting whether this last means must be had recourse to, the most daring glided through the midst of the tumult, and introduced themselves, whether we would or not, into the citadel; the doors of the magazines from which the arms were taken being open, the crowd entered; there were only a corporal and four men in the court of the castle, who were therefore witnesses of this disorder, without being able to resist it; the officers could do no more, the magazines were pillaged; each of the intruders came out loaded with one or more firearms, and they repeated their visits till there were no more left. In less than half an hour twelve hundred had been carried off.

The foreigners who thus declared themselves our enemies were very well pleased, and we as much mortified, at all this; while our cannoniers, who had been proposing to show themselves *game* so few hours before, bit their fingers in vexation. The general was now at liberty to return to his house, accompanied by a numerous escort, and a detachment of these pretended soldiery, who demanded permission to form his guard, conjointly with the troops of the line, a request he did not feel able to resist.

The night passed in a state of great ferment. The movers of all these excesses, dreading some blame from their constituents, conceived the idea, in order to justify themselves, of accusing the Count de Rully as the cause of all this disorder, for having had the alarm beat; and, venting reproaches against him as having intended treachery towards their country, they demanded that he should be delivered up into their their hands. Happily the moment had been seized to close the gates of the citadel, and that brave officer was under the safeguard of the whole garrison. Officers and soldiers were all alike attached to him; part of them remained the whole night in his apartment, fully determined to be every one massacred before they would allow him to be carried off; and this service, which was entirely voluntary and from affection, and in which both the higher ranks and the inferior officers shared, was continued, notwithstanding his remonstrances, till the day of his embarkation for France, which took place shortly after; the

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governor thinking it prudent to send him out of the island, to prevent a crime that the increasing rage of the Corsicans gave cause to foresee; while he himself was desirous to go to Paris, to have an interview with the ministry, and solicit the recall of his regiment.

The day of his departure being fixed, the precaution was taken of not allowing him to embark till night, that he might not be exposed to the aim of a pistol-shot in going down from the citadel to the harbour. All the officers accompanied him to the boat which was to take him on board; and to the praise of M. Caralfa, who was at that time *Podesta*, or mayor of Bastia, it ought to be said, that he came himself to seek and accompany us, after having engaged that nothing should be attempted; though to secure this he requested that precautions might be taken, particularly that of not allowing the hour of his departure to be known. This did not, however, prevent the Count from being loaded with invectives; and scarcely had his vessel weighed anchor in the gloom, than the whole shore was covered with Corsicans, who heaped upon him a thousand insulting names, the most often repeated of which was, "Traditore di patria"—betrayer of our country! All this discord was accompanied with a strange music, the most mournful-sounding and ominous that was ever heard; it prolonged itself wildly on the night-air, and came from long spiral conch shells, through which notes were blown, as shepherds and herdsmen do through their horns, to announce to the inhabitants of the open country the hour of the departure and return of their cattle; it was an ancient custom of the Corsicans towards their enemies, thus to salute their departure from their shores. The same music is used too in their wars, to give one another signals, at a distance, or among the hills. We heard the melancholy sounds lingering, and repeated at intervals, all night, till they were prolonged across the shore to the point of Cape Corso, at ten leagues distance; and they did not cease till the Count's vessel was believed to be beyond their echo.

We little foresaw then that a few weeks later he would be within reach of their vengeance.

Arrived at Paris, he informed the minister of the state of things, and was authorized by him to return into Corsica to seek his regiment, and bring it back to France. Reaching Marseilles, he freighted several vessels there, with which he sailed for St. Florent, to re-embark his troops. Upon entering Bastia, he hastened in the first place to the governor, to inform him of the minister's orders, and of his intention to execute them, but that general forbade his setting out, and the news of the Count's arrival, and the motive of his voyage, having spread among the Corsicans, they were in an uproar in an instant. The moment he entered the street in coming out of the governor's house, having parted from him very coldly, he was assailed by a band of armed men, and had only time to take refuge, with two or three officers who accompanied him, in a house situated in the centre of the town, which was used as a barrack for his grenadiers. He had reason to think himself in safety there, but as all this passed as night was closing in, it was not known at first what had become of him; some officers, however, found it out by chance, and immediately set themselves to find out some way of getting him back into the citadel with

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his soldiers. During the night, however, the number of Corsicans augmented to such a degree around this little barrack, which was commanded by other houses on all sides, while the mob never ceased firing into it, that at daybreak they found themselves surrounded by an immense throng, whose bullets were entering the house from every quarter; and the grenadiers not having a single cartridge within reach, could neither return their fire nor stir out of doors. M. de Montessui, a young officer who was related to the colonel, and found himself shut up here with him, received a bullet in his knee through the door, upon which the Count could bear it no longer, but reproaching himself as compromising the lives of his officers and soldiers, and losing all hope of seeing any forces arrive to his aid, he resolved to go out and show himself, thinking, as did one or two of his officers, that this might overawe them; far from which, he had no sooner presented himself fearlessly at the door, than he fell, pierced with fifty balls.

His death sufficed to the pretended national *vengeance* of the Corsicans; all instantly withdrew, and nothing was visible during that day and those which followed it, but the grief of the officers and soldiers of the regiment of the Maine, and of all the other French troops.

This last sad event, which did not take place till the end of April 1790, has been only related here, on account of its connection with the first insurrection. I will now resume that part of my narration, which concluded with the departure of the unfortunate Count de Rully for Paris. The first insurrection had taken place on the fifth of November. We were all affected by its result; but we consoled ourselves with the thought, that if we had not been *permitted* to fulfil our duty as we should have desired, it was not our fault; while at the same time we made excuses for our general's conduct, as owing more to the strange circumstances in which France then found itself, than to any want of firmness or devotedness in him. The evil came more from the want of *necessary instructions* from ministers than from anything else. The general had written twenty times to the minister of war to describe his situation to him, and to complain that a part of his forces should have been removed at the moment when he seemed in most need of them; but not a word of reply had been sent to him upon this subject, nor any direction given as to the measures he was to take in case of revolt or insurrection; and it was the same everywhere; ministers dared take nothing upon themselves. It was *thus* that the revolution succeeded as it did.

Calm was now re-established, by means of a number of concessions made by the governor to these new patriots,—among others, that of allowing them to mount guard at the citadel, in common with the troops of the garrison,—and the Viscount de Barrin seemed to recover a sort of authority; the first use of which he made was, to order Lieutenant Buonaparte to leave Bastia; desiring him to take his departure to Ajaccio, his native town, where his mother was living. That officer obeyed; but on his arrival there, thought it imposed upon him by his duty and his patriotism as a Corsican, to enlighten his companions on the advantages of a revolution; and he harangued them openly in the public square. Conduct like this, as anti-royalist as it

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was unsoldierly, aroused our indignation to such a degree, that the superior officers of the royal-corps wrote to the Baron Du Teil, camp-marshal, and commandant at Auxonne, to inform him of the conduct which Napoleon Buonaparte was pursuing. The baron intimated to that officer, who was employed under his orders, that he must return to his colours immediately, without waiting the expiration of his furlough; and as he (who *was* to be) was not yet absolute lord of all the monarchs on the European continent, he thought it necessary to obey his general. One thing rather remarkable is, that on his return into garrison, he did not put forth, as in Corsica, revolutionary and democratic ideas, but maintained, on the contrary, as a principle, that a monarchy can only subsist by the devotion of its armies to the monarch; that obedience was the first duty of officers, and that if in Corsica he had taken part with his fellow-citizens, the case was different; and that he had done it through patriotism, and as a readier means to assimilate that new province to the other provinces of France, and make it participate in the benefits of the revolution.

SONNET TO A LADY PRAYING.

When on thine eyes of holy light I gaze,
And see them gently, with imploring grace,
Turn to that fount of still more holy light,
Thy lip full ripe with ecstacy of praise,
And all the expressive silence of thy face,
By tears of rapture made more purely bright,
My soul then longs from life to spread its wing,
And move, in beauty equal to thine own,
To realms of glory, the eternal throne
Of Him whose praise no lip less pure should sing.
O! since within thy hallowed bosom lie
All we should learn, the holy secret give;
Teach me to live, that I may never die;
Teach me to die, that I through death may live!

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THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

"A YEAR ago—a year ago—now will I make you confess," said Blanche; "can you remember a year ago?"

"Perfectly," replied the Student.

"This very night?"

"This very night. I remember it more perfectly because it was my birthday."

"What were you doing? What were you saying? What were you thinking?"

"Doing nothing. Saying nothing."

"Thinking?"

"Yes, I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanche, could be more unlike my last birthday than my present. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless existence when your voice recalled me to my present happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling—alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and leave without regret. The charities of life warmed not for me. My chamber looks into a burial-ground. The very grass fattens on the mortal part of the immortal. Nay, do not shudder."

"I have never seen death," said Blanche.

"And to me the dying and the dead are as familiar and daily things," said the Student. "Yet since I have known you, I confess that I cannot approach them with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I was wont to carry."

"Do not mention them," exclaimed she; "they are but shadows over our happiness."

"Picture me there in my dismal chamber. My lamp burning—my books around me. Dust accumulating over my manuscripts, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts must write them. I was always more lonely in the summer than the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inscrutable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power. Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffocation, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. Oh, Blanche! believe me that I rejoice to see that smooth brow unruffled and unwrinkled by the toil of thought."

"Nay," said Blanche, "is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it ruffled by a frown."

"Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument—women, by an instantaneous and just conviction. And indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing to the stretch of mental labour. Through the whole of that last birthday had I been

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taxing this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, nor exchanged word with any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night."

"And then you went to your pillow to dream?"

"I did not."

"Then whither?"

"Do not ask me."

"I must know," she answered, with pretty waywardness.

"Ask me some other question."

"Yes, but first answer me this. On your allegiance."

"I went into my dissecting-room," he said, gravely and sadly.

Blanche hastily snatched away the hand that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turned away.

"I knew," he said, "that I should shock and offend you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. Throughout that day I had been pursuing a laborious investigation, and I went to illustrate and prove the truth of its results. Believe me, that I could not lightly invade the sanctity of the dead, or approach it with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with it in its strong holds—because I had seen the tears of the orphan and the wife that I had laboured through many days, and had made it my companion through many nights—for so I hoped to repel it in one of its boldest forms of approach. And now will you think that my touch will pollute your hand?"

Seemingly Blanche did not think so, for she suffered him to retain it.

"And the result?" asked she.

"The result," he answered. "Oh! the result was, that I became acquainted with you, and all other results were swallowed up in that."

"Shall I thank you or chide you for that compliment?"

"Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to *think* when I began to *feel*. The intellects and the passions can never rule conjointly. The one must triumph at the expense of the other. Man might be wholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she makes chains of our passions to bind us down to earth."

"Another doubtful compliment."

It wanted but a week of the Student's next birthday—that next birthday was to be his wedding-day. Blanche had deferred it until then. Women have a better tact at compliment than men after all.

They were standing at an open window, a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembled, taking no share in the pastime of the hour, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness in happiness which belongs not to joy.

"You are silent," said Blanche.

"Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words."

"Fill them with your thoughts."

"They may convey thoughts, but not feelings."

"They have done for Eve and all her descendants," said Blanche, with a smile.

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"Shall I infer," said he, "that women feel less than men—that your feelings are less intense than mine?"

"Because I am too happy both in the present and in the future to be sad, and you are not so."

"Sad, dear Blanche!"

"Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your eye sees me not, and I watch the gatherings of thought upon your brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countenance, I say to myself that you were never made for the happiness of this fair world."

"You make me sad now in reality, because I have the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in mine."

"Indeed I was not selfish enough to remember that."

"And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own individual fault; and yet is it not a law of our common nature always to be anticipating the future rather than enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will forget the future (is it not curious to *forget* what has never been?) and be happy in the present."

"I will not be happy now," said Blanche, with a smile.

"And why not?"

"Because you are leaving me for a week."

"To return for ever."

The Student had returned—all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arrangements for his expected bride—his relations had concurred in his views—everything was hopeful and happy.

Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth looked so gaily, nor the world appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on that last day of his return. Never had he felt such a buoyancy of spirit as when he entered the house where Blanche resided.

But suddenly a chill came over him—What and why was all this? The house was darkened, the domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above their breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe hung heavily over all. The Student staggered, gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, and was told that—*Blanche was dead!*

They led him to her chamber, and he saw her again—saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapped in the cerements of the grave—he saw the coffin and the shroud—he was among the company of mourners, and heard that most awful of earthly sounds, the rattling of the little handful of mean earth on the last tenement of the earthly frame!

It was night when the Student entered his lonely chamber. The soil of dust was over his mourning garments, but the quiet, self-collected mien betrayed neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidness, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lip that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, who, after long watching and an enforced silence,

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would gladly have heard the sound of any human voice. But words of comfort and offers of services seemed alike intrusions on the Student. "My lamp, and leave me," in the deep sepulchral tones of the master's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.

The Student was alone—*alone* in the true meaning of the word—and that is not when we are solitary in our dwellings, but when the world holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make a companion. It was the saddest and the deepest hour of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to him, elsewhere rany with the carousals of protracted revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the mirthful meeting—the board crowned with plenty—the wine flowing—the charm of cheerful voices—and the ringing of merry laughter;—but what were these to him, except to force on him the contrast between the festal apartment and his own dark chamber—between hearts overflowing with gladness in all its varied channels of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul!

"It is over!" said the Student, "this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions—and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself—have I not been loving, doting?—and gradually has all creation narrowed round me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly so—until the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men—the crowd, the herd—they love and are loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthy. The passions chain us down to this lower world, but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us with loftier spheres.

"And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, seven as the pious love their God! Science seemed a soulless drudgery while I listened to her voice; its gravest speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale to one cheerful word, to one glance of her laughing eye. One snatch of wild melody from her lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to win me from that noble philosophy which mounts the skies, and marks the broad line of demarcation between the sensual and the sage.

"I will be calm, however;—are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throbbings?"

The Student laid his watch before him—melancholy thing whereby we measure life!—he laid it before him in the dim light of the lamp, his eye fixed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon his own heart.

If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely fortitude is true nobleness. There stood the Student, calm in his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silent memento of time, the noble outline of his figure and the intellectual cast of his head partially revealed. Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, what thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind—by what discipline the body was brought into subjection to the mental monarchy.

"I *am* calm," said the student, "calm enough to count the pulse

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of dying infancy. I am not yet beyond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the passions, and I, who have now nothing to hope, can have little to fear.

"And now to my task."

The Student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one still more dark and gloomy. Reader, follow not if death affright thee, for it was the chamber of death.

The Student had surrendered all human passions, had immolated all human feelings—a stern pleasure took their place—he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creations—the mysteries of the human frame—that frame so "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when I think of what thou art; and those powers of thought which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the strange partnership! "When shall I know even as I am known!"

Beautifully does light approximate with joy and happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and symbol of woe. How undeceiving is the instinct of the child, who trembles to be alone in the gloom of the night—night, the season for evil spirits, for sadness, for sighing, and sorrow! The Student entered the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber with a noiseless step—the presence of death has a greater majesty than that of living kings, though it be but in a peasant's dust, for the impress of the Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, with the most perfect and the clearest possession of all his faculties—but we—oh! we shudder to think that there lay a fair young girl, in the cerements of the grave, and that the Student stood with the long, sharp-pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from all human sympathies, all human passions, and aspiring to explore those mysteries which occupied the mind of Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleasure that seemed superior to all the happiness of this world's gladness.

But stay;—what means this emotion of the human sympathies, this softening of the heart, which passes over the features of the stern anatomist, as he stands with the glittering steel suspended over the form of that young girl? Does he think of the violated sanctity of death? does he think of the sacrilegious touch of the despoiler of the grave on the sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and the touch of human sympathies press round his heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he had just consigned to the grave—just such a fair hand had Blanche placed within his own when last they parted; the vigour of his mind was gone, the shining blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, a mist gathered before his eyes—the strong man shook like the veriest infant.

But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it the fiction of his distempered brain?—did the white hand move?—did the faintest echo of a sigh strike upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those vestments of the grave? or was it—could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?

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A moment and all the noble energies of the Student's mind returned. He lifted the covering from the face, raised the drooping form, drew round her his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cerecloths, and then, with long and patient care, and with more than the mother's trembling tenderness over the couch of her dying infant, sought to win back the trembling, the fluttering, the uncertain pulses of life. Who can tell the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief breathing-times of hope, despair must have paralyzed his exertions. But at length—oh joy!—the blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche lived!

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT CHILD.

A MOTHER'S kiss, O beauteous clay!
A mother's tear, receive:
Soon shall this perfect form decay,
Soon all resemblance melt away,
Of him for whom I grieve.

Upon that alabaster cheek,
(As fair, as firm, as cold!)
In vain do I those dimples seek,
Those charms, which to a mother speak,
In language manifold!

Upon that little icy hand
Receive another kiss!
Angel! . . . thou'st join'd the white-rob'd band,
Which round the Throne immortal stand,
In never-ceasing bliss.

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THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XV. *continued.*

THE Christmas tide came round—and if there were any others at the Manor-place who, like that worthy dame, had grudged and murmured at the grave, sober fashion wherein it was wont to be spent in time of the damosel Avis, they were ready, most of them, with sorrow and contrition, now to acknowledge their foolish thanklessness. For whereas then there had been none amongst them but light hearts and smiling faces, if there lacked noisy mirth and wassail; now that there was plenty and to spare of the last, the first, of a truth, were wholly wanting—and therewith, all else that was seemly and befitting the time. In place, also, of the fair array, afoot and on horseback, wherein the whole household, from the young damosel of Malthorpe down to the meanest knaveboy, were wont to hold their way when Holy Eve was come, to mass at the priory church, there was a hasty cleaning and setting in order of the house chapel some half hour before; and as many of the guests and household as would leave their wine-cups and dice to do honour to the season, being hastily gathered together therein, forth came a fat-headed, greasy-lipped friar, with half-shut eyes, and stole hanging all awry, who was called confessor and chaplain to Sir Lancilot. And anon this reverend ecclesiastic, drawing out his Portos, set to work speedily to gabble over both orison and benison the fastest he could, mumbling and muttering more like unto one saying the devil's Paternoster than a holy Christian rite; and so soon as he had made an end, as he was not long in doing, away hurried both gentle and simple, one and all, to their former pastimes and sports of drinking and dicing, brawling and cursing; wherein they busied themselves so diligently until morning, that what with bickerings and daggers-drawing above, and frays with fists and clubstaves below, the house by that time more resembled a place taken by assault the over night, than one dight for a high religious festival; for drunken men were lying about everywhere as dead, in hall and court; and knives had been out, and blood shed, and heads broken in the riot and misrule, whereof some continued hurt and sick abed for many days after. Not to speak of a terrible and fierce debate that sprang out of the night's mirth and jollity, between Sir Lancilot and the Lady Hacquingay; wherein the knight, in his wine, so furiously wreaked his jealousy on the cheeks and eyes of his fair lady, that she was enforced to keep her chamber for one while, as well to hide the spoiling of her beauty, as to avoid the eyes and tongues of those about the house, who had most of them beheld the strife.

Of a truth there was more real joy at that tide, in the poor home of Avis Forde; who, as she sat two days before, pensively musing on the talk she had held with Madam Joyce on that very day year, and all that had come to pass therefrom, was called from her meditations to wait upon her lord below. Down she hastened to the gate as

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvii. p. 426.

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quickly as beseemed her when such guest stood thereat—but how great was her joy, when the very first words he spake were concerning John Ashtoft!

"Out of doubt, damosel," he said, "thou wilt be well pleased to hear that this thine early friend and companion hath happily fixed his abode in France, where it hath pleased God both to restore to him his health and limbs, and also to give him much worldly prosperity, out of which his abundance he, being ever compassionate to the poor and needy, (as thou mayest call to mind,) hath sent over, in offering to our house, a goodly sum, to be bestowed, at this hard and bitter season, amongst the sick and aged of our neighbourhood. But knowing that my business at this time, as likewise the sore sickness of brother Stephen, suffer us not to perform this his desire in person, he hath prayed me by letter to commend him to thee, maiden, and to entreat thee on his behalf, of old kindness and friendship, to take on thyself the ordering and dividing of his gift after thine own discretion; on which errand make thyself ready to ride forth anon, with Gerveis and two other of my people, who shall attend upon thee in thy short travel."

Not often in her life had May Avis felt herself so joyous and light of heart as at these tidings, which not only showed that the kindly-hearted youth had wholly forgiven his wrongs and her unkindness, but that he was now, in his worldly estate, far above needing the wealth whereby she had once thought, in her arrogance, to make him amends for her disdain of his affection—little dreaming, in those days of her pride and folly, how speedily the means should be withdrawn from her. Gladly would she have learned yet further by what fortunate chance he had become thus rich and prosperous in so short space; but this, as it seemed, the lord Gilbert held it not needful to relate to her at this time.

It was a dark and dreary day. The wind moaned round her, and the snow and sleet fell fast at whiles on the rough thick mane of her small gennet, as she journeyed from cot to cot, by highway and path, through fair and foul; but maugre all these small ills, she thought she had never ridden so easily and fairly before; for wherever she came, at the first mention of John Ashtoft, rich and poor, aged and crippled, were ready to fall on their knees before her, as she had brought tidings from heaven itself, so joyful were they to hear of the worthy young clerk, even afore they knew of his bounty toward them. And when, on Holy Eve, she took her way to mass at the priory church, whose loud clear bells were sounding joyously over hill and dale for many a mile round, with her lord's yeomen waiting on her in the like fashion, to show her grace and favour in the sight of the folk about them—truly she was far blither of look and heart than was the proud lady that had taken her room at the great house, or than she herself had been since the evil day when she had first desired such company.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The juggler and his bear—a play ended by folks that began it not.

Now shortly after the Christmas tide was past, venison and volatile went out of season, and counsels and ordinances were coming in; for King Richard was returned from his hunting in Wales to his palace at Eltham, and all his favourites and counsellors with him. And since the first thing to be devised, was how to get money for fresh waste and riot, so called they to their deliberations all their friends and followers who might best help and forward all their tyrannous extortions. In this number you may surely deem that Sir Lance de Hacquingay was not forgotten; as also that he straightway made his preparations, and set out for Bedfordshire in his way to London, together with his fair dame and her company; taking with them squire and varlet, page and yeoman, to the great joy of the country folk around Malthorpe, who trusted they should now find rest and quiet from the insolence of these tormentors.

Nevertheless, their content was lessened in short space, when it was known abroad that two of the worst of the rout had been left behind. Of these the one was Jankin, whilome of the retinue of the damosel de Bradeston; who being now little desirous of his service, whilst he knew overmuch of her former devices to be lightly cast off, had been right blithe to obtain for him, from her grimly spouse, the place of forester at Malthorpe, which should both keep him well content, and likewise rid her handsomely of his presence. With this worthy wight remained his old gossip and familiar, Anselm; who, not having been able to light on his lord, Messire Piers, since he had been left by him in ward at Charlewode, nor yet to obtain any other service, had been constrained for sustenance to serve as underling with his former fellow Jankin, trusting to his own subtlety to amend his hap ere long.

It might have been thought that the company of these twain should have been especially eschewed by Dame Muriel, who had not only hated from the very first, all and each that belonged to Madam Eglantine and her brother, but had heard so much from Gauchet, as showed they bore no less despite to her. Certes, had such affront been put upon her in former years, as to bring into the house two yeomen against her liking, not only the Manor-place, but the hundred itself, had rung with her wrath. But this worthy woman had of late so overclouded her senses, by revelling without stint or measure in the high living and excess that had come in with the new lord, that they no longer availed her as formerly; and moreover, the false semblant of service and reverence shown her by those two caitiffs, would have blinded her at any season. Besides, Jankin had gotten the place so secretly and suddenly, that the thing was done, and the knight their lord gone and away, before she knew what was stablished; so that, being left without other remedy, save to depart herself, to the loss of all her worldly comfort and ease—a choice not to be thought of—she was enforced to bear with their fellowship as she might.

The grimly knight and his household had departed not many weeks,

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and the nights were yet both long and dreary, when there began to be noised in those parts, (which had until now been peaceable and well-ordered by compare with others,) tales of robberies and villanies done upon travellers, and in lone houses after nightfall, by bands of prowlers; who went about their mischiefs so cunningly and secretly, that none could discover who they were, nor from whence they came. So that these ribalds, seeing themselves secure in their wickedness, in short space waxed yet bolder, until they overran the whole country from Kimbolton eastward to Huntingdon and St. Neot's; insomuch that the burgesses and merchants durst no longer travel from town to town, except in large companies, for fear of being set upon and pillaged in the highways. And as booty grew scarce in this wise, they took to roaming about by night, breaking continually into such dwellings as stood far from neighbours, or had but feeble guard within; robbing and spoiling whatsoever they could lay their hands on, and binding and ill-treating the folk thereunto belonging, to make them confess where their gold and silver was hidden. Nor though diligent inquiry and pursuit were made after the thieves in the woods and other wild places—wherein the people at the Manor-place of Malthorpe joined one and all, with show of hearty good will, whenever the cry was raised on that side—yet could not they or their haunts be found, or so much as guessed at, by any of the folk that made such strict search after them.

Of a truth, the dwellers at Bernard's Lodge, and the Lord Gilbert with them, had little doubt as to the true lurking-place of those caitiffs; having been over well acquainted with their ways in time past to be deceived by their present fair carriage. For which cause that prudent prelate—well knowing that were they discovered in their misdeeds it should no way avail towards procuring their punishment, with such powerful aid to stead them as their master and the Lord Spenser—counselled all that repaired to him with complaints of their losses and harms, to bear them patiently awhile. But since he reasonably guessed that they would go on ere long to still bolder outrage and violence, he warned all those under his rule on the priory lands, to keep watch and ward in their houses at all times; and the same charge gave he yet more straitly to Reeve Bernard on behalf of the damosel Avis.

Now the lodge wherein she abode, which had been, in time of the old lords, the dwelling of the head forester of Malthorpe Manor, stood alone on the common, a short mile from the convent, and by the side of the highway leading therefrom to the thorpe and the Manor-place. It was built in form of a square-shapen tower, strong and secure, that held the lodging rooms for the household; and at the foot lay a court-yard encompassed with a wall, against which stood both barn and shed, stall and stable. Into this court was there but one entrance, at a gate in the outer wall, and hard by where it joined to the tower; so that none could break in thereat, but with peril of being shot at from the windows and croslets above. Assuredly, they who dwelt in such strong hold had little need to stand in dread of any common thieves or pillagers; nevertheless, for greater safety my lord prior gave command, that the outer gate should alway be made fast with

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the first glooming of the twilight; and so held, whatever might betide, until morning; over and above that Gauchet, for good reasons of his own, was wont continually to tarry on the inner side thereof through those hours wherein it stood open.

Howbeit, to the damosel herself the Lord Gilbert, in discourse, made light of the dangers and the troubles about them; bidding her take courage for yet some few months longer, at the end whereof he doubted not to bestow her in such wise as should prove to her both pleasant and profitable; and verily, if he had studied how best to turn her thoughts from those sad themes, he could not have devised more skilful remedy. For her mind was from that time forth so busied with this new disposition to be made of her, and above all, in marvelling and guessing whether she might hear thereby the more readily of John Ashtoft, that she would sit and listen—without understanding a word spoken—to the fearful tales that Gauchet, or most commonly Madam Joyce, would rehearse before her of the villany of those rascal pillagers.

But ere long there was cause for suspicion of another and worse kind against that worthy pair of familiars, when tidings were brought one morning from the Manor-place, of the death of Madam Muriel; who had parted the overnight all in a moment, without sickness or warning, priest or passing bell—by means of a fit of apoplexy that had taken her off with the winecup in her hand. Thus said the two yeomen, Anselm and Jankin, who alone had been present when her breath left her; and the other folk about the house, as well for fear of those wretches, as that they little loved the dame and her tongue, cared not to gainsay their tale in anywise. And though inquisition was made, and all were questioned, and each and everything performed that the law commanded, (the lord prior himself taking note of the matter,) yet gat they no further knowledge thereon; so naught remained but to bestow the dead in seemly guise in the churchyard, and cause trentals to be solemnly sung in church for the sake of her poor soul; toward which charitable work May Avis was not sparing of her bounty, maugre her having been full many a time fretted and grieved by Madam Muriel's shrewishness of tongue and humour. Meek Gillian said many a prayer in secret to the same end, for long months after; and Gauchet acquitted him also toward his old dame after his manner, by swearing to some half score saints to avenge her on the bones and bodies of those villains, so soon as time and place should serve him to such end—for the old pikard was wonderfully discreet over all matters touching his own person, and would not for any gain or guerdon, have adventured to meet with either alone by brow or bent, field or common; unlike that stout wight, Reeve Bernard, who continued to ride about on his business at all hours, vowing he cared not for man or fiend, in the fellowship of his good oaken staff and his dog Mate. It was haply this care of Gauchet's that had moved him to choose out for himself the place of porter at the lodge, whereby he 'scaped setting foot outside the court gate, save to follow his young lady and Gillian in their straitened walk, or to run on some hasty errand to the convent in case of need.

It fell out, on a day in March, when he was sitting at this his office,

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on a stone bench against the inner wall of the tower, warming himself in the sun that was just going down, and looking out at whiles for the coming of Bernard and his gray mare, that he espied a man, arrayed in quaint and party-coloured attire, who drew nigh from the side of the convent, singing and dancing by the way. By his fantastic guise and apparel alone, he might have been straightway known for some wandering juggler: but, for further token, he had the company of a goodly brown bear, that followed close at his heel in collar and chain, and of a gaily-clad young damosel, with guitar on her shoulder, and timbers in her hands,* which ever and anon she cast up in the air and caught lightly on the very tips of her fingers, as she tripped merrily onward by the side of her master, alway taking good heed, in her dancing and skipping, to give space enow to the sturdy companion that journeyed after on four feet. Thus came they on, with gay and joyous bearing, until they were close beside the gate, when the man, saluting Gauchet, prayed him in courteous wise, but in broken foreign speech, to point out to them some hostelry or grange, where they might lodge for that night in safety. Now Sir Gauchet was one who had striven evermore to comfort himself for the little reverence he met with in those parts, by boasting of the high honours and courtesies that had been done him in former time, over seas and amongst his own people—of whom he had accordingly feigned to be a hearty friend and true lover, until, in the end, he had soothly talked himself into such belief. Wherefore, partly for this reason, and also that his old gossips had been of late over hard to be spoken with, he was right fain of this occasion both to talk and to hear without peril to himself.

"Parde, bel' ami," he said, in answer, "you shall but need to keep on the way you go, so far as the oak tree standing alone yonder, and the Thorpe lieth just below. I pray, come you newly from over seas?"

"So newly, beausire," replied the damosel pleasantly, "that, by my fay, the time since hath scantly sufficed to dry the salt water from our weeds, or the salter tears from our cheeks, for the drowning of poor Guinguet, our ape, that was cast overboard of a rude English sea captain, for making a mow at him. Yea, and never a creature have we met with as yet in your merry England, as your own people call their cold country, that would do so gentle deed as proffer us a cup of our own Bordelais wine, to assuage our grief for his loss."

"Then, damosel, by bread and ale, ye shall say so no longer!" quoth the varlet, who, seeing that these were plainly stranger folk, and but one man in the company, deemed it no great harm to leave his wardenship of the gate for one moment; and, hieing him to the foot of the tower stair, called to Gillian, for love of Saint Charity, to fill a cup of Bordeaux wine for a stranger damosel, sore travailed and overtoiled, that was at the gate. But even thus, adventuring not longer tarriance, he sped back again in all haste, though not without fancying, as he stepped over the threshold, that he saw a shadow flitting along the further wall of the courtyard.

Nevertheless, when he got to the gate, he found there none save

* A sort of basins of brass used in jugglers' feats.

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the company he had left; only the bear was grown somewhat impatient and unruly, striving to get to the cattle that were stalled in the court, until he had nearly haled his master the juggler in after him; nor could this last quiet him but by dint of many and heavy strokes with his staff, when the beast sat him down sullenly against the gate, rolling his huge body from side to side, and growling in such savage fashion, that methinks he had been a hardy wight that would have essayed to meddle with him.

Scantly was the strife ended between the bearward and his bear, when Gillian brought the wine, and therewith a small loaf, by desire of her young lady, who had heard Gauchet's request; and great was her amazement on seeing, in place of the poor weary creature of whom he had spoken, a brisk young damosel, accompanied with two such mates. Yet deeming, as he had done, that no evil could betide from strangers like these, she but bade the varlet note that the sun was even now going down, and forthwith would have turned into the house, when the foreign maiden, in courteous and lowly fashion, prayed her to abide but a breathing space.

"Good mother," she said, "in so far as I may con your English tongue, I am advised that you serve some fair lady, to whom I would gladly pay my thanks for her bounty to the sound of my guitar, after the tuneful guise of mine own land. But since I may not hope to win the ear of a noble damosel, might it but please you to hearken only one poor lay, I should not seem wholly disdained."

And staying not for reply, though truly Gillian had not heart to withstand so humble suit, she took her lute, and, striking the strings with no rude or skilless hand, began to sing:

"Make fast thy gates, sir knight,
Fast—one and all!
Bar well thy doors this night,
On bower and hall!
Go count thy coursers, wight,
Thy hawks so fair of flight—
Let watch till morning light
By porch and stall!
Be squire and yeoman dight
To guard thy lady bright,
And eke May Marguerite!—
Watch!—watch by all!

Those true ones that on high
Their courses hold,
The star-books of the sky,
A doom have told!
There, skilled and gifted eye
Hath read a spoiler nigh,
Whose feet may none descry—
A thief both strong and bold!
Darkling he passeth by,
Thy choice things to espy,
And reve them silently,
Ere this young night wax old!

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Now wide the portals threw!
No more we fear.
Past is the cruel foe,
Day dawn is here!
Falconer and groom may go,
The fair hawks sit below,
The good steeds stand arowe,
Safe is our lady dear!
Yet may we sadly know
That thief hath wrought us woe—
May Marguerite lies low,
Pale on her bier."

So sang the glee-maiden—and few who loved song or minstrelsy had disdained to listen, for her voice was so strangely sweet and clear, as to resemble less the notes of a human creature than the breathing of a flute. Accordingly, scarce was the lay begun, ere the casement above was opened; and so soon as it was ended, May Avis herself appeared thereat, and threw to the singer a silver jane.

"Grandmercy, gentle maiden," she said, "for your music; for truly sweeter melody heard I never, though methinks the ditty was something of the saddest—wherefore now, I pray you, glad our ears with one of your merry French lays or bergerets, and we shall thankfully quite your pains."

"With hearty will, sweet lady!" answered the stranger, taking up the silver piece; but as she began again to finger the strings of her guitar, the damosel Avis suddenly shrieked out, "Holy saints, guard us!—what is here! Run out, Gauchet, run and see! As I live, here comes the Reeve's gray—bloody, and without the rider!"

Gauchet tarried not a second bidding—but as he would have run out, the bear started up growling against him; whereupon the juggler uplifted his staff, and swung it round his head, as if with design to chastise the beast. But in place thereof, he let the club fall unawares full on the crown of the old pikard, who, crying out, "Harrow, I die!" fell straightway to the earth without life.

So soon as they had performed this feat, the bearward and bear (which last now stood upright in human shape) hastened to make fast the gate, whilst the damosel set to work to draw the slain man within the court. But at that very moment, Gillian, who quickly guessed on this into what hands they were fallen, suddenly sprang out into the road as they were in the act of casting to the doors, and ran with might and main toward the Thorpe, calling loudly for help and rescue, and with such good speed, that ere they could again open the door, which had stuck fast with their violent shutting of it, and let out the glee-maiden in pursuit, she had gained the brow of the little hill that overtopped the village.

The damosel Avis, who beheld from the window the strait they were in, the Reeve amissing, Gauchet slain, and Gille flying for life before the counterfeit glee-maiden, (whose running soon betrayed him for a lusty page,) well nigh gave herself up for lost; nor was her terror lessened by hearing the cries of the household knave and wench, whom the robbers were binding below, and the clamour, in the cham-

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ber with her, of Madam Joyce; whose loud lamentings over herself and her money-coffer, would alone suffice to call up the villains, as her niece failed not to perceive in the midst of her own trouble.

"Oh, peace! peace, aunt—for heaven's love, peace!" she cried, "and help me anon to make fast the door, before they bethink them of us! and we may yet keep them back until it please heaven to send us aid from the cell or Thorpe."

"Oh, wellaway, sweet niece! my chest! my chest will be left without guard!" shrieked the aunt, withholding her from the door. "What reck I of life or limb, if they spoil my chest above?"

"Holy Mary! what are heaps of gold to compare with falling into the hands of such wretches?" said the maiden, as she broke from her, and hasted to turn the door-pin. "Good, gentle aunt, leave this bootless wailing, and help me but to drag this press against the door!"

May Avis, as she spoke, set her shoulder against the heavy press; but the aunt, in place of aiding, ran and undid the door her niece had just fastened, vehemently declaring she would die ere she would be parted from her chest.

Though May Avis neither loved nor reverenced her aunt, she had been loth to leave the foolish woman to the mercy of such as were now within the house, whilst there remained hope of safety for them both; but seeing that to dally longer time was but to lose herself, without avail to Madam Joyce, at the sound of a fresh stir below she thrust her hastily out of the chamber, crying, "Then go to your chest, and God have mercy on you!" Then once more shutting and barring the door, she laid hands on what furniture and moveables were at hand, and drew and heaped them one by one against it; her fear lending her so great strength and skill, that in short space she had gotten together a barrier that might not easily be forced.

She had not wholly ended her work, when there was a noise, as of three or four men, coming up the tower stair; but for this time they passed by her, wending their way straight to Madam Pauncefort's chamber in the higher story—the door whereof they heaved incontinently off the hasp, as might be known by the heavy fall inwards, and the sound anon of rough words and oaths, mingled with the shrill voice of the worthy wife, stoutly vowing and affirming that she was but a poor widow who lived wholly by her niece's bounty, and knew not where to find a gold frank to her ransom, were she to be beaten to death on the place.

May Avis listened for no more, but went and knelt down over against the lattice, striving with all her heart to say her prayers; though not for her life could she forbear wishing, through all, that Madam Joyce might set more store by her gold than by her bones, so as to keep those caitiffs occupied yet a space longer. But these last, who were too well skilled in their mystery to spend their time for naught, went speedily to work after another fashion; for within a breathing while she heard them come down, bringing along with them some heavy burden, which she guessed by the sound, as it struck from time to time against the stair, to be the chest. And whilst some of the rout continued their way down therewith, one of them tarried

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at her chamber-door, calling to her, in rude ungentle voice, to open—until finding that he got no answer, he first violently shook, and then set himself to heave away at the door with an iron bar. Howbeit, that chamber being the chiefest in the house, the door-pin was both stouter, and the ironwork more cunningly fashioned than in the other, and might not be so lightly forced; so that, after hurtling and labouring all in vain for one while, he was fain to call on those below for help to break his way through.

Well was it that the damosel Avis had so diligently secured the entrance; as what with the tardy unwilling aid he had of his companions, who found the spoiling of Madam Pauncefort's money-chest a pastime more to their liking than the hunting out her niece—what with the strength and sturdiness of the door itself, which yielded not until it was all beaten to shivers by the strokes of the whole company, there was much time gained to her; whilst their own furious din and clamour suffered them not to hear the voice of the boy-minstrel crying to them from without, at the very top of his throat, to be let in; from which earnestness of his, May Avis, listening beside the window above, drew hope, both of Gillian's safety and of succour at hand for herself. And in very deed she sorely needed some such trust,—for now, the door being all beaten in at the upper part, she espied over the heap of household gear, wellnigh all the fence left between her and her enemies, the visage of the yeoman Jankin, which had never been wholly out of her mind from the day when she had seen it under her window, any more than the insolent fashion wherein he had then stared upon her. Nor was his former boldness in anywise amended by his present behaviour; for, looking in after the same saucy fashion, he began to make love to her in his rude ribald speech, bidding her without more words to undo the door and let in him, who had long been at heart her own gentle bachelor, and certes, far more deserving of her grace than was her false squire, Sir Piers.

At this salutation the affrighted maiden crept yet closer to the lattice, and hid her face in her veil, without answer; whereupon, the ribald, perceiving her dismay, went on to tell her yet further of the delight he had ever taken, in former time, in beholding her merry fair face at the board of dais in Malthorpe-hall; the remembrance whereof had finally wrought with him to choose her alone for his mate; and with this intent was he now come, to carry her away with him to his dwelling. And, as if all this had been too little, at that moment there looked over his shoulder one yet worse than himself, his familiar Anselm, smiling on her in such sort as should have befitted a fiend.

"Yea, maiden!" he said, in his wonted smooth, mocking voice; "by cinque and trey, for all that my gossip here hath told you of his love, dare I freely impawn my faith—by the token, that to assure himself wholly of the young niece, he hath yielded to my sole boot the old aunt and her treasure-chest. For the which goodly assignment do I hold myself so bound to his service, that soothly I shall gladly lend him my aid toward the winning his part of the prey; wherefore, seeing the time will suffer no more idle talk, lay hand to, brother, without delay!" And with that word he set his back, as did

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also his companion, so forcefully against the remnant of the door, that with a great crack it gave in, overthrowing all before it.

May Avis heard no more clearly, yet seemed there all at once a sound in her ears, like the furious galloping of horses, whilst she was lifted up, and hurried through the air she knew not whither. Then came shouts, cries, blows and groans mingled together, with a loud rushing noise that rose over all—she herself feeling throughout as in a trance, that suffered her not to see or know certainly aught that befel. At last all was hushed, save a low soft whispering. She opened her eyes with pain, and found herself in the ground chamber of the tower, with Gillian holding her head; while close beside, and looking on her with benign countenance, was a young and handsome stranger, of aspect so noble and knightly as she had never yet seen, or even dreamed of.

SONNET.

Thou seest this cheek with pale decay
  Fade in its op'ning bloom,
My tears in silent sorrow stray,
My form with grief consume away,
  And journey tow'rds the tomb.

And yet no pitying look or tear
  Now ever falls for me;
Thy lips now never breathe a fear
For one who once was more than dear,
  Was more than loved by thee.

Oh! had I e'er forgot to weep
  For every care of thine,
Had peace e'er bless'd mine eyes with sleep,
When love made thine its vigils keep,
  This woe were justly mine.

But Heaven can tell in ev'ry prayer
  How I've remember'd thee,
How every wish midst this despair
Is still to keep thy steps from care,
  Thy heart from misery.

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PROGRESS OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.*

THERE are eras in the history of nations when the strugglings of intellect into action throb sensibly through the pulses of society. Mind can never remain stationary: the necessity of progression is a quality of its existence. As civilization advances, industry is more taxed, until luxury, as a tyrant, assumes the domination, and his requirements convert him into the taskmaster, standing with the lash, to urge on to the utmost of exertion the nerves and the sinews of man. Nature, in her sunny climes, bestows food almost as a gratuity. The spontaneous plenty of fruitful lands relieving the son of the soil from the necessity of labour, leaves him also without the impetus which can alone put mind in motion. If some twenty days of toil in the year suffice to win for the swarthy African such a measure of sustenance as his necessities demand, there is little wonder if the well of his thoughts become as a stagnant pool, wanting the angel to trouble the waters, that so they may acquire a healing power. Pursuing this reasoning, it follows that, up to a certain point, a nation advancing in luxury must also be advancing in intellect. The one makes requirements; the other meets them: and in this position of exaction stood England in the last century. The labour of manipulation was insufficient to satisfy the wants of the population, or to meet her commercial demands, and so intellect aroused itself to meet the exigency, and the mighty mechanism of machinery reared fabric upon fabric, colossal in might and power, and attesting by the amplitude of their operations the immeasureable elevation of the mind over the puisne efforts of the body. Vast metallic frameworks, vitalized by steam, did the work of whole regiments of men, with a precision as minute as their operations were extensive, and the manufactures of our country became more than ever esteemed in the markets of the world.

But, whilst the general good of a community is being advanced, it too often happens that it is purchased at the cost of those individuals who devote themselves to its promotion. Thus it is that projectors resemble martyrs. They sacrifice the present for the future—they sow that others may reap—they labour for others to receive the reward. There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the fate of these men. A conception enters their brain, the accomplishment of which appears possible to themselves, *im*possible to all other men, and from that moment they wear out their spirits and drudge their lives away, in the double toil of realizing their own idea and of refuting the incredulity of the world. And yet there is in these men that faith in the certainty of posthumous fame, and that triumph in it as a sufficiency of reward, that present ease, present pleasure, present competency, could not win them from prosecuting their anxious toil. No matter though disappointment follow on disappointment; no matter

* A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edward Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S., inventor of the Power Loom, &c. &c.

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that the hopes of to-day are razed to the ground to-morrow; no matter though each to-morrow prove the fallacy of the plans of every gone-by to-day; there is still in the projector that indomitable spirit, that ever up-springing of hope, and faith, and zeal, that indeed unquenchable fire, that the light of life itself must needs be extinguished ere he abandon the graven purpose of his soul

And well it is that this should be so. The class being small, the common interests of society work on without them, and they the while are prosecuting plans and projects which are to elevate society, and raise their country in the scale of nations. And they do this spite of all—in defiance of opposition, incredulity, scorn, mockery, and contempt. Thoughts engendered in loneliness, obscurity, and poverty, and worked out through contumely and the thwartings of the world, fructify for the benefit even of the despisers.

It is one of the vulgar errors of the world to hold projectors in disrepute; to attach to their names the epithets of enthusiasm, insanity, and folly. No credit is given to their plans; no hope attends their projects. They are thwarted on every hand by those who are rivetted to unbelief: their own friends lament what they consider a misapplication of their talents, because such application is ever injurious to their interests; while most of all, and most poignant of all, their own families are most bitter against them, suffering with them, as they generally do, as a consequence of their abstracted self-devotion, many of the saddest privations of life. And yet, with all this host of opposition, when did ever the projector give up his plans or surrender his projects? "Through evil report and good report," under all discouragements, against the tide of every adverse circumstance, and heedless of every obstacle, he still nurtures the thought which is for the time the soul of his existence with all the tenacity of the love of life, and would as readily relinquish the one as he would the other.

But though one of a class, Dr. Cartwright possessed features of dissimilarity which marked his individuality The character of the Projector in other men generally stands out conspicuously in early life: in Dr. Cartwright it was either latent or not called into existence until the middle of his days, and then out of circumstances apparently the least propitious. The country clergyman employed in the discharge of his sacred duties, the poet melting into gentle verse, the literary man employing his pen in criticism—there seems something of anomaly in the idea of such an individual turning his thoughts to mechanism, and that too at a period of life when habits as well as positions are fixed, when the mind has usually lost its pliability, and the heart, instead of desiring something new, fastens itself more fixedly and devotedly upon the old. Dr. Cartwright was forty before he turned Projector.

There exists, however, another more marked peculiarity—it is this. Usually, in the minds of projectors, their labours are built upon some sudden thought which they are intent upon reducing to practicability. With Dr. Cartwright it was not so. His intellect undertook the task of meeting a commercial requirement without the slightest preparatory contemplation. He did not endeavour to shape some flash of genius into usefulness, or to bring some felicitous thought into

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productive operation. All that he did was to believe in a possibility, and to resolve to search and work it out; but the ground was perfectly untrodden by his footsteps, and the way as dark as ignorance could make it.

True it is, that any one invention which facilitates the operations of labour, starting out of the level of the ordinary routine, must either create incongruity, or else induce others to the general advancement of the whole system. Thus it was that Arkwright's inventions, by producing a superabundance of the spinning product, created a necessity for proportionate capabilities in weaving; and Cartwright, being made sensible of the necessity, bent the whole powers of his mind to accomplish a competent provision. He succeeded, and to these two men England is eminently indebted for her manufacturing triumphs.

And now we turn to the interesting work which has elicited these observations from us. We have here the commencement of that second half of Dr. Cartwright's life which gave celebrity to the whole.

"In the summer of 1784, Mr. Cartwright happening to be at Matlock, in Derbyshire, became, during his visit there, highly interested in the progress of those ingenious manufactures which, not many years before, had been established in that individual neighbourhood. The application of machinery to the art of spinning was then a novelty, and the splendid fortunes that some ingenious mechanics, who had been successful in introducing it, were supposed to be realizing, seemed to hold out encouragement to the exercise of any inventive faculty that should contribute to the improvement of our national manufactures. Mr. Cartwright was not aware in how high a degree a faculty of this nature existed in his own mind, until it was brought into action by the accidental occurrence of a conversation at the public table, on the subject of new and ingenious inventions, especially that of Sir Richard Arkwright's recently invented method of spinning cotton by machinery.

"It was observed by some of the company present, that if this new mode of spinning by machinery should be generally adopted, so much more yarn would be manufactured than our weavers could work up, that the consequence would be a considerable export to the Continent, where it might be woven into cloth so cheaply as to injure the trade in England. Mr. Cartwright replied to this observation, that the only remedy for such an evil would be, to apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving as well as that of spinning, by contriving looms to work up the yarn as fast as it was produced by the spindle. Some gentlemen from Manchester, who were present, and who, it was to be presumed, were better acquainted with the subject of discussion, would not admit of the possibility of such a contrivance, on account of the variety of movements required in the art of weaving. Mr. Cartwright, who, if he ever had seen weaving by hand, had certainly paid no particular attention to the process by which it was performed, maintained that there was no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine, (producing as an instance the automaton chess-player,) and that whatever variety of movements the art of weaving might require, he did not doubt but that the skilful application of mechanism might produce them The discussion having proceeded to some length, it made so strong an impression on Mr. Cartwright's mind, that immediately on his return home, he set about endeavouring to construct a machine that should justify the proposition he had advanced, of the practicability of weaving by machinery. It may be remarked, that the incredulity expressed by those gentlemen, who were of all persons most likely to be acquainted with the fact, had any attempt

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been previously made to weave by machinery, is a pretty decisive proof that nothing of the kind had then been effected.

"His first attempts, as might be supposed, were rude and clumsy; but as neither drawings nor models now remain of them, we have no means of tracing his earliest steps in mechanical experiments, nor of ascertaining the mode in which he proposed to overcome difficulties that had appeared insurmountable even to experienced mechanicians.

"In the course of a few months, however, he had brought his loom to such a state of progress, as led him to imagine that it might eventually become profitable; and to the surprise of every one who was at all conversant with undertakings of this nature, as well as to that of his personal friends, he took out a patent in April, 1785, in order to secure to himself the expected advantages of the invention.

"The patent, or, as it is now called, the power-loom, has doubtless been receiving continual additions from various hands during the last fifty years; and the beautiful machine (adapted as it is to every variety of fabric, and now in use to an immense extent) differs considerably in detail, even from the most improved form of Mr. Cartwright's invention. But to him the merit is due of having been the first to apply power successfully to the business of weaving, and the principles on which he achieved that first great step, may be traced through every progressive improvement; and unquestionably opened the way to many of those ingenious additions, by means of which later mechanists have brought the power-loom to its present state of excellence.

"Mr. Cartwright's first power-loom, as described in the specification of 1785, was, as may be supposed, a somewhat rude contrivance, and differed materially from the form which he afterwards gave to it. The warp was placed perpendicularly, and the shuttle was thrown by springs connected with a cylinder placed beneath the machine. This cylinder also gave motion to two levers, one of which reversed the threads of the warp, and the other elevated the reed, which again descended by means of its own weight. The tension of the warp was produced by weights suspended from the beams, as in the common loom.

"This simple apparatus rapidly received great modifications from Mr. Cartwright's hands, as is shown in his several specifications of 1786, 1787, and 1790. The warp was now placed horizontally, and the several parts of the machine were adjusted in a form which in its general features scarcely differs from the power-loom of the present day. The application of a crank on the axis of a wheel communicating with the moving power, was the mode by which Mr. Cartwright effected the alternate motion of the lathe. Simple and obvious as such a contrivance may now seem to those who are in the habit of seeing hundreds of power-looms in daily operation, yet before his time it does not appear to have been thought of; and in this invention alone he may be considered as having made no small progress towards weaving by machinery. It is probable that a contrivance for throwing the shuttle, so as to make it pass and repass, and yet keep within its prescribed bounds, did not so readily occur to his mind; for the compiler of this memoir has a perfect recollection of the amusement it used to afford his children to watch their father, imitating the action of a weaver throwing his shuttle, as he walked up and down the room absorbed in his new speculations.

"He succeeded, however, in overcoming this difficulty, by means of tappets fixed on the axis of a wheel communicating with the moving power. These tappets give action to the treadles, which being connected by means of strings with the picker, (an apparatus placed at each end of the box in which the shuttle moves,) an impulse is thereby communicated to the picker, which causes it to throw the shuttle from side to side with an accuracy superior to that of the hand. In like manner was the requi-

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site action of the heddles or healds produced; and those three principal actions being thus accomplished, the foundation was laid for those manifold improvements which have progressively been made in the application of mechanical power to weaving, and of which Mr. Cartwright's invention still forms the leading principle."

"That he had early imparted to some of his friends the hopes he began to entertain of the success of his new invention, will appear from the letters of Mr. Crabbe, to whom he communicated from time to time his mechanical labours. In December, 1784, within very few months of Mr. Cartwright's first attempt at weaving, his friend the poet writes—'You shall not find me smiling at your loom when you grow serious in it. I have the worst mechanical conception that any man can have, but you have my best wishes. May you weave your webs of gold.'"

But that Cartwright could not escape the common lot of difficulties, his own letter to the Rev. W. U. Wray will show:—

"When I arrived at this place, (Manchester,) I found my machine not even begun upon; indeed, the workmen who had undertaken it, despaired of ever making it answer the purpose it was intended for, and therefore, I suppose, were not willing to consume their time upon a fruitless pursuit. I have, however, the pleasure to tell you, that the whole system of it is now finally adjusted, and so much so, both to mine and the workmen's conviction, that we cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt respecting its success. I have taken some pains to make myself acquainted with the manufactures of this place, which has much contributed to the perfection of what I have been aiming at. I cannot forbear telling you, that the machine is so exceedingly simple and cheap, as not to cost (after the model is once made to work) above five or six pounds."

"By another letter to the same gentleman, written also from Manchester, in May, 1786, the fact is ascertained of his having at that time effected an improvement in his loom, which was subsequently considered as of great importance, being the stopping of itself of the machine on the accidental breaking of a thread: 'Respecting my business, sorry am I to say that it seems very little nearer a conclusion than when you left me. Delay upon delay. It is a satisfaction, however, that the delay does not arise from any unforeseen difficulty. The apparatus for stopping when the thread breaks, either in the warp or woof, is completed, and performs its business with the greatest accuracy and fidelity.'—A projector may overrate his own success, or an experimentalist be disappointed even in the best founded expectations; and, therefore, the ill fortune that pursued Mr. Cartwright for so many years of his life, might be considered as the not unusual lot of the ingenious; but it was much more remarkable, that he should live to see his self-confidence completely justified. Twenty years afterwards, from the very place where the machine that he describes first struggled into existence, and where it was most especially decried and opposed, a memorial from several of the most influential manufacturers was offered to the legislature, in which it was stated that Mr. Cartwright's looms were employed there to the extent of several thousands."

Yet still mingled with success came yet further difficulties:—

"However gratifying to Dr. Cartwright's feelings the progress of his new discoveries might be, it soon became evident that the establishment at Doncaster, on the whole, was far from being profitable. The 'factory system' was then in its infancy, and his own want of experience in the details of business such as he was now engaged in, occasioned all the work under his direction to be done at a more than ordinary expense. And being in some cases dependent on other branches of manufacture for the

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completion of his own, he was continually exposed to the influence of a narrow-minded jealousy, which now began to operate against him, but which probably proceeded from a growing conviction, on the part of the manufacturing interest, of the importance of his invention. Various petty means were practised, in order to obstruct the popularity of the machine-woven goods. The cottons sent by Mr. Cartwright to be printed were frequently rendered unsaleable, by obsolete patterns and imperfect execution; and of his best and most uninjured articles, the chief consumption was in presents to his friends, or in supplying furniture for his own house. In the meantime, the extraordinary ingenuity of the invention itself, as well as the peculiar circumstances under which it first appeared, had awakened a considerable degree of interest, and Mr. Cartwright, as might have been expected, was by turns admired for the vigour of his inventive genius, and condemned for the rashness of his speculations. Attempts also were made to seduce his workmen, as well as to evade his patent right, by using his machine differently modified; and, indeed, the openness with which he frequently communicated his ideas, joined to the extreme easiness of his temper, rendered such attempts at piracy by no means difficult, and tended eventually to involve him in several vexatious disputes and expensive lawsuits.

"He had not taken into the account, that ingenuity alone was not sufficient to ensure protection, for a man of his character and habits, in the path he had newly entered on; and when he ventured to emulate the successful enterprise of others, he did not consider that its most striking examples were in men who had either risen from the working, or still belonged to the manufacturing classes. Neither did he calculate on the importance of being trained to habits of industry and business, or on the necessity of a far more intricate knowledge than he possessed of the feelings and prejudices of the class of persons he had to deal with; who, though shrewd and intelligent in their own immediate line of business, had no very enlarged views beyond it.

"Nor was Mr. Cartwright's new position in society altogether without its trials. By the upper class of the inhabitants of a provincial town, proud of their exemption from commerce and manufactures, his proceedings were viewed with no small degree of distrust; and so portentous an innovation as the introduction of a steam-engine was received with expressions of general dissatisfaction. Although some few of his personal connexions and friends participated in his own sanguine views, and even joined in the pecuniary part of the speculation, by others he was considered as having deserted his *caste*, whilst by the more rigid he was condemned for engaging so deeply in occupations unsuited to his profession. With the poor of the place, however, his establishment was far from being equally unpopular. It afforded employment to numbers, without interfering with their previous occupations; and in addition to remuneration for their industry, they were certain of assistance, when required, from his benevolence. His name is still venerated by the descendants of his ancient workmen. To men of ingenuity and talents his house was always open; and in an intelligent and intellectual, though somewhat miscellaneous society, he consoled himself for the reserve of his more fastidious acquaintance. In reverting to this period of Mr. Cartwright's life, we are fully sensible of the change that the last fifty years have produced in the opinions of nearly every class of the community. A man of genius now, whose inventions should tend to increase that general diffusion of the conveniences of life, which marks a truly civilized people, would have more to fear from competition than prejudice. But at the time when he first commenced his mechanical career, there was a considerable class of persons, who, dreading the advance of every degree in society below themselves, deprecated the progress of machinery, as being the means of sup-

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plying the poor with indulgences hitherto confined to the rich, and consequently tending to raise them higher in the scale of refinement than was compatible with the due subordination of society."

And so originated that most important invention, which, by elevating the manufactures of our country, has also influenced its fortunes. Man in his humblest position can never be an isolated being. His feelings, his thoughts, his actions, are the centres of certain circles of influence more or less expanded: but occasionally the effect of the solitary workings of thought in an obscure individual produce a mighty influence on the welfare of large masses of society; nay, sometimes on the conditions of nations. The obscure projector, in the loneliness of his deserted poverty and his despised imaginations, may yet be rivetting thought on thought till the mighty machinery of his brain carried out into execution works the most stupendous results, and, it may be, alters the whole condition of society. The inventions of Arkwright and Cartwright have had much of this result. By transfering to machinery the heretofore labour of men's hands, the commercial interests of our country assumed an altogether new aspect, and great resources were opened out to her manufacturing interests.

But experience shows us that the mind that has once turned into the track of invention can neither stop nor turn back; and thus it was with Cartwright. The new impetus that had been given to his powers so far from being expended by one attainment, seemed to receive from every triumph a fresh impulse. We will endeavour to mark his progress, transcribing from the fair and candid record before us.

"As early as the year 1786, some ideas relative to an improvement in the steam-engine had suggested themselves to Mr. Cartwright's mind; and though it was not until several years later that he took out any patent for a steam-engine, the following letter to a friend is introduced, as marking the period when he first attended to the subject, as well as illustrating his own scrupulous delicacy with regard to the invasion of other men's inventions:—

"'Dear Sir,—I am infinitely obliged to you for your attention in procuring me admission to the Albion Mill. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have at present an insuperable objection either to seeing Bolton's steam-engine, or the still more powerful one invented by Sadler of Oxford, which is now in town, and which he has promised to show me. My reason is, that I am now making a model of one that I have invented myself. I wish to avoid temptation either to borrow or steal. The idea visited me a morning or two ago, as I was under the hands of the hair-dresser. I immediately communicated it to some of my philosophical friends, particularly to my neighbour, Mr. Gregory; none of them had the least doubt of its practicability. From the short conversation I had with Sadler, his improvement consists principally in having a double cylinder, so that the steam is condensed both above and below the piston. My *improvement* consists in having neither cylinder, piston, condenser, nor beam; nor, in short, any species of *mechanism*. When my model is finished, which will be in a day or two, you shall hear more of it. I shall leave town in a few days; my next residence, for one week, will be at Goadby, and then at Doncaster.

I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

67, Pall Mall, June 10th, 1786.'

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"Whether the model alluded to was completed, or what were the motives for suspending at that time the prosecution of this experiment, cannot now be ascertained. Mr. Cartwright's first patent relative to the steam-engine was taken out in 1797, of which a description will be given hereafter.

"Mr. Cartwright, though he had accomplished one great object of his wishes, in contriving a loom that should be worked by machinery, was not disposed to stop short in a career that seemed to him so promising of success. His next invention, a machine for combing long wool, may be considered as even more original than the former. In the instance of the loom, he had a machine prepared to his hands, that was already capable, in one way, of performing the work required of it, and the merit of his discovery consisted in applying a new power, in order to produce, to a much greater extent, motion that had hitherto been only produced by hand. But between the very simple act of combing wool by hand and the process of combing it by means of a complicated machine, that should perform the work of *twenty* men, there seemed to have been no intermediate gradation, no introduction, as it were, to a more improved method, by any addition to the instruments in common use, and which is as inartificial as it might have been in the days of Bishop Blaize.

"It is not precisely known when Mr. Cartwright first attempted a machine for combing wool. His earliest patent relative to that invention is dated 22nd August, 1789. The contrivance therein specified is altogether different from that of his later machine, and consisted of a cylinder armed with rows of teeth, which is made to revolve in such a manner as that its teeth may catch and clear out the wool contained in the teeth of the fixed and upright comb. But this imperfect method was, not long afterwards, superseded by the contrivance of a circular horizontal comb-table, for which a patent was obtained 27th April, 1790. In this apparatus the teeth of the horizontal table are set vertically, but with a slight inclination towards the centre, and are supplied with wool by means of a circular lasher. Motion is communicated to the different parts of the machine in a very ingenious manner; but the complicated nature of the circular lasher appears liable to objection, and renders it far inferior in effect, as well as in simplicity, to the subsequent contrivance of the *crank-lasher*. For this eminent improvement Mr. Cartwright took out another patent, bearing date 11th December, 1790, including also an alteration in the teeth of the comb-table, which are here set horizontally, and pointing towards the centre. This patent also contains the description of a simple and ingenious apparatus for washing the wool, previously to its being combed.

"His fourth patent, which is believed to contain his final improvements relative to this branch of manufacture, is dated 25th May, 1792."

We have said that the projector's course is seldom a prosperous one: Dr. Cartwright was no exception to the rule.

"Mr. Cartwright's resources from his own private fortune were beginning to be exhausted, and the severe check now given to his hopes and prospects brought upon him, as might be expected, demands which it required the utmost of his available means to satisfy. After an ineffectual struggle to contend with the tide of prejudice that was now turned against the adoption of his machinery, and to meet the difficulties that were accumulating upon him, Mr. Cartwright found himself obliged to relinquish his works at Doncaster. In the latter part of the year 1793, he assigned over his patent rights to his brothers, John and Charles Cartwright, Esquires, in consequence of the share they had taken in the concern, and as being in circumstances better able to contest the infringe-

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ments to which, in spite of the outcry raised against them, his inventions were continually subject.

"That Mr. Cartwright felt, and deeply felt, the disappointment of his expectations, cannot reasonably be doubted; but it was much less for himself than on account of others, whom his influence and example had encouraged to enter into concerns for which their previous habits and education rendered them wholly unfit, but who might not equally be able to follow his example in fortitude."

Dr. Cartwright had done good service not only to his country but to the general interests of society, but in doing so he had exhausted his resources, having expended on his mechanical pursuits between thirty and forty thousand pounds. However poor the compensation for actual loss, to say nothing of reward for mental labour, yet are we glad to note an act of liberality on the part of government, a grant of ten thousand pounds, which enabled him to retire to a peaceful home, and gave to his latter days the comforts of competency.

"In the following year, a grant of ten thousand pounds was made, on the part of his Majesty's government, to Dr. Cartwright, for the good service he had rendered the public by his invention of weaving."

"It cannot be inconsistent with a liberal economy for a government to encourage ingenuity, which for want of support might be lost to the public; at the same time a government ought not to be called upon to indemnify individuals for losses and expenditure incurred in speculations, which (though eventually advantageous to the public) had been undertaken solely with a view of profit to themselves. But in the instance of Dr. Cartwright, *compensation* rather than *remuneration* was the principle on which he sought the attention of the legislature. A system of intimidation, against which the laws of his country had failed to protect him, had, for a series of years, prevented a fair trial being made of his machinery for weaving; and, in addition to this disappointment of his reasonable expectations of gain, a prejudice had also been created against the invention itself, which nothing but an extraordinary combination of circumstances could finally have overcome. This prejudice had a tendency to deprive him of the credit of the invention. It had been hastily concluded that the machine was inefficient, because it had not been adopted; and when, on being tried, it was found to succeed, its success was attributed wholly to the alterations engrafted upon it. Indeed, there is great reason to believe, that but for this public recognition from the legislature, Dr. Cartwright's claim, even to the invention of the power-loom, would not have been generally admitted, although at the time of his application to parliament there does not appear to have been the slightest attempt made to invalidate his claim to originality on the part of those to whom the chief merit of the invention has subsequently been ascribed.

"Admitting, however, that the grant to Dr. Cartwright was conferred as a reward to ingenuity, it ought in justice to those members of his Majesty's government who proposed it, to be observed, that it was not incautiously or lightly made. It was not until two years after the presentation to the first lord of the Treasury, of the memorial from Manchester, that Mr. Perceval proposed in the House of Commons any remuneration to Dr. Cartwright; and he in the meantime had been required to produce satisfactory evidence in support of his allegations, whilst to his rivals or opponents, ample opportunity had been given to rebut them.

"The gratitude with which Dr. Cartwright received this act of justice, was heightened by the reflection that he owed it to the liberal feelings of

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a ministry, to whose leading members he was personally unknown, but to whom it was not unknown that his principal associates and connexions were chiefly amongst their political opponents.

"The event has more than justified the view which the legislature of 1809 was led to form of the importance of the invention of the power-loom. The warmest advocate for mechanical enterprise, the most sanguine believer in its success, could hardly have anticipated that more than one hundred thousand power-looms should be employed in the island of Great Britain alone. Yet such, at the present time, is the astonishing fact; and these looms, now brought, by the incessant application of ingenuity, to an extreme degree of perfection, are producing yearly millions of pieces of almost every variety of fabric that can be applied to the useful or ornamental clothing of mankind."

TO A GRANDDAUGHTER, ON THE BIRTH OF HER YOUNGEST SISTER.

YES! dearest maid, though now fifteen,
Thine infant Sister on thy knee—
When *she* as many years has seen,
Such as thou art, she thou may be;
But thou, perfection's moment fled,
Shall day by day thy bright bloom shed;

Yet 'twill not matter:—Though the flower
Of youth unheeded flit away,
The upright stem (endued with power
To bring its embryo fruit to day)
In rich attire with virtue crown'd,
Who heeds the light leaves falling round?

When *form* and *features* cease to charm,
Thy *mind* sedate, thy *temper* even,
Thy *heart* benevolently warm,
Shall year by year create a heaven
Within the centre of thy breast,
Which blessing *others*, must be *blest*.

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SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE SACRILEGE.

THE god who guides the one-wheeled car[*] was now revolving through the deep cerulean towards his ocean bed in the west; and threw his slanting beams between the pillars of the holy shrine, within whose ample space arose the altar of the deity. There Vishnu, the Original soul and the Ancient of days, reclined on the many-headed snake of Eternity, floating on the milky ocean: its seven silver crests, adorned with sparkling gems, overarched the god in the form of a glittering canopy. In his hands were seen the Discus and the Wreathed shell, on which the note of victory is sounded; and at his feet, resplendent in imperishable beauty, his goddess, the sea-born Lachema, reposed upon her lotus throne.

While the lofty roof echoed with the choral hymns poured forth by the Devadasi of the shrine, the Begum and the Yogie bent before the altar in humble and sincere thanksgiving to the propitious deities, who had brought them safely through many a perilous scene; and baffled the cruel designs of their enemies, with a striking manifestation of providential care. Around them stood the venerable train of Brahmins, gazing with curiosity and pity on the pious pair; and forming a variety of conjectures on the nature of the calamity which had reduced persons of their appearance to the sad necessity of taking sanctuary. At length, when they had finished their devotions, the High priest of the temple addressed them as follows:

"Unhappy and persecuted fugitives! for that you are so I am warranted in believing by the vision, in which I beheld you as plainly as I do at this moment; I am at a loss to conceive what misfortune, for crime I cannot think it, has driven you hither for shelter."

"Venerable father!" said Lachema with graceful dignity, "it would ill become those who seek your protection to conceal from you the nature of their sorrows. You now see before you the Begum of Mysore, of whose unhappy history you cannot be ignorant."

An exclamation of astonishment and admiration burst from all present, and every look was bent with eager scrutiny on the Fawn-eyed maid.

"Beautiful princess!" said the High Priest, "however sincerely I regret the calamity that has driven you hither, I feel a proud joy that it has fallen to my lot to shelter one whose virtues are so resplendent; and with the piety and munificence of whose family the shrine of Narasingha is well acquainted. Is your highness at liberty to name the enemy whose pursuit you now seem to dread."

"Alas!" said the Begum, "his speedy arrival, I fear, will save

[1] Continued from page 30.

[*] Surya, the Sun.

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me the trouble of naming the robber of the jungle, the horrible Kempé Goud."

The Brahmins shuddered at the name of their bitter enemy, whose approach they seemed to dread quite as much as the hapless Lachema herself. The High Priest, however, expressed his firm conviction that Kempé would not dare to violate the sanctuary; or, at all events, that the deity would manifest his power, and presence if necessary, to the confusion and defeat of the ruthless Bheel.

"Why depend on the forbearance of the Bheel," said the Yogie impetuously, "or invoke the presence of the deity, who has given us power to defend ourselves? Call forth your troops, venerable father, and I will lead them to the discomfiture of the miscreant, ere he attains the summit of the hill."

The eyes of the Brahmins were bent in amazement on the Yogie, at this very pugnacious speech; and the Chief Priest, looking at him sternly, exclaimed:

"Venerable pilgrim, your language smacks of the camp instead of the desert; and much I doubt if the carnal man is yet quelled within your breast. But, in sooth, were you even the warrior that your words import, you would have to do battle by yourself; for the very few martial men we keep on foot are at present serving in the ranks of our faithful ally of Nundydroog, against this identical Kempé Goud."

"Nay then," said the Yogie, "let us do all that lies in our power, and close the great gates of the temple. They are, as I remarked, capable of maintaining a good defence, until succour arrives from Srirungaputtun, of which her highness is in momentary expectation."

"You have a military eye, worthy pilgrim," said the Brahmin, "but the gates of the sanctuary may never be closed against friend or foe. I am anxious, however, to learn how matters stand between your highness and this daring outlaw; that I may know what reception to give him, when he makes his appearance."

"The villain," said the Begum, "aided by a most artful and ingenious female, seized me, in the immediate vicinity of my father's palace, when all around was unsuspecting confidence and unbounded joy; and conveyed me to his dreadful fortress of Savindroog."

"Being incited thereto," said the Yogie, "by one of those foolish predictions which set ignorant and superstitious people mad; and which led the miscreant to imagine there was some connexion between his fate and that of the Begum."

"The ways of Providence," said the Brahmin, "are to us inscrutable; and it does not become you, venerable pilgrim, to derogate from the sanctity of those mysterious foreshadowings, which sometimes reveal darkly the will of the deity. I am, in fact, fully acquainted with the prediction you mention, and its truth or falsehood yet remains to be proved. I would now fain know how her highness escaped from the impregnable fortress of Savindroog."

"Within those detested walls," said the Begum, "I sighed for many a day, while those who were interested in my fate were making vain researches elsewhere."

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"Had the noble Kistna lived," said the Brahmin, "he would, doubtless, have made an effort to rescue you from captivity."

"He lived!" exclaimed the Begum, while the warm tears gushed to her eyes, "he still lives! Thanks, on my bended knees, I offer to my protecting goddess for the boon!"

"In the name of Vishnu!" demanded the Brahmin, "what then has become of him? He was not wont to be a laggard when honour called him to the field."

"He came to the Droog," replied the Begum, "alone, and in disguise. By his matchless wisdom and bravery alone he rescued me from the tyrant's grasp! Through unparalleled difficulties and dangers he, alone and unaided, brought me safely to your sacred shrine; and now, as a venerable Yogie, he stands before the altar of your god."

A general exclamation of astonishment burst from the Brahmins, at this singular and unexpected announcement. Every eye was bent on the noble Rajpoot, and every tongue was about to become eloquent in his praise, when a fearful shout rang through the sacred building; and, ere its echoes had entirely ceased, the ruthless Kempé Goud and his myrmidons rushed in, on every side, their glittering tulwars in their hands, to seize at last upon their helpless prey.

With grief and horror the unhappy maiden clung to the horns of the altar, and, in imploring accents, called on the deity for aid; while, like a lion over his brood, when dangers threaten his royal den, the Yogie placed himself between her and the foe; ready, unarmed as he was, to set at mortal defiance the Bheel and all his ruthless band.

But, with a stern majesty, the High Priest advanced at the head of his attending Brahmins; and, while his aged breast seemed to labour with the inspiration of his god, he exclaimed in thrilling accents:

"Bold Chief! who, with unseemly clamour and deadly weapons, hast dared to intrude, to the interruption of our sacred rites, on the peaceful shrine of the all holy Vishnu; whence springs this audacious outrage, which the greatest monarchs that ever ruled the human race dare not offer with impunity?"

The voice and look of the venerable Brahmin, his snowy beard and sacred functions, all combined to bring to the troubled spirit of Kempé, the memory of that fatal day when the curse of the dying Charun fell upon him, and he and all his race were doomed to perish in the fire. Suffering so very recently from that fearful element, the superstitious mind of the Chief recoiled from an immediate manifestation of the divine wrath, which he could no less than expect if he presumed to shed any more sacred blood; especially before the altar of the god, and surrounded as he was by all the symbols of eternal omnipotence. With a forced mildness of manner and respectful tone, he, therefore, assured the Brahmin that he came most humbly there to claim nothing but his own; the runaway dame who now stood beside the altar, viewing with disdainful eye her lord and master.

"My son," replied the aged priest, "let truth for ever guide thy words: so mayest thou hope to behold that face of mild benignity which

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Dhurma Rajah * loves to show to those who keep his holy laws; and thus also shalt thou escape the pains that dwell in the dark regions of Yama."

"In what, holy father, have I erred from the truth?" demanded Kempé. "I claim yon maiden as my property: can she deny the claim?"

"That maiden," said the Brahmin, "is Lachema, the royal heiress of Mysore's fruitful lands; a free and sovereign dame, who owns no master under heaven but her sire."

"Then let her sire defend her," said Kempé with a scornful laugh, in which he was heartily joined by his followers. "She is my slave, by the right of conquest; and, as a fugitive from her rightful owner, I call upon you, venerable father, in the name of Dhurma, god of justice, to deliver her up."

"Nay," said the Brahmin, "she has taken sanctuary; and even were she, as you say, a guilty fugitive and slave, she must be safe from all pursuit. Within these consecrated walls the rod of justice is powerless, even against the greatest criminal; and he who dares to invade the heaven-built sanctuary, for purposes of vengeance or of retribution, incurs the anger of the god. Retrace thy steps then, audacious Chief, and fly from the impending wrath of heaven."

"Thrice venerable sage!" exclaimed the Bheel, with an imploring accent, "deny me not the maid, I adjure you. I won her with my bow and steel, and claim her by the warrior's right."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the indignant Begum; "like a robber you stole upon my happy security, in the darkness of the night, and when those were absent who could avenge the outrage."

"Heed her not, reverend father," said Kempé, while a flush of shame crossed his brow. "'Tis I that have been robbed, for many a fertile vale her sire has plundered from my once extensive territories. But let him keep what he has got, and cease to covet the little that remains: I rest content if I but have the fawn-eyed maid; for she is dearer to my heart than regal power without control or limit."

"The maiden claims the protection of the Sanctuary from your usurped tyranny," said the Brahmin; "and I should justly incur the vengeance of the deity were I to deny her that protection."

"Nay, think again," said Kempé, "before you deny my suit. Name the penalty I incur by entering thus your sacred shrine, and the ransom shall soon be paid, accompanied with splendid gifts of potent gold and jewels of inestimable price."

"The Vedas," said the High Priest, "have placed all Brahmins under ban, who presume to accept an offering from princes who are not of the Rajpoot race. Your presents, therefore, whatever may be their value, can meet with no reception here."

"Once more listen to my suit," said Kempé, "and I swear by the dread name of Doorga that I will restore to your shrine the

* The Dharma-Raja, or King of Justice, has two countenances; one called his divine countenance, is mild, and full of benevolence; those alone who abound with virtue see it. His other countenance, or form, is called Yama: this the wicked alone can see: it has large teeth, and a monstrous body.—*Wilford.*

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golden Moorut which I detained when on its journey to this blest abode."

"For the insult to our shrine," said the Brahmin, "which was committed by your daring hand, on that fatal day when divine wrath doomed you and your erring race, the godhead will, doubtless, in his own good time, judge so great a delinquency; but the sacredness of the Sanctuary cannot be compromised for any consideration whatever: therefore depart in peace, and still you may avoid the vengeance that is ready to burst upon your devoted head."

"Inexorable and infatuated priest!" cried Kempé, throwing off the mask of assumed mildness, "your threats of vengeance I despise, and I call upon you now to make your choice of peace or war. The first is yours if you give up the Begum; the last if you deny her."

"My choice is made," replied the Brahmin, mildly but firmly. "My venerable brethren and myself are prepared to vindicate with our blood the inviolability of the Sanctuary."

"Weigh the matter well," said Kempé, in threatening accents, "and do not imagine that when I am driven to the yawning gulf I shall falter at the brink. All or none! To reign, either in Heaven or Hell, has been the creed of my race from the cradle to the grave."

"Recklessly have they maintained their creed," said the Brahmin, "and dearly have they paid for their presumption. But do thou, my son, take warning in time, and fly from the thunderbolt that is ready to fall on thy devoted head."

"Physician, heal thyself!" replied Kempé. Thy body is bent double with age. Thy tottering limbs conduct thee to the grave: then clog not thy departing soul by so unjust and foul a deed as thus to screen a truant slave, and rob the warrior of his sacred right."

"Rash man!" rejoined the High Priest, "who comest here with naked swords to war on priests and women, know that when a Brahmin is created he soars above all earthly kings, and in his lineaments divine appears the god of justice, for we are perpetual avatars of that deity. Therefore it is written on my brow that wrong I cannot commit; and with my life I'll guard this persecuted maid, over whom thou canst not justly claim a warrior's right, for thief-like in the night you came and stole her from her husband and her sire."

"Ha! graybeard!" cried the furious Bheel, stamping with passion, "if this be your boasted justice you and your juggling crew shall shortly learn that those who love me least shall fear me most; and I will drench your shrine in blood, and wrap it in devouring flames, if my demand be any longer denied. Listen, dotard! I claim the Begum as my wedded wife!"

"Thy wife, monster!" exclaimed the Begum, with a burst of indignation she could no longer suppress.

"Yes, my beautiful bride," said Kempé; "by all the rites and ceremonies that priests have invented to bind man and woman irrevocably together, thou art my sworn and wedded wife."

"Oh heaven, and all you gods who punish perfidy and falsehood!"

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exclaimed the Begum, "I call on you to witness my perfect innocence from the guilt of so foul a charge."

"Nay," said the ruthless Bheel, "my pretty bride may now call on heaven to dissolve the tie by which she willingly and cheerfully bound her destiny to mine, when the fate of her affianced lord was placed beyond a doubt. She may now deny the kiss connubial which ratified the sacred pledge: and forget those immortal hours of bliss, unseen by all but smiling heaven, which passed between the maid and me; when flying time we used to chide, and long for an eternity of joy. All this she may deny, or forget, as it may suit her purpose, but it is now too late: proof, irrefragable proof I am prepared to furnish; and, therefore, venerable priest, I claim the Begum as my bride."

"If this be as you say," replied the Brahmin, musing and sorrowfully, "I can no longer reject your claim. Whom the gods join together in wedlock may not be separated by man; and even the sacred powers of the Sanctuary yield before the paramount authority of the husband."

"There spoke the spirit of Dhurma Rajah!" cried Kempé, in exulting accents. "You have now, venerable father, proved your claim to be an Avatar of the god of justice; and the golden Moorut, accompanied with presents worthy of an emperor, shall repay your wise and just decision. Give me then my runaway wife, that I may lead her back to the musnud she has forsaken: and give me, also, yon hoary traitor, the companion of her flight; that I may reward with appropriate tortures the base ingratitude with which he has repaid my hospitality."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ORDEAL.

With anguish quivering in her soul at the false and infamous slur cast on her stainless fame by the charge of the Bheel, and the little prospect there now seemed to be of escaping from his clutches, the hapless maiden clung to the altar; and, in piteous accents, implored the gods, by some divine manifestation, to prove at least her spotless purity, even should instant death be the consequence. Kistna, stung almost to madness at the insult, his brain on fire, and his blood boiling in his veins, would have sprung upon the monster and torn him piecemeal where he stood; but he was retained by a sign from the Brahmin, who, with a mild unaltered mien, and a tone of solemnity suited to the occasion, addressed the Bheel as follows:

"Nothing is more certain than that the right of the husband supersedes all other claims; and even nullifies, to a certain degree, the inviolability of the Sanctuary. But justice demands that the claim should be substantiated by adequate proof. To this you have declared yourself willing to submit; and, in strict impartiality to all parties, I now call upon you to establish the fact of marriage, which the Begum most steadily and solemnly denies."

"That," said Kempé, "is but just and reasonable; and shall be

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instantly complied with. Here are my proofs, venerable father; these gallant followers of mine have all been witnesses of the ceremony."

"It must be acknowledged," said the Brahmin, "that you are well provided; but allow me to ask them one or two questions on the subject."

"Certainly," said Kempé, with the utmost appearance of frankness. "Examine them as much as you please, you will find them true to their Chief. Stand forth, my sons, and answer the questions of the venerable Brahmin."

"My children," said the High Priest, "a cause of vast importance is now about to be decided, even in the presence of the deity: you will, therefore, see the necessity, as well as the propriety, of speaking the undisguised truth; for nothing can be concealed from the all-seeing eye of Vishnu."

The Bheels all swore by Doorga that whips and tortures should get nothing out of them but the naked truth.

"Your Chief informs me," said the Brahmin, "that you were all witnesses of his marriage with the Begum of Mysore."

"To be sure we were," cried the Bheels unanimously.

"Was the ceremony performed," demanded the High Priest, "with all the becoming and necessary rites of religion?"

"Certainly it was," cried the Bheels with one voice.

"Did the bride and bridegroom," asked the Brahmin, "place their offerings together on the sacred fire?"

"Of course they did," replied the Bheels, without hesitation.

"And did the bride take the seven mystic steps?" demanded the Brahmin.

"Right certainly she did," cried the unscrupulous followers of Kempé.

"Who performed the ceremony?" demanded the Brahmin.

"The venerable Rungapa," said the Bheels, "the Chieftain's Bhaut."

"Was the Begum," asked the Brahmin, "a willing and consenting party to the marriage?"

"To be sure she was," replied the Bheels, "and right joyous and happy did she seem on the occasion."

"There," said Kempé, "I hope, venerable father, you are now fully satisfied."

"The testimony of your followers is highly satisfactory," said the High Priest, "and there seems no doubt as to the validity of your claim: but, my children," he continued, turning suddenly to the Bheels, "where did the ceremony take place?"

"In the great temple at Maugree," said one.

"In the Pettah of Savindroog," said another.

"In the Maha Rajah's Haram," cried a third.

"Oho!" said the Brahmin, "here is a discrepancy in the evidence, altogether fatal to your claim: for no mortal marriage can be solemnized at the same time in three distinct and separate places."

"Curse the Knaves!" cried Kempé, stamping with fury, "their memory fails them: but they must recollect that the ceremony took

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place at the temple of Doorga and Mahadeo, beneath the Banyan tree of the Bhaut."

"Oh certainly," cried the Bheels in a breath, "that is where it did take place. We now recollect it perfectly."

"The matter," said the Chief Priest, "is now involved in such doubt and perplexity, that I am not warranted in coming to a decision without further evidence. I therefore suggest the propriety of staying proceedings, until the arrival of the venerable Rungapa, from whose sacred lips we shall, of course, hear nothing but the truth."

"In the mean time," said Kempé, impetuously, "the Begum must be delivered to my custody, as her only legal protector."

"Nay," said the Brahmin, "the Begum is now under the protection of the Sanctuary, until your claim rests on a better foundation than the conflicting testimony of your own chosen witnesses."

"Come, come," said Kempé, "this is trifling, and mere children's play. The day is wearing fast, and I have no time to send for the Bhaut."

"There is no occasion for hurry," said the High Priest. "I pledge my sacred character that the Begum shall remain in the Sanctuary until you return with fitting evidence to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" shouted the Bheel. "To-night—nay, this very moment she shall be mine; and woe to him that stands between me and my bride."

"Bold Chief!" said the Brahmin, with stern majesty, "whose words and actions show so much contempt for the heaven-built Sanctuary of the Gods: your destiny be on your head. A dreadful sentence you have incurred by the sacrilege you have already committed. But though I wield a power divine to slay you in the midst of your sinful career, yet you yourself shall confess, before you leave this holy shrine, the impartial fairness with which I judge between you and the fawn-eyed maid."

"Then let your decision be delivered at once," said Kempé impatiently, "for time presses, and I can stay paltering here no longer."

"This," said the Brahmin, "is the judgment of the god whose minister and mouthpiece I am. Your evidence has totally failed to prove your marriage with the Begum; and I now call on the Begum to prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that no such marriage ever did take place."

"Ay, indeed," said Kempé with a scornful laugh, "I am curious to know what proof her highness can adduce to that effect!"

"This is the proof," cried the Brahmin, elevating his voice to a high pitch of enthusiasm, "and never has heaven decreed one more certain or more dreadful to the evil doer: THE ORDEAL OF THE MOLTEN LEAD!"

"I claim the test," cried the Begum, with a burst of energy that sprang from her conscious innocence. "Or give me cruel death, or prove my spotless fame!"

"And I," exclaimed the ruthless Kempé, "repeat what I have said, the truth of which I will maintain with bow and steel, even to the death."

"You have accused a high Rajpootni," said the Chief Priest, "of

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intermarrying with you, who are but a Soodra; by which she not only forfeits her sacred Caste, but also commits a crime of the deepest die in the face of heaven. To prove her innocence she must submit to have molten lead poured down her throat. Such is the decree of heaven."

"Again I claim the test," cried the Begum, "and gladly submit me to the divine will."

"It now only remains," said the Brahmin, "to declare the conditions of the trial, and Yama's never-ending pains will fall on whoever dares to violate them. They are these: if the Begum's consciousness of innocence be not sufficient to carry her through the Ordeal, with unshrinking fortitude, she must perforce admit her husband's claim, and yield to his just prerogative. I ask the Begum, is she prepared to abide by this alternative?"

"I am," replied the Begum, "so help me heaven!"

"But if," said the Brahmin, "it be the will of fate that the Begum arise uninjured from the mortal test, and the deities thus declare her innocence, she shall be free from all further persecution. This I call on Kempé Goud to swear, solemnly in the presence of the god, and I will then proceed to administer the awful test decreed by heaven."

"I swear!" cried the sneering Bheel. "By all the host of heaven, if she survive the test, she shall be free as air. But I suspect your boasted Ordeal will fit her for a bride of Swerga."

When Kistna heard the High Priest declare the nature of the dreadful test by which he was about to try the innocence of the Begum, his breast was torn with conflicting passions; for he required no voice from heaven to prove the falsehood of the charge, against one who looked the breathing shrine of Beauty, Innocence and Love; and in whose peerless features shone the heaven that reigned within her breast. But he was, at the same time, fearful of defeating, by any ill-timed impetuosity on his part, the evident intentions of the Brahmin, to prolong the discussion until the expected succour should arrive from Srirungaputtun. It was, however, with the utmost difficulty he restrained the powerful impulse which impelled him to throw off his pilgrim weeds, and rush in all the pride of a warrior on the robber and his crew. The Begum saw with alarm the mighty struggle of his soul; and, fearful that his indignation might get the better of his discretion, she exclaimed in hurried accents:

"Venerable father! behold your willing victim! The molten lead cannot inspire my heart with terror, for my faith is in the mighty gods, whose high decrees are always just. And if there be a subject of Mysore within this holy fane, whose indignation rises at my sufferings; I charge him, on the allegiance he owes to my royal sire—in my own name I charge him, to repress his feelings; nor, by one word or action, dare to thwart the hand of destiny: for well he knows that life to me is worthless, while my honour suffers from the villain's calumny."

Then on her knees the royal maid bent before the altar of her guardian power, the sea-born Lachema, and thus, with uplifted hands, implored her divine assistance:

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Bright goddess of the placid brow!
Where mingled love and virtue shine,
Behold a trembling maiden bow,
In terror at thy awful shrine.
If e'er one holy law of thine
My heart has dared to disobey,
Let shame and cruel death be mine,
This fearful day!

Celestial mother of the god
Who bends on all his flowery bow!
Look down from thy divine abode
Upon a hapless maiden's woe.
Oh! grant that all the world may know
From thee my footsteps never stray;
And gladly I to death will go,
This fearful day!

Goddess of Beauty! Lotus born!
Who, on the Padma's lovely flower,
In penance didst for ages mourn,*
To win the great Preserving Power
To join thee in thy bridal bower.
Oh! by thy pure and hallowed sway,
Preserve me in my trying hour,
This fearful day!

Immortal gem, from Ocean sprung!
Thou brightest boon possest by heaven!
Who wert, while yet the world was young,
Unto the mighty Vishnu given.
Oh! view my heart with anguish riven,
And bright my innocence display,
Ere I to cruel death be driven,
This fearful day!

With a holy zeal, and a scrupulous observance of all the forms laid down in the rubric, the Brahmins now prepared the sacred test, decreed by heaven to prove the innocence of the Begum and terminate her bitter woes; or, by a foul and cruel death, to give the triumph to her enemies. With fervent prayer and sacrifice they invoked Ganesa, god of wisdom, to preside at the impending trial; and so to guide their frail and erring judgments, that virtue alone should conquer in the deadly strife. Then from the friction of the pure Arani wood they drew a bright ethereal flame, which they applied to light the sacrificial fire, whose fragrant smoke ascended in curling volumes to the roof of the temple. The young and lovely choir of Bayaderes next raised a choral hymn, whose melody echoed through the lofty shrine. The aged Brahmins took up the strain, and loudly rang the sacred roof, as with a bolder sound their lofty diapason swelled upon the air. When the hymn was ended, the Chief Priest poured on the

* In the Brahma-vaivarta section of the Pracritichanda we read that Lacshmi performed Tapasya for 100,000 years, in the flower of the Padma, standing on one foot, in order to obtain Vishnu.—*Wilford.*

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spotless marble floor a rich oblation of fragrant oil and sacred ghee; then, with a deeply reverential air he approached the sacred flame; and, thrice bowing his hoary head, he placed thereon a crucible to melt the lead.

Where virtue is combined with undoubting faith what terrors can shake the soul from her stern purpose? What apprehensions can disturb the serenity of martyred saints, amidst the tortures they brave to win the glories of eternal heaven? The holy calm and the boundless faith of the martyr inspired the bosom of the peerless maid, and shed upon her lovely brow a celestial splendor; as, free from all womanly dismay, with pious hope and tranquil eye, she reclined upon a couch and gazed upon the awful preparations. The Brahmins placed in her hands some blades of holy Cusa grass, and leaves of Peepul, the sacred tree of Siva the great Avenger. They sprinkled her form and face with the waters of the Ganges, fresh from the subterraneous aqueduct that conveyed it many hundred miles from its sacred source to the shrine, and whose miraculous power can cleanse the soul from every mortal stain. With a deep sepulchral voice the High Priest pronounced the sacred word *Aum*, a symbol of god, and expressive in its combined triliteral powers of the Creative, Preservative and Destructive attributes of the deity: he then approached the Begum with the crucible in his hand, containing the molten lead, and ready to put her to the mortal test.

Amidst the cold and heartless scene this selfish world presents, it sometimes happens that even the most unfeeling confess some gentle yearning, and, kindling with a sudden glow, melt at the miseries of fellow mortals. Then who can paint the pangs that rent the soul of Kistna, as he hung over the almost martyred maid, in bitterness of spirit that he could not contribute to her relief: for he knew the unbending firmness of her nature; and felt that nothing short of a divine manifestation would suffice to sooth her wounded spirit, under the terrible accusation of the Bheel. All interference on his part he also knew would only hasten the catastrophe without proving the innocence of the Begum; and he, therefore, felt himself condemned to a silence the most exquisitely painful, from a thorough conviction that any other line of conduct would be utterly destructive both to the life and reputation of her he loved above all earthly objects. Not, however, devoid of hope that the address of the Chief Priest, of which he had already witnessed some specimens, might still rescue the Begum from her perilous situation, he gazed upon her angel form; and fancied that he saw in her some radiant spirit of Swerga, beyond the power of human law, looking around with tranquil eye and saintly pity on the dreadful scene.

It was in truth a fearful sight to witness that young and lovely maiden, in the bloom of life, and possessed of virtues and attractions that made her an idol enthroned in many hearts, now about to fall a sacrifice to the most ruthless persecution. The view was enough to blight the joy of the happiest bosom; to shake the firmest faith that ever inspired a zealot's breast; and saints themselves might for a moment doubt the justice of avenging heaven. Even Kempé, ruthless as he was, viewed the maiden with a shrinking heart and a cowering

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eye; and wondered how virtue could endue so young a breast with moral vigour to struggle thus with destiny. Impelled by pity and remorse he thrice upheld his hand, and thrice he strove by stifled cries to stop the deadly trial: but still he hoped her courage would fail at the critical moment, and yield him a glorious though a tardy triumph. Shame also, the baffled villain's shame, stifled the better feelings of his nature; and a superstitious dread arose in his breast, that hostile fate might still oppose the fortunes of his falling house if he now faltered in the chase. The memory of the fatal horoscope that linked the Begum's destiny with his, finally resolved his haughty soul that she should be his bride or cease to live; and waving his hand on high, he desired the Chief Priest to present the deadly cup to her lips, while at the stern relentless sound a shuddering horror crept through the flinty bosoms even of his hardened followers.

It is done! The Ordeal is accomplished! The hour of danger is past, and the fawn-eyed maid rises from the mortal test unhurt and stainless. The venerable Chief Priest declared that the gods were satisfied with the unshrinking fortitude she had displayed throughout, and which could only arise from the most perfect innocence of the alleged criminality. Then pouring down her throat a cup of the sacred water of the Ganges, he thus addressed the delighted and exonerated maiden:

"The holiest dream that ever was given to a virgin saint is not more pure from mortal stain than thou art, pride of the holy Runga's Isle: and this is the just award of heaven: Thou art sinless, lovely maid, and free!"

CHAPTER LV.

THE CONSUMMATION.

Loud rang the lofty roof with many a heartfelt cry of joy from the Brahmins and attendants of the temple, at this divine manifestation of the Begum's purity and faith: while at the footstool of the great Preserver she threw her almost fainting form; and piously and gratefully blessed the god whose power alone had not only preserved her from a cruel death, but also vindicated that which was infinitely dearer to her than life, her pure and unsullied virgin fame. As she knelt submissively before the altar, pouring her soul in grateful prayer, the baffled Bheel gazed on her with an eye of frenzy, for he saw the hand of Destiny draw closer round his ruined race the threatened doom of divine wrath. The vengeance of the offended deities seemed falling on his guilty head, for the virtue of the Begum had changed the molten lead to water; the substitution of the one for the other having been so adroitly made by the Brahmin as to render the change, in appearance, nothing short of a miracle. One hope, however, yet remained; for the death of Kistna had rendered the fulfilment of the prediction altogether impossible; and, still in bold defiance of his fate, he thus sternly gave vent to his ungovernable fury:

"Thou juggling Priest! think not to find in me an easy dupe: thy holy frauds may do for boys and women, but they are too gross and

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palpable for bearded men. Despite thy sacred office and thy venerable age—despite the maiden's screams and tears, I seize her as my lawful prize, and woe to thee and to thy fane if any dare to interrupt me—nay, cease your idle incantations and stand aside, for by the sacred Doorga he who stays my hand shall die."

While yet he spoke a sudden yell resounded through the lofty dome, as if the fiends of Patala were flocking to behold the catastrophe; and before its echoes had ceased, a Bheel, faint and breathless from violent exertion, rushed in, exclaiming in hurried accents:

"To the rescue! to the rescue! the Ghorakurras of Mysore are galloping up the hill with the speed of lightning."

"Close the great gates of the temple, and hold them at defiance!" cried Kempé with the rapid decision of a Chief accustomed to sudden emergencies.

"We have already done so," replied the Bheel, "but they will be here right speedily, for Kistna himself has come to life again and leads them on."

"Lying slave!" cried the angry and amazed chieftain, "thy fears have set thy wits aside. How can the dead arise to lead the ranks of living men?"

"He is not dead," persisted the Bheel, "but, clad in brilliant armour, he approaches with the rapidity of light, at the head of his Ghorakurras, sweeping our scouts before him like chaff in the whirlwind."

"Base runaway!" cried Kempé in a fury, "how knowest thou that Kistna leads them on?"

"I know him," replied the Bheel; "too well I know the bearing of so terrible an enemy. I know him by his martial air—I know him by his Coorga steed, and by his glittering armour. But more than all, the golden bracelet on his shield proclaims the Begum's Rakhibund Baé."

"Go to the fiends that sent thee!" cried the frantic Kempé, as, before the unlucky messenger could ward off the blow, he plunged a dagger in his side. "Such babbling fools were only formed to scare the timid and the base, and should never wear man's noble form or aspect."

The Bheels recoiled at the sudden slaughter of their comrade, and a few murmurs of disapprobation were heard at the vindictive deed. But Kempé, regarding them sternly, exclaimed:

"How, now, my fellow soldiers! Has the death of a weazle scared you from your allegiance? Or is your manhood quelled at the magic name of Kistna? If so, betake you to the proud Mysorean: lo! how he thunders at the gate of the temple. Crawl on your bellies to his royal stirrup, place your conquered necks beneath his foot, and lick the dust while he spurns you. I alone will make head against the tyrant and his gorgeous slaves."

An enthusiastic cry of "Kempé Maha Rajah!" accompanied with a shout of defiance for the Mysoreans, was the answer the devoted Bheels returned to this cutting speech.

"There spoke my brave and loyal band again," said Kempé. "That cheerful shout assures me that, with heart and hand, you will aid your

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Chief to rescue from this juggling crew the prize I have won with my sword and spear. Now let the boasted Kistna show himself: he only seals the Begum's doom; for this blade shall drink her blood before she becomes the tyrant's bride; and thus secured, I laugh at threatening fate."

Then turning to the Begum, who stood undismayed and with calm dignity before him, he shook his reeking blade as he exclaimed:

"Thou beauteous piece of frozen earth! whose fate, to serve some heavenly wrath, is linked in mystic bonds with mine, the predicted hour is come at length, and destiny must now fulfil our doom. Your affianced lord may thunder at the temple gate, but here you are in my grasp, bereft of every mortal aid, and vain are your attempts at flight or further evasion. Take now your choice, and seal with your own lips your happiness or destruction, for instantly you must be my bride or die!"

"Then welcome death!" cried the undaunted maiden, "thrice welcome to my tortured heart. It will snatch me from thy hateful sight, and all my sorrows will be then at rest. Strike, and fulfil the wrath of heaven! Thy fate shall never be linked with mine."

A flush of mingled rage and shame passed like lightning over the brow of Kempé, at this utter and contemptuous rejection of his suit. He clutched his dagger convulsively, as if about to shed the maiden's blood; but he gasped for breath, his breast heaved with the mighty struggle of conflicting passions, and he stood paralyzed, as if oppressed with sudden awe, and spell-bound to the spot. At length he broke his gloomy silence, and exclaimed in faltering accents:

"I cannot strike that cruel breast, or mar those lovely but disdainful features. Those angel eyes disarm my just revenge, and gods or demons hold my coward hand. Oh! had it been my lot to win thy virgin love—to place thee on a royal throne, or share with thee some lowly shed—to know that those smiles were mine, and only mine, which lit me to my humble couch—then might the gods on all the race of man save me squander their uncoveted wealth—with thee alone to live and labour, I would ask no more from partial heaven."

A shower of unwonted tears gushed from the eyes of the Chief, and heavy sobs cut short his utterance; covering his face with his hands, he remained for a few seconds absorbed in mental agony; then starting suddenly, he cried:

"Hark! they assault the gate with tenfold vigour! My faithful Bheels cannot much longer keep them out, and Kistna will be here anon to claim his bride. Fiends! fiends!" he cried, gnashing his teeth with fury; "something must be done to baulk his triumph—let me think—I have it—there is yet one hope of saving her from death."

Then turning to the Begum, he continued:

"Lovely but inexorable creature! though I cannot hate you, the destiny that ruled my birth has made me your sternest foe. But though with icy accents you repulse my burning love, and spurn that affection which no one but you has ever awakened in my breast, I am still anxious to save you from destruction: and there is yet one feeble hope. You know that the fatal prophecy on which my fate depends forbids you to become the bride of the detested Kistna, who is now

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vainly thundering at the gate. But make any other choice and you shall live."

After waiting a few moments in vain for the reply of the Begum, the Bheel continued:

"Me you have refused, but look around upon my hardy followers; a brave and faithful band, of whom a Chief may well be vain. Select from amongst them any one you please, and on him confer your virgin hand. Thus alone can you escape the impending destruction."

Again for a brief space he waited the reply of the princess, but in vain; and in furious accents he exclaimed:

"Proud maid! I see you turn away your scornful eyes in loathing at my merciful offer; but it is the only chance you have of life, and destiny must take its course unless, by your instant marriage, you prevent the possibility of becoming the wife of Kistna, who will ere long be here to find his bride a lifeless corpse. But stay—one feeble hope still remains, for I would willingly avoid your death. Say will you wed yon hoary dotard, the partner of your flight?"

A general burst of merriment rung from the Bheels at a proposition which inferred so much bad taste on the part of the Begum; and they very naturally concluded that, having refused the choice of their gallant band, she would not hesitate to reject the venerable pilgrim.

"My followers," said Kempé, "laugh at so preposterous an offer; and indeed it appears to me too absurd for acceptance, even to preserve life. But the Yogie may have found favour in your sight, for woman's will is wayward and uncertain. If this should haply be the case, in Doorga's name you have my consent to wed the sturdy knave, though willingly would I repay him in another way."

A gleam of rapture shot, like vivid lightning, across the cloudy brow of the Begum; but she instantly checked the rushing tide of joy, and meekly replied:

"To this inspired old man I owe a sweet release from mental unhappiness, through the medium of his magic lute. He has also been the patient sharer of my toil in passing through the woods, and he saved my life in the conflagration of the reedy jungle. I therefore, if no objection offer on his part, accept him for my lord: and it will be my pleasing task to sooth his now declining years, to repay his bygone toils with future ease, and smooth his passage to the tomb."

"Then be it so," replied the Bheel; "even wed your ancient friend and guide, or any one else that your fickle fancy may choose between this and the performance of the ceremony: it is quite enough for me to know that Destiny declares in my favour when you are once a bride. Now haste thee, reverend priest, to tie the knot of her felicity, and give the peerless maiden to her hoary lover's arms; for the trump of war sends forth its inspiring summons, and thy holy fane will speedily echo with the shouts of battle. But we will quell the pride of Kistna, for Fate is now the handmaid of the Bheel."

The Brahmin smiled serenely, and took the willing hand of the Begum, which he placed in that of the Yogie: he then bound them together with a garland of cusa grass, to the sound of cheerful music, invoking the powers above to shield them from every care and danger. On the fire of sacrifice they conjointly threw an offering to that Power

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who rules the earth and skies with his flowery bow. Oblations of rice were next offered to the gods by the bride, reciting as follows: "I cast this rice into the fire, that it may become a cause of thy prosperity. May fire assent to my union with thee!" The Begum then took the seven mystic steps, through seven circles described on the floor, which completed the ceremony; and the Chief Priest poured over their heads the sacred water of the Ganges.

"Enough of your fulsome rites!" exclaimed the impatient Kempé. "In Doorga's name, finish the hateful ceremony; for the increasing clamour of the enemy at your gates calls me to the battle, and while you drivel over your mummery, my bosom burns to meet the twice disappointed Kistna, and glut my eyes with his sufferings."

"I have done," meekly replied the Brahmin. "The Begum is a bride, and Vishnu, in his own good time, has accomplished the prophecy which seals the fate of thy devoted house:

Virtue has changed the molten lead
To cold pellucid water!
And Kistna by thy wish has wed
The Rajah's fawn-eyed daughter!

Then off the Yogie flung his pilgrim's weeds; his ample robe, his flowing beard, his hoary locks, and many-folded turban, and Kistna sprang at once to view, frowning on the amazed and daunted Kempé with all the stern energy of a deadly but a noble foe.

Full many a ruthless scene of blood and rapine that daring Chief had witnessed, with all the unshaken firmness and unrelenting ferocity of his nature: he had scattered many a threatening storm, and had bearded death in every possible shape; but when he beheld this sudden and unlooked-for change, he recoiled in fear and awe, as if he felt, when now too late, that he had been juggled with by Destiny. Crouching and dismayed, like the tiger when taken in the toils, he gazed upon his gallant foe with nerves unstrung and shattered courage, wondering how he, who was proverbial for cunning and subtlety, could be so egregiously imposed upon as to offer, to his deadliest enemy, the certain and easy means of accomplishing his destruction. His own superstitious weakness and gross stupidity appeared to him in the most glaring light, now that the mystery was developed; and the more he reflected the more his wonder grew, that he could have attributed such deeds of superhuman strength, ingenuity and valour, as had been developed in the escape of the Begum, to the weak agency of a wandering Yogie.

Totally unmanned and bewildered, the Bheel turned on every side, as if looking for some means of escape, or anxious to shut out, even for a moment, the damning sight that met his distracted view. But his devoted followers lost neither their fidelity nor their presence of mind: anxious to cover the shame of their Chief, and to relieve him from his perplexity, in the ruthless manner to which alone they were accustomed, they exclaimed, one and all:

"Speak but your royal will, you'll find us true and faithful to the last: be it to slay the Begum and her lord, or to drench the fane in the sacred blood of its Brahmins, these hearts and hands, to thee we swear, shall never for one instant falter."

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Emboldened by the generous support and unscrupulous devotion of his followers, the dismayed and sinking Bheel made an effort to rouse his dormant energies; and, addressing himself to his triumphant rival in a sneering tone, he vented thus the bootless venom of his breast:

"What vision strikes my wondering sight! Is it, then, the boasted champion of Mysore that has come in the habit of a strolling beggar, to filch away the prize of the warrior's sword?"

"It needs not the bloodhound," retorted Kistna, "to track the weazle to his hole; the noble dog is reserved for nobler game."

"Instead of the weazle," cried the Bheel, "thou hast roused the tiger in his wrath; and thou shalt dearly atone for thy besotted treachery. This moment thou shalt meet the death thou fain wouldst give to me."

"I have often spared thee when in my power," exclaimed the Rajpoot: "even in thy drunkenness I have spared thee, disdaining to crush thee unless in fair and open fight. I now dare thee to the battle: unarmed as I am, I will meet thee in thy arms, and let the peerless prize fall to the lot of the conqueror."

"What! give thee an honourable chance!" cried the Bheel, with a forced laugh to cover his quailing courage. "Nay, think not that Kempé will again forego his advantage. Now, my gallant followers, bend your bows, and draw each venomed arrow to the head, and when I raise my hand, pierce instantly the heart of the lurking traitor."

"It well becomes a knave like thee," cried the dauntless Kistna, "to cast this foul reproach, and yet to skulk from my challenge beneath the arrows of thy crew. Such language and such deeds befit a craven soul like thine!"

"Now by the grisly god of woe that rules the flaming gulf of Patala!" cried the galled and frantic Kempé, "that word shall be thy last!"

But ere he could raise his hand to give the deadly signal to his followers, a loud report rang through the lofty shrine, and down upon the marble floor the haughty Bheel was flung, in mortal gasp and speechless agony, as if the fiery bolt of heaven had struck him through the brain.

With horror and amazement the ruthless crew recoiled at the dreadful sight, still bending their astonished eyes upon the fallen chief, whose changing hue and motionless form bespoke too certainly the touch of death. But wonder soon gave way to rage, and with one voice they shouted:

"Treason! treason! down with the Brahmins and the false Mysorean!"

Before they could put their threat into execution, however, bold Vega rushed upon the scene, with his matchlock in his hand, and sternly thus addressed the half frantic Bheels:

"Hold, hold your hands! The deed was mine, and I come to seek not to shun, the just reward of my treason."

"Vega!" cried the Bheels, with a shout of mingled rage and astonishment.

"Yes, gallant comrades!" cried the hapless youth, "'tis the lost, the ruined Vega, come to atone for the deed he has done. But when

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this hand and heart shall melt into their parent clay, oh! say not they were bought with strangers' gold. You all have seen my courage tried. You have seen me, on the listed plain, boldly defy a base and ignominious death, to prove my unshrinking fidelity to my Chief. But Kempé spurned my loyal zeal, and repaid my love with an injury that has left me a broken heart and a blighted youth. All this I bore with unshrinking patience—nay, when he basely struck me, and robbed me in a prison of my honest fame, I bore it without a murmur. But when he drenched his cruel hand in the blood of her that I adored, I swore to avenge her murder with his death, and thus truly have I kept my fatal vow."*

Here the Bheel paused for a moment; and bending his eyes upon the fallen Chief, he wrung his hands in speechless woe, while his bosom heaved with sobs of agony, and scalding tears poured down his hollow cheeks like rain. At length, his passion having vented itself, he recovered his utterance, and exclaimed, with a wild and frantic energy:

"Lillah, thou art avenged! And thus I claim thee for my bride!"

With a desperate hand he drew a dagger from his belt, and, before his purpose could be seen or prevented, he plunged it deep into his breast, and fell across the body of his Chief.

As if Destiny had only waited for the consummation of this tragedy, the outer gate of the temple at length gave way; and the Ghorakurras rushing in, with the Rajah at their head, the broken and dispirited Bheels were scattered like the mist that hangs upon the mountain's side, when the northern blast pours forth in all the fury of the tempest.

The drama changes to the apartments of the Chief Priest, where the fawn-eyed maid is seen rushing to the arms of her mother, whose impatience to behold again her long lost darling child induced her to follow with her peaceful train the martial array of the Rajah. There the royal family of Mysore, assembled once again in love and happiness, poured forth the offerings of their grateful hearts to the protecting power who had brought them safely through so dreadful a struggle; and, in the midst of their mutual felicitations, a messenger arrived, in breathless haste, to inform the Rajah that the impregnable fortress of Savindroog, with all its hoarded riches, the accumulated plunder of ages, had fallen without a struggle, and was now for ever added to the territories of Mysore.

Then it was that the venerable Oodiaver stepped forward, and kneeling before the musnud of the Ranee, exclaimed:

"A boon! may it please your majesty. I humbly crave a boon at your royal hands."

* Captain Seely, in his Wonders of Ellora, describes the vindictive character of the Bheels as follows:

Woe to the individual who opposed a Bheel, or was marked out by them for vengeance. A journey of three hundred miles would be a mere walk to a Bheel. Wily, hardy, and bold, no danger could arrest his progress, and no security protect his victim, though years might elapse of unavailing pursuit; and if the Bheel did not succeed, at last he would destroy himself.

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"It is granted, worthy Pundit," said the Ranee; "on such a day nothing shall be refused to the friends of the Begum."

"May it please your majesty," cried the sage, "I demand leave to complete the mission in which I unfortunately failed some months back; videlicet, to bring the sacred Moorut from the den of that robber to the heaven-built temple of Mailgotah, its original destination."

"Your request is granted, good Pundit," said the Ranee; "you shall be fittingly attended on your sacred errand; and royal gifts shall also accompany the divine symbol, to mark the gratitude of Mysore for the timely aid afforded by the Chief Priest of the shrine and his venerable brethren."

Imboldened by the success of Oodiaver, another claimant now stepped forward, and, bending his knees before the Rajah, exclaimed:

"I also beg a boon, may it please your majesty, for the sake of your royal mother's most gracious soul!"

"What is it, brave soldier?" demanded the Rajah, smiling at the novelty of the address.

"I long to guide the worthy Brahmin into the jungle; if I do not, may I go an infidel out of the world!" exclaimed the doughty Bahauder Hafiz.

"Be it so," replied the Rajah, "if you consider yourself competent to the task."

"Never doubt me there, may it please your majesty," cried the Afghaun, "I marked every step of the flinty road with my blood; and, by the honour of my five wives! I will revenge tenfold on the scoundrelly Bheels the bastinado I received on that memorable day."

"Nay," said the Begum, interposing, "I positively forbid all acts of vengeance. The Bheels are an unhappy and misguided race, and have been already sufficiently punished for the misdeeds of their chief. With the permission of my royal sire, I will take the wilderness under my special protection, and seek to conquer the hearts of its rude inhabitants, by spreading amongst them the humanizing arts of civilized life; for the duty of a monarch, who is the agent of heaven's mercy, is, in my opinion, best fulfilled by a forgiveness of injuries, and an untiring return of good for evil."

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WORSTED WORK.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Oh! talk not of it lightly in a tone of scornful mirth,
It brings to me glad visions of the calm and quiet hearth,
Of seasons of retirement from the world's obtrusive eyes,
Of freedom from absorbing toil, of dear domestic ties.

When I view the tasteful ottoman, or richly fancied screen,
I ever picture to my mind a sweet and social scene,—
A group of sisters, young and fair, rejoicing to unite
In bringing every blooming flower and vivid fruit to light.

Perchance in time they separate, the world's false joys they share,
And half forget their father's house, and all the dear ones there,
Then, on a brief and passing stay, how tenderly their gaze
Shall rest upon the common work of girlhood's sunny days!

Perchance dissentions have prevailed, cold envy may have cast
A bleak and withering blight upon the pure and peaceful past;
Then may not these mute witnesses such changeful love condemn,
Bearing a record in each leaf, a lesson in each stem?

May they not think in sadness on the swiftly fleeting hour,
When, like Hermia and her gentle friend, each busied on one flower,
They warbled some familiar air, and plied their skilful art,
Owning a happy unison of voice and hand and heart?

Perchance some fragile girl who shared that cheerful task of love,
Hath left her cherished home on earth, and gone to rest above;
Then how her fond surviving friends shall gaze in pensive thought
On every graceful tendril that her fairy fingers wrought!

How shall they scan the chaplets that she fancifully planned,
To trace the individual buds that grew beneath her hand,
Feeling in softened grief, that she, who once these flowers pourtrayed,
Is taken from a world of change where "all that's bright must fade."

The scoffer may on vain pursuits and wasted moments jest,
Alas! the highly gifted mind is most in need of rest,
Exhausted, faint, and overwrought, the thoughts may passive lie,
While actively the fingers their ingenious duty ply.

There is language in the blossoms of the meadows and the bowers,
To me the lifeless canvass has its own sweet speech of flowers;
Its gay and glowing garlands have a moral in their bloom,
They tell of household quiet, of the tranquil joys of home.

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PASSAGES AT THE GERMAN BRUNNEN.[1]

NO. II.—THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

In the morning Irnham left his room, half resolved, at all hazards, to return Robertson his loan or gift. But he was encountered upon the stairs by his landlady, who with vulgar insolence demanded payment of the arrears that had been accumulating; that had produced the incivility which he knew had sorely galled his wife, besides being loudly complained of by the child's nurse. "Infirm of purpose," he was provoked to use the means in his possession of silencing taunts, that he was in no state of mind to bear, and compelling a return to civility. The object was attained; but dearly was it purchased! For how could Robertson now be repaid, save by acceding to his proposal? His opinion of the fallacy of all schemes for insuring success at rouge et noir and roulette, deriving such weight from the very vileness of his character as a sharper, that his unhappy debtor had given them up in absolute despair.

Still the wretched man shrank from giving the consent that he could not hope, though he confessed it not to himself, ultimately to withhold. He avoided meeting with the villain whom his own crime had made his master, and strove to flatter himself that it was something to gain time. For a day or two, under the pretence to his wife of sporting, he shunned every human eye amidst the recesses of the Black Forest. But can the mind, goaded by remorse, by the dread—dread in the present case amounting pretty nearly to certainty—of being compelled to plunge yet deeper into guilt, endure solitude? As under the influence of nightmare, Irnham beheld himself co-operating in a plot, the bare idea of the infamy of which shook him as with an ague fit. And again the thought of suicide arose. But his beautiful wife—could he leave her indebted to Robertson? Leave her an almost certain prey to libertinism? No! If he escaped the toils in which he was entangled by death, she must die too! And then what was to become of their child? He shuddered! He shrank from the horrors he had imagined, and utterly unable to bear his own thoughts, resolved to fly from them and from himself. The next day he agreed to accompany Priscilla to a fête given expressly for her by Prince Tchermaloff, amidst the fair gardens of la Favorite, a ducal villa occasionally lent for such festal purposes. To this party only the first company at Baden-Baden being invited, Irnham felt he should there be safe from a meeting with the hated as dreaded Robertson.

Had that individual had the guidance of Irnham's movements, he could hardly have ordered them better for bending his desired accomplice to his purpose. In the loneliness of the dark woods his remorse, feeding upon itself, had become morose despondency, whence sprang a misanthropy, that rendered the plundering a rich man, a man

[1] Continued from page 42.

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revelling in all that he was forced to renounce, less repugnant to his feelings. Of his principles I speak not—I doubt principles are too apt to lose their strength and delicacy amidst the excitement of high play and its usually painful consequences. In this frame of mind he attended the fête of Prince Tchermaloff, and what he saw there heightened the vague sentiment of envy and malevolence into bitter personal hatred. I have said that since Mrs. Irnham had seemed to be neglected by her husband, the gallantry of the men who hovered around her, had acquired a degree of warmth, had assumed a lover-like character, of which she, partly from indifference, partly from the gradual manner in which the change had taken place, was unconscious; and she received the wooing as she had been accustomed to receive more respectful and distant attentions. This tone of confident gallantry, gaining strength from day to day, had attracted the notice of all but its object, over whom none of those most disposed to wish her well, were sufficiently intimate to give her a hint respecting it. Of these bold admirers Prince Tchermaloff was the most ardent, and, relying upon the power afforded by his immense wealth of contributing to her amusements, of gratifying every wish, every fancy she might chance to express, by far the most offensively confident, as he very plainly showed in his whole deportment. However much exasperated by these licentious hopes, anticipative of his dishonour, and rather exhibited than betrayed, Irnham still clearly saw that his wife, far from intentionally encouraging them, was perfectly unsuspicious, not only of their exhibition, but even of their existence, and the tempest of his rage was directed solely against his presumptuous rival. Upon their way home he said not a word that could open her eyes to the nature of the hopes and feelings entertained by the Russian. It was for him, not for her, to punish them; and that he might do so, he must remain unsuspicious. The next morning he sought Robertson, and promised implicit obedience to his instructions.

In pursuance of these instructions, Irnham now appeared at the *Conversazions Haus*, with his wife upon his arm, as at their first arrival; he declared to all who would listen to him, that he was tired of losing his money at a game at which there was no possibility of winning; and whilst Mrs. Irnham danced, betook himself to whist, at which he said all had an equal chance. To the whist-room he often urged Prince Tchermaloff, and others of his lady's beaux, to accompany him; and although the Russian declared that he had rather lose at rouge et noir or roulette than win at so stupid an affair as whist, these gentlemen usually complied, either from unwillingness to repress any overtures to intimacy by the husband upon whose wife they had designs, or to look at and flirt with her, as on the evenings when there was no dancing. Irnham generally desired her to come and sit by him, in order to bring him luck.

The way being thus prepared, a whist and supper party was arranged at Irnham's rooms, to which he was to invite Prince Tchermaloff, and any one other whistplaying admirer of his wife, and Robertson to bring a crony of his own, one Drake. Mrs. Irnham had been surprised at the restoration of ease in their living, and of civility in their landlady; she was still more astonished at learning that they were

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about to incur the expense of giving a supper, even to more than four persons. But she had never been permitted to interfere with, scarcely to remark upon, her husband's domestic arrangements; he had never spoken to her of money matters, except when he had announced to her the necessity of breaking up their establishment and going abroad, and when he had deprived her of her maid and her ornaments. She knew nothing of business, and concluded that, being very clever, he had found some means of putting all to rights again. Accordingly her spirits, which had been rising ever since she had flattered herself that their affairs were improving, rose yet higher; and upon the evening in question she was as gay, smiling, and attractive, as though she had meant to promote Robertson's designs.

Before supper all proceeded quietly, and, as it might seem, fairly. The five gentlemen cut in and out; Mrs. Irnham never played at cards, and sometimes Irnham would call her to sit by him for luck, as at the rooms, thus placing her likewise next one of those who had come solely for her sake; at others, when either of these had cut out, leaving her free to flirt with the disengaged visitor. By these means, the attention of both the Russian, and Mr. Welford, the fourth guest, was so diverted and occupied, that Robertson and Drake could regulate the fortunes of the game much as they pleased. If they did so, it was with great moderation and discretion. There appeared nothing extraordinary in any one's luck, although the two lovers and Robertson, who exclaimed violently against his cards, were decidedly the losers, Irnham and Drake the winners.

At supper the champagne was not spared, and Mrs. Irnham soon felt desirous of retiring. But she had been forbidden to do so until she should receive a hint from her husband that she was at liberty to withdraw, and he detained her until he had again fixed his guests at the card-table. Then he gave her an assenting nod; and she, disgusted and offended at the freedom that wine had latterly given to the tongues of her company, hastened to make good her retreat.

Either Robertson or Drake now invariably cut out, and he who did so, in addition to the office of telegraph to his associates, undertook that of cup-bearer to the players, the supper-table, amply supplied with champagne, remaining at hand. Wherefore sully my own and the reader's fancy by conjuring up the hateful details of the subsequent scene? The newspaper reports of our own courts of justice have but too often furnished the means of judging what it must have been; and if any reader can possibly desire to embody a picture from which I recoil, to those reports I refer him. He has but to change the names, and the whole is before him. Suffice it then to say that, at a late or early hour, as we please to call it, Tchermaloff and Welford were conveyed, nearly insensible, to their respective abodes. That Irnham sought his bed in a state of sufficient excitement to impair his prudence, and alarm his unhappy wife by many an unguarded word, calculated to fill her mind with indefinite fear of she knew not what. And that Robertson and Drake reeled from the house, reeled into their own, were seen reeling wherever they were likely to be seen, so that the intoxication of the whole party was next day matter of general notoriety; although I, who happened, having been driven

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from my bed by restlessness, to have opened my window for the refreshment of the early morning air, saw the two last-named worthy associates walk past, with a steadiness that gave me no cause to doubt their sobriety.

The next day Tchermaloff woke, as may be supposed, with a very indistinct notion of the transactions of the preceding evening. His chief reminiscences were, that Mrs. Irnham had been remarkably agreeable, that he had lost at whist, had drank a good deal of champagne, and had been affected thereby to so very unusual a degree as somewhat to surprise him. Whilst he was meditating upon these various important points, his valet laid before him the several articles that he had abstracted from the pockets of the habiliments worn by the Prince at Irnham's supper. That his purse was emptied he knew; he opened his note-book, and found it so likewise; when his eye was caught by a paper, the form and folding of which seemed unfamiliar. He took it up; it was a note of hand for twelve hundred francs, scrawled with the unsteady hand of inebriety, and signed Samuel Robertson. That a man of the peculiar reputation borne by Robertson, should have given such an acknowledgment to one in no condition to claim, or be likely afterwards to remember his winnings, increased his surprise very materially. He deposited the document in his pocket-book, saying to himself, "The devil is not so black as he is painted, they say;" and even as he did so, he smiled at his own juvenility in supposing that the paper was worth taking care of, that he should ever hear of it, or see the signer more.

Late in the day, as he was preparing to go out, a tap at his door stopped him, and in answer to his "Herein!" or "Come in!" Robertson presented himself. The visitor apologized submissively for his intrusion, upon the plea of anxiety to be satisfied as to the state of accounts from the preceding night, which he was ashamed to say his head was not yet clear enough to recollect. He found that his friend Drake held an I O U of his for a pretty considerable sum, and he had, he said, some vague idea of having given his highness another.

Tchermaloff, more and more surprised, showed it him. Robertson said it was well it was no worse, but even for that trifle he was compelled to solicit his highness's indulgence for a few days. Drake would wait his convenience, and the moment he could procure the money, which just then he had not by him, having lost all, he would take up this note. Tchermaloff, who had not expected the debt to be even acknowledged, readily agreed to give his debtor time, and Robertson prepared to take his leave with a thousand thanks, and the concluding remark,

"Mr. Welford and I are the losers, and, as I am given to understand, your highness too, upon the balance, our common friend Irnham and my friend Drake being the lucky dogs."

The prince answered negligently that he had no recollection even of receiving Robertson's note, but found that he must have lost the contents of his purse and pocket-book, as both were empty.

"I wish that may be all," rejoined his visitor. "But Drake tells me he has a largeish I O U of Welford's, and fancies that Irnham has one from your highness." And, with renewed thanks, the blacklegs departed.

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Somewhat disturbed by Robertson's information as to Drake's fancies, which gave form to a vague suspicion rising in his mind, the Russian now issued from his apartments, in search of refreshment from the open air, and of the lady whose charms had caused his losses of the over night. He directed his steps towards the sort of parade where the company assembled in the afternoon, in front of the *Conversazions Haus*, to hear the band, the German two o'clock diners drinking their coffee, the more fashionable five o'clockians walking backwards and forwards, as though in search of an appetite for their repast. Here he found the Irnhams, lounging arm-in arm, the husband looking as if he had been in every way the principal sufferer of the nocturnal party, the wife pale, heavy-eyed, and dejected. Tchermaloff immediately accosted them, apologizing to Mrs. Irnham in the most penitential terms for a transgression which her presence ought to have rendered impossible. She accepted his excuses with a faint smile, but seemed little disposed to converse, and he resumed,

"From the substitution of the lily for the rose upon your fair cheek, I fear we further disturbed your rest."

"That you did indeed," she replied. "I have had no sleep, and am good for nothing to-day."

The prince's regret and repentance were redoubled, and he observed, that Irnham's own looks showed he was justly punished for having betrayed his friends into so heinous an offence. Irnham forced a laugh as he answered,

"My landlord's champagne proved better, and stronger too, than I expected."

"Treacherous as tempting," said Tchermaloff, "for I have no recollection of anything after your lady deprived us of her presence—of which, in truth, we were most unworthy. But I am given to understand that you hold a note of hand of mine?"

"I do," said Irnham.

"And for how much, pray?"

"For eighty thousand francs."

The Russian paused a moment, then said,

"I will see you about it to-morrow; a lady must not be pestered with pecuniary concerns," and changed the conversation.

He sat by Mrs. Irnham at dinner, as usual, he danced with her, but the Brunnen world remarked that something seemed to be wrong with both. In the course of the evening, Tchermaloff spoke to Welford, and, finding that he knew no more than himself of the settlement of accounts, proposed that they should sup together, and talk the matter over.

They did so, and the more they compared notes, the more satisfied they became that unfair means of intoxication had been employed against themselves—perhaps the addition of brandy to their wine—that the two blacklegs, at least, if not Irnham, had remained perfectly sober, and that they, Tchermaloff and Welford, had been made to sign acknowledgments for losses they had not incurred (Welford's note to Drake was for thirty thousand francs) when unconscious what they were doing.

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"I shall tax the scoundrels with hocussing us, and refuse to pay," said the angry Englishman, as he rose from table and put on his hat.

"I shall investigate the matter, and see what I can make of it," returned the wary Russian.

They shook hands and parted.

During the night, Prince Tchermaloff meditated a plan of operations from which he anticipated the most brilliant results, and in the morning sent to invite Robertson to breakfast with him. The polite attention, the desire for his company, was unexpected, and there are circumstances in which unexpected and alarming are synonymous. But, whatever might be the apprehensions of the invited, after confessing a debt, and soliciting time, to refuse was impossible—moreover, it was indispensible to know if any, and what, danger threatened.

Of course I was not present at this confidential meal, and cannot pretend to report the conversation at length, or to specify the adroit allusions, the playful insinuations, the clever evasions, by which a profligate and a blacklegs respectively endeavoured to outwit each other, to avoid committing themselves, and to preserve a specious show of honourable-mannishness whilst attaining their grossly dishonest ends. But I learned enough of its purport, tenor, and upshot, to enable me to tell you, courteous reader, all that it imports you to know.

The prince gave the sharper to understand that, to a man of his immense property, the sum he had lost was too insignificant to excite a thought of making a disreputable business public by refusing payment of the note, whatever he might suspect or know of the manner in which it had been obtained, but that he was very desirous of ascertaining the real character of a gentleman whom he had admitted into his intimacy, the husband of a lady whom he greatly admired, and that therefore, and only therefore, he was bent upon investigating the transactions of the evening, during which it appeared as if the wine drunk by him and Mr. Welford had been so much more inebriating than that taken by the rest of the party. When this produced no revelations, he added, that if Robertson could furnish him information which, by giving him power over, he feared, a suspicious character, might enable him efficiently to protect an amiable and virtuous lady from the evil consequences of her husband's misconduct, he should esteem the return of Robertson's note of hand for twelve thousand francs an inadequate recompense for the service. Robertson as cleverly gave his host to understand, that he was well able to supply his highness with such information, wholly unconnected with the game at whist, where he believed all had been fair, but had, like his highness, been too much overcome with wine to know what had been done, but that the return of his own I O U was of little value in his eyes; and when Tchermaloff placed upon the table, beside the document in question, an order upon a Baden-Baden banker for double the sum, Robertson, as if in the confidential indiscretion of friendship, revealed, not the transactions of the supper evening, but Irnham's attempted robbery, and offered the possession of the pistol, if desired—for a further consideration. The Russian, who had obtained far beyond his boldest anticipations, handed the two papers to Robertson, and the

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sharper withdrew to possess himself of the amount of the order, feeling tolerably confident, from what the prince had dropped of the insignificance of eighty thousand francs to him, and his unwillingness to bring a transaction discreditable to all parties concerned before the public, that his note of hand would be paid, whatever Welford's might be.

Tchermaloff now felt that he was indeed possessed of irresistible power over a wife and mother, and hastened to apply it. He sallied forth to call upon Mrs. Irnham: she was gone out with her child, and he went in search of her. He knew her haunts, and quickly found her, seated upon a somewhat retired bench in the public garden, with her lovely boy sporting upon a grass plot before her.

She noticed not his approach, for she was sunk in a reverie so melancholy and profound, that even her child had repeatedly failed in his efforts to gain her attention, whilst some of her acquaintances, finding their "good mornings," or "*bon jours*," totally unheeded, had felt it rude to disturb her, and passed on to discuss her abstraction with others. All ascribed her depression to Irnham's heavy losses, none guessed that she was labouring under a far more painful anxiety, to wit, the dread awakened by his incautious expressions upon the evening when he had felt himself degraded to the accomplice of sharpers, of his having been driven by distress to do something wrong, though what she conjectured not. She had soothingly and coaxingly endeavoured to obtain an explanation of those expressions, and the burst of rage that her allusion to them had provoked was confirmation strong of her vague fears.

Prince Tchermaloff gazed at her for a while unobserved. He judged that her thoughts were painfully occupied by dissatisfaction with her husband's conduct, if for nothing else, for the embarrassments and privations he had brought upon her, and that the moment was, therefore, propitious to a lover's suit. Now, although the Russian, with his genuine oriental contempt for the female character, could entertain no doubt but that his intended paramour, however she might be reduced to such degradation, would quickly be reconciled to it amidst the luxuries with which he should surround her, he still, it should seem, felt that her yielding to the seductions of love would be more agreeable than her sinking under the force of the moral torture, the moral compulsion, with which he was armed. He resolved, therefore, to reserve these weapons for his last resource, and to endeavour to take her heart by storm. He accordingly accosted her with more of passion and less of respect than usual as he seated himself by her side.

The vehement tone of his professions, of his entreaties for compassion and sympathy, attracted the notice of casual promenaders earlier than the abstracted Priscilla's, and, together with her passive quiescence under it, gave birth to such unfavourable remarks and discussions as to the probable issue of the affair, as induced me to turn my steps in the direction of the scene of action, or, more properly, of monologue. It changed its character as I drew near. I saw the Russian, encouraged by the quietude that had puzzled others, attempt to take her hand. This roused her; she withdrew it, looked at him as much surprised, and, with an air of cool dignity of which I should

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have judged her incapable, observed that he was exceeding the bounds of allowable, because unmeaning, gallantry, and addressing her in language which, to a married woman, was insulting.

"Insulting!" cried Tchermaloff. "Can love be insulting?"

"The love itself, the sentiment, may be involuntary, may be flattering, though I should be very sorry to have inspired it," she replied; "but its declaration, the most distant idea that it can be requited, is cruelly insulting,"

There was a confidence of success in the gentleman's eye so little consonant with the lady's mien and with the tenor of her answer, that I was greatly interested; and, half out of curiosity, half feeling my presence a protection to one who seemed as if she might greatly need it, I looked round for a means of lingering, made advances to the child upon the grass plot, and remained playing with him. The conversation that ensued I heard very imperfectly; but what I did catch, and what I saw of Mrs. Irnham's looks and demeanour, may serve in some measure to fill up the brief outline derived from a source, of which hereafter.

The prince reproached his fair companion with coquetry—with having heartlessly, barbarously, exerted her powers of fascination to inspire love, and excite hopes of return, merely to gratify her own vanity, by breaking the hearts she won. She, of course, denied the charge, averring that, though she danced with those who asked her, and chatted freely with those who liked her nonsense, she had never dreamt of inspiring love or exciting hopes, and was, moreover, perfectly sure that not an Englishman or a Frenchman of those who called themselves jestingly her flirts would think of taxing her with anything of the kind. She then rose, called the boy, and would have departed. I had heard her, for she spoke in anger. But Tchermaloff's eye was unabashed, and I felt the scene was not over. Lowering his voice, he said something inaudible to me, as he laid his hand upon her arm and arrested her steps. He had intimated that her husband's life and honour were in his power.

Had Priscilla Irnham been in her usual state of mind, she would probably have spurned such an insinuation, and have indignantly fled from the calumniator. But she was not. A thousand undefined apprehensions were floating in her brain, and the tempter's words had hit the very fashion of her fear. Trembling with anticipation of some yet formless, nondescript horror, she rather dropped upon the bench than sat down again. The boy returned to me, and his mother speechlessly awaited further communication.

It appears that he now told her, in a long whisper, the whole history both of the felonious attempt upon Robertson, and, as if his suspicions had been acknowledged to be just, of the more disgracefully flagitious, if less violent robbery perpetrated in her *salon*, and in which her charms, smiles, and allurements had been active, though he was well assured unconscious, accomplices. He told her that it rested with him to give her husband, the man whose name she bore, the father of her child, up to justice as a footpad; that everybody would recollect the report of the pistol, which was in his hands as proof positive, further corroborated by everybody's recollection of the disorder in which

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Irnham had rushed from the rooms; and that the conviction of such a crime must brand him and his, more especially herself and her beautiful, innocent child, with eternal infamy. He told her that it equally rested with him to avert the dreadful calamity; that Robertson would speak or be silent as he ordered; that the sum he must pay Irnham, if he did not tax him with cheating, would extricate him from his involvement with Robertson, from all his difficulties at Baden-Baden, and that upon her smiles or frowns, her consent to fly with him to love and happiness, or her refusal, depended his determination—depended whether he should destroy or save.

If I heard not the Russian's words—I subsequently learned their purport—I distinctly saw the vehemence, the decision, the certainty of victory with which he spoke, and the bewilderment of incredulous amaze, as it gradually changed into terrific agony, with which the hapless lady listened. I saw the impetuous burst of impassioned feeling with which she sued for mercy, sued for the honour of her wretched, guilty husband, of herself, and of her sportive, fearless boy. I saw the hard resolve of the voluptuary, who will sacrifice no tittle of his own wishes to the happiness, to the very existence of another, even of her he professes to love; who, at whatever cost to the victim, persists in the gratification of his every inclination, every appetite. I saw, finally, the energy of despair, struggling to hope when hope was dead, with which she sprang from the seat, rushed to the spot where I was amusing her fair boy, without even perceiving me, snatched him up in her arms, clasped him convulsively to her bosom, and, staggering as if stunned, carried him homewards. Said I finally? 'Twas an error. There was still something more final to be seen, even of this act of the drama—it was the diabolical look of profligate exultation with which Tchermaloff watched the retreating figure of his certain prey.

The scene that followed within doors had, naturally, no witnesses, save the happily not comprehending child, borne in his mother's trembling arms. Its general purport I know, and can well imagine its manner—can well depict to myself the soul-stricken wife, vehemently calling upon her husband for a denial of the frightful charges, gaspingly repeating to him the horrors that had just been poured into her unwilling ears, and answered only by a storm of fierce reproaches, for having listened to such calumnies, for having stooped to hold such a conversation with the blackguard Robertson, whom he would instantly seek, chastise, and silence. Do you not, kind reader, hear the choking, sobbing sigh with which she murmurs to herself, "No denial!" thus provoking a burst of rage more terrific than the former against the wife who could give sufficient credit to such atrocious accusations as to need a denial? Through her heart and soul must the wife, the mother, have felt that the charge was still not denied; yet she would not quite despair, for by implication it was denied, and an innocent man might be too indignant to do more. But she had to tell him that, except upon the supper night, she had never exchanged a word with Robertson; that she heard the incredible, the improbable tale from Prince Tchermaloff, who dared to assert that he held her Gilbert's life and honour at his disposal; that he could, at his pleasure, pay him his note of hand, and leave him an unblemished reputa-

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tion, or refuse payment, on the plea of unfair play, and brand him—how her voice falters ere she can add!—with felony. And the deadly paleness overspreading his every feature at this information, speaks the fatal confession so plainly as to quench every hope that she is striving to cherish. There needs not the damning question that follows, in accents almost unintelligible from convulsive agitation, "Prince Tchermaloff—how should he know?" to carry conviction to her sinking spirit. The prince had not told her, is the only answer she can give, in the toneless voice of irremediable despairing misery; and the furious broken exclamations, "The scoundrel Robertson has sold me!—I must find him—I must force him to unsay!" are the last words Priscilla Irnham is doomed ever to hear from the idolized husband of her heart's first and only choice.

I had lingered about the neighbourhood of their residence, anxious as to the result. I saw Irnham rush like a maniac from the house, and take the direction of Robertson's lodgings. Lest the reader should suspect *me* of intercourse with blacklegs, I must interrupt myself to tell him, that, at the Brunnen, everybody knows where everybody lodges. An hour afterwards, I saw his wretched wife, white as marble, and still clasping her boy to her heart, creep out of her home, and totter towards the prince's residence. I followed her at a little distance. Tchermaloff was on the watch, his travelling carriage waiting at the door. He flew down to meet her. I heard his murmured expression of love, joy, and gratitude, intermingled with a remonstrance against encumbering herself—he checked the phrase that no mother could have borne, and changed it into against taking the boy from his father, whose character was now safe, and who was lawfully entitled to have the care of his son. I heard her anguish-breathing cry that she must die upon the spot if deprived of all that remained to her upon the earth, and I saw the ill-boding shrug of his shoulders with which he gave way to her determination. Little, indeed, did that gesture promise of the tenderness which was henceforward to be the only support of the wretched woman plunging into guilt from the purest, if mistaken, conjugal and maternal impulses, exiling herself from society, friends, and family, without a spark of love for him who may better be called her executioner than her seducer. Tchermaloff, at length, lifted mother and child into the carriage, sprang in after them, and the horses dashing from the door, the whole vanished in an instant from my eyes.

Not so vanished the departed from the thoughts of Baden-Baden. For a day they were the objects of universal contempt and abhorrence, as was Irnham of universal commiseration, although it awoke some wonder that he did not pursue the fugitives, to fight Prince Tchermaloff, and recover his son and heir. Next day, Welford's refusal to pay his I O U, upon the grounds of having, together with Tchermaloff, been unfairly intoxicated, and having, like him, signed a note for money he had never lost, when unconscious of what he was doing, if, indeed, the signature were his, not, as he half suspected, a forgery, shook the good opinion entertained of the deserted husband; but the eloped wife was only the more severely reprobated, as having from the first been, if nothing worse, a thorough-paced coquette, a willing decoy-duck. Welford's investigation brought some disclosures

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to light, and the police took the business in hand. Now came a letter from Prince Tchermaloff to his most intimate friend, Count Razumowski, bidding him instruct the banker to refuse payment of his note of hand, upon grounds similar to those alleged by Welford, and giving him an account of all that had occurred, vaunting the dexterity with which he had turned Irnham's faults and follies to account. The count saw no necessity for keeping this confidential communication secret, and was proud of being able to correct every body upon that which every body was talking of; it is, consequently, one of the sources of information that has enabled me to explain the magic lantern show displayed before me.

Neither of the bills was paid; whereupon Robertson and Drake dissolved their partnership with Irnham (the ready money won upon the memorable evening they had secured). His beautiful wife and his character had been his sole capital in the concern, and these lost, he was deemed a mere burthen. Prosecuted for felony he was not, for there was now no one but Robertson to prosecute, and it was not worth his while; but, together with him and Drake, he was condemned as a sharper, and for ever banished from the grand duchy.

When the facts of the case were made public, I was touched with pity for the unhappy, self-debased gentleman, drawn into crime by the folly in which so many shared, and so cruelly punished. I prevailed upon some of our countrymen and women to sympathize in my feelings, whereupon we resolved to make a subscription for his redemption. When this was effected, the clergyman of the Church of England, who officiated to a congregation of his fellow-believers at Baden-Baden, visited the object of our compassion whilst in custody prior to the execution of the sentence, and offered him, in our names, the means of a scanty subsistence until he should again be entitled to a remittance from home, upon condition that he should reclaim his son, and, retiring with the child to some out-of-the-way place, devote himself to his education—moreover, that he should forgive his affectionate though misled wife, if she were willing and able to leave Tchermaloff.

Our reverend envoy had a long and distressing conversation with Irnham, in which he endeavoured to convince the prisoner that, to expiate the crime he had committed, by obviating and repairing, as far as possible, the miseries they had entailed upon others, especially the fearful want of education to which his son was exposed, was an imperative duty, and his only practicable act of penitence or penance. But the wretched man's spirit was crushed; branded as he was with infamy, he could never again meet a human eye; he held himself unworthy to educate his son, and all possibility of happiness was lost with the esteem and affection of his Priscilla, whom he frankly acquitted of guilt. It was she, not he, who had anything to forgive, he said; and it was his anxiety as much to justify the poor cast-away, as to palliate by explaining the thraldom that produced it—his complicity with the sharpers—that supplied the information which has rendered clear to the reader what at the time often perplexed me. Irnham positively refused to accept our offer, the clergyman as positively refused to receive his refusal before the morrow, when he pro-

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mised to see him again, prior to his deportation. When Mr. —— presented himself, the following morning, at the prison, Irnham was no more!—he had committed the crime that the temptation offered by Robertson's appearance had previously prevented.

His yet more pitiable, because surviving, widow, is still, I believe, pining, as a harem slave, in some of Prince Tchermaloff's luxurious palaces. Her son is her only consolation, and he is a source of at least as much wretchedness as comfort. She has no means of educating him as she knows that an English gentleman should be educated. She feels that she ought to send him to his father's family, to be fitted for and placed in his proper station, perhaps to secure his inheritance; but she has not resolution to part with him, and she prays to die before the day shall dawn when he cannot be prevented from despising his mother only by being taught to abhor his father.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL BY MOONLIGHT,

ON THE BENCH BY THE WATER AT CARSHALTON.

When moonlight hovers o'er the glassy stream,
And insect tribes unheard in fervid day,
Beneath the milder influence of its beam,
Pay the soft incense of monotony,
With speechless voices that ascend on high,—
My heart confesses Nature's regal sway,
Feels all her influence in an hour so calm,
Which gives to earthly evils sovereign balm—
Balm that from heaven descends, in mercy sent,
To soothe and dissipate our foolish cares;—
Too much on worldly happiness intent,
Enthrall'd and harass'd by earth's petty snares,
And friction of low aims! calm thoughts thus nightly poured,
Sustain like manna on ungrateful Israel shower'd.

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THE BROTHER'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF THE SHANNON.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLOT.

It was towards the close of a stormy winter's day, in the commencement of the eighteenth century, the last servitor having left the dimly-lit room, that its occupants drew their chairs from the table to the fire, and resumed the conversation this act had for a moment interrupted.

These were four in number, all, save an old man, in the springtime of life, eminently handsome, and all, save the solitary female of the party, of Irish birth and descent. The ruddy fire, as it blazed up the wide chimney, cast a broad shadow on the venerable features of the old man, as he sate in his great arm-chair, gazing with an unconscious smile on the blazing faggots; next to him, with one little hand resting on his arm, and her beautiful features turned with an upward gaze upon him, sate the fair Jacqueline Rêné, who, living from childhood in her uncle's house, was now looked upon by the old retainers as much entitled to its shelter as his stalwarth and more proudly-born sons.

"Lanty stays late," muttered the elder brother, a dark, stern-featured man, as he glanced to the large time-piece that ticked its monotonous sound on the black-oak side-table; "what keeps him, I wonder, so long after nightfall?"

"Some scheme that he does not wish the daylight to know about, Hugh," answered the younger with a smile; "I wish the house were well rid of his presence."

"And so do I, cousin Frank," cried the girl, with eager vehemence; "his baleful countenance seems like a continual cloud hanging over it; I wonder, sir," added she, turning to the old man, "that you permit Mr. Marshall to be so much about Dorramore; I'm sure he harbours no good intentions towards us."

"Mademoiselle Rêné forgets," retorted the elder brother, in an icy tone, "that he is as much entitled to make Dorramore his home as she has herself."

"Silence, Hugh!" said the father and brother in a breath; "I am ashamed you should speak thus in your cousin's hearing."

"It is only the truth," answered Hugh, sternly.

Jacqueline gasped, as she replied, "Cousin Hugh has his own reasons for defending the villanous caitiff as he does."

She had scarcely uttered the words before the door was gently opened, and the subject of the conversation entered.

Jacqueline could scarcely suppress a scream, as he advanced with the stealthy tread of a wild cat up the room; as it was, her colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk back, unable to speak, in her chair, glancing

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with a look of terror on the movements of her younger cousin, who with no good will made room for the chair Lanty drew to his side.

For a moment no one spoke; none save the new-comer felt entirely at their ease at his abrupt appearance at such a time. Jacqueline twitched her gown uneasily with her fingers, and strove to appear unconcerned; even Hugh Desmond himself was glad to make a pretence of the heat of the fire to shield his tell-tale countenance with his hand from the deceitful scrutiny of his neighbour.

"Shall I ring for supper, Marshall?" said the younger brother at last; "you must be hungry after your long ride."

"I supped at Limerick," answered Marshall, raising one eyebrow in so hideous a manner that all Jacqueline's horror revived at the sight of it, "and would have stayed there all night in preference to riding through the rain, had not my great anxiety to be with you again forced me to proceed homewards."

"And which we could very well have excused," muttered Jacqueline, frowning; but the new-comer either did not hear or was resolved not to notice it.

"Any news stirring in the city, Lanty," inquired old Mr. Desmond, in a quiet tone; "are the Blakes and the Cassidys at their old feud, or has it died away before this?"

"Their ancient animosity is dormant at present, I believe," replied Lanty, craning his neck, "but I fear it needs but the shadow of an excuse to arouse its fires."

"Young blood! young blood!" muttered the old man, folding his wrinkled hands nervously within each other; "but I forget, dears, how the night has stolen on past my usual hour of retiring; call Sweeney, Frank."

"His attendant was called, and bidding them all good-night, Mr. Desmond retired to rest; Frank wheeled his chair aside, and placing his own in the place it had recently occupied, began to converse with his cousin Jacqueline in an under tone; and the elder brother and Marshall were already in earnest but subdued discourse.

"What can Hugh and Lanty Marshall have to say?" whispered Jacqueline, turning her brght eyes askant towards them; "look, Frank, how Hugh's brow darkens as he listens; see! Lanty has grasped his arm, and the touch makes him tremble like an aspen leaf, while the wretch himself is as cold as ice."

"Lanty is an ill-weed," returned the younger brother in a cautious tone; "but hist, Jacqueline, or he will overhear thee."

Jacqueline drew in her breath as she said, "I am sure, Frank, they are plotting something against us."

"Let them," answered the dauntless youth; "I warrant me Lanty will not forget the singeing I gave him last Michaelmas when we quarrelled at Limerick."

"That was an unfortunate affray," said Jacqueline, uneasily. "I'm sure, Frank, our cousin Marshall has neither forgiven nor forgotten your share in it; he will find both time and place to revenge the punishment and disgrace he suffered at your hands."

The young man smiled disdainfully, but made no answer; and as

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Jacqueline soon after retired, he left the chamber, not sorry to escape the frowns and disdainful glances of his brother.

"A curse on the poltroon," muttered Hugh Desmond, as the door closed on the younger brother, "I never could endure the steady glance and smooth hypocritical brow he carries with him; and that's the truth, Lanty."

"Frank is a pert young crower, Hugh," said Marshall, rising and going to a buffet; "but if I were you, Hugh, I would clip his wings, or he'll soon crow over you."

"Do it yourself," retorted Hugh, angrily; "but you've always cringed to him since he winged you at Limerick last year."

"Frank and I understand each other too well to come to open variance, my dear cousin; but do not lose your temper for such a trifle—a glass of the real potheen will soon mend it; there is hot water, I see, in the kettle by your side."

"You need not bring the bottles out for me, master Lanty," cried Hugh, struggling with his passion; "I'm not i' the mood to drink to-night."

"But I am," answered Marshall, carelessly, as he set the bottles and a couple of goblets on the table; "I will thank you for the kettle, Hugh."

Hugh handed it in silence, and Lanty, pouring the glass three parts full of whiskey, filled it up with the water, and dropping a few lumps of sugar into it, balanced himself on his chair, and drank in dumb show to his angry yet weak companion.

"And now listen, Hugh," said his tempter, as, having drained his glass to the dregs, he replaced it on the table, "whilst I give you three brief yet pungent reasons for following my advice in our late conversation."

"Go on," growled Hugh, doggedly, as he fixed his sullen gaze on the ground; "go on, Lanty, to prove to Hugh Desmond that neither heaven nor earth will punish him for being the guilty dupe of thy hellish machinations."

"In the first place, my dear cousin," said Marshall, disregarding the bitter tone in which his companion spoke, "you yourself admit that you love this Jacqueline Rêné, or whatever she is called, as madly as ever mortal man could love."

"I do, Lanty," answered Hugh, folding his arms over his breast as if to keep down the tumultuous emotions that raged within it; "and if she would forget and forgive all that has passed between us, and strive to love her poor cousin Hugh, he on his part would do his all to make her a proud and a happy woman."

"More of that anon," said Lanty, interrupting him; "after such a confession as this it needs no persuasion of mine, Hugh, to make you go through fire and water to make her yours."

"What hellish scheme are you going to broach now, Marshall?" cried Hugh, uneasily; "harkee, sirrah, I will not do anything dishonourable even to get Mademoiselle Rêné into my power."

"O man, cousin Hugh," said the tempter, in the cold careless tone he always assumed when he had stirred his victim up to the proper

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pitch of frenzy, "must either be a saint or a devil in the next world; you are evidently not intended for the saint, so it matters not how dark or how reckless your career be in this."

Hugh groaned, and slapped his forehead with his clenched fist, as he cried, "Lanty! Lanty! cease, or your devilish inuendoes will drive me mad."

"Drink, Hugh," said the other, pouring a glass to the brim with undiluted spirit, "it will clear your head and cool your temper, man, in a trice."

Hugh clutched the glass with the eager haste a drowning man grasps at the slightest thing that gains him a moment's respite, and drained it to the bottom; his companion's prophecy, ridiculous as it was, seemed to be true, for he suddenly became calm, and bade Lanty proceed, in a quieter tone.

"In the second place," said the villain, watching narrowly the effect his words had on his victim, "you are aware, yourself, that Jacqueline Rêné will never be yours by her own free will, because she is already betrothed to your brother and rival, master Frank."

His listener winced beneath this quiet yet painful stab, but he merely said, "Go on, go on, Lanty! for heaven's sake!"

"And lastly," said Lanty, emphatically, "your own sense, Hugh, will teach you the value of prompt measures in such an emergency; Frank will be twenty-one in March, and will then claim the handsome fortune his father settled on the younger children on his marriage with your mother; they will be married the next day."

"Lanty, how d'ye know that?" cried the young man, starting wildly from his seat, and pacing the room with immense strides. "Give me your authority this instant, or I will level you to the ground."

He raised his arm in a threatening manner as he spoke, and awaited his companion's answer.

"Hugh Desmond," said the fiend, calmly surveying his victim, "resume your seat, or the subject shall be dropped between us for ever."

Hugh threw himself in sullen silence into his chair, and awaited Lanty's reply.

"Your father himself, Desmond," said he, more coldly than was his wont, "consulted me in the affair; from him I learned that the lovers themselves had fixed the following day for their union, and—"

"And cousin Marshall strengthened the credulous old man in his silly plans," cried Hugh Desmond, with a yell that made the vaulted ceiling ring with its fearful echoes.

"I did," answered the other, unabashed by this outburst, "being quite convinced that my bold cousin Hugh, long ere that, would find or make an opportunity to blast their short-sighted hopes, and win the bonnie bird for himself, and tame her to his fancy."

"You shall find, Lanty," said Hugh, in a hollow voice, "that your expectations were not unfounded. But we have talked too long already for one night; my brain reels with delirium; we will meet again soon, to plot some scheme to cheat that pert kinsman of mine of his prize."

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"The sooner the better, Desmond," said Marshall, as he shook his companion's outstretched hand; and Hugh, having lighted his candle, withdrew without speaking another word.

Lanty sate long, buried in profound thought over the dying fire; several times a cold smile overspread his face, but the only words he uttered were as he started up at length to seek his bed,

"Another interview, Lanty, and Hugh is thine. Revenge is dear! Miss Jacqueline shall smart for the incautious speech she made to-night, when she fancied me far away in Limerick town."

CHAPTER II.

THE CRISIS.

Lanty's schemes, wild and improbable as they were, were, a short time subsequent to this, unexpectedly aided by an unforeseen occurrence; the county assizes called the elder Mr. Desmond to Limerick, and the plotters were thus left to their own uninterrupted operations. The preparations attendant upon his approaching majority and nuptials, too, obliged Frank unwillingly to leave his betrothed to the care of his elder brother, with many an earnest adjuration to watch over her safety in his absence.

Hugh beheld him depart with mingled joy and fear. Bad and abandoned as he was, he yet could recall the time when he loved poor Frank as dearly as his own life; and although that sinless time was now far distant, it at this moment rose on his mind as green and fresh as if the wear and tear of eighteen summers were but the dream of his own disordered imagination.

Far different were the emotions, or, I may say, the passions with which his tempter watched this sudden move of fortune in his favour. Lanty now saw that the game was in his own hands, and that, despite Hugh's uncertain temper and conflicting hopes and fears, our heroine must of necessity become his victim, and he himself be enriched by working on the fears of Hugh, after he was too far involved in the adventure to be able to retreat. Another night was fixed for a final interview between the conspirators; Lanty had his own reasons for fixing it as early as possible; the final measures were to be resolved on, and Lanty's own profit in the transaction conceded by his half-crazed yet haughty victim.

On a high projecting bank that overlooks the mighty Shannon there stood, at the time of my story, a small, strong-built hut, which, miles distant from any other human habitation, was fixed upon as the scene of rendezvous. Its tenant, an old weather-beaten smuggler, who had retired to this wild spot when age had made him unfit to pursue his calling, was already in Lanty's power; for that worthy, who made it his business to know every one's affairs, had more than once threatened old Bawn with proceedings on account of the petty crimes he yet committed. Hugh knew Bawn only by report, and however reluctant to place himself in the power of the sin-dyed old villain, was obliged to acquiesce before the torrent of reasons his confederate brought for-

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ward in favour of the step; the old smuggler was, therefore, commanded by Lanty to have a good fire and a few bottles of strong spirits in readiness, and Lanty, having made these arrangements, steeled his busy mind for the arduous task it had to go through with.

It was a cold frosty night when the conspirators went out from Dorramore to hold their meeting, the scene of which was four or five miles distant. Lanty had at first intended them to ride thither, but this scheme was at length abandoned as too liable to discovery; they, therefore, were obliged to walk, which was now rendered more easy, by the ground they had to traverse being frozen as hard as rock.

Hugh was not in a talkative mood, and Lanty studiously refrained from encouraging him to do so, as he trusted more to the influence of the liquor than to his own rhetoric to drown Hugh's scrupulous fears; the journey, therefore, was performed in silence, except when a fierce oath burst from Hugh, as he met with some slight obstruction in his progress.

The moon, wading through a sea of vapours, at last showed them old Bawn's cottage, standing bleak and unsheltered on the crest of the hill. Lanty quickened his pace, and Hugh insensibly followed his example, and in a few minutes they were standing by the open window, through the unglazed panes of which a broad red stream of light issued on the dark heath beyond.

Bawn was placed on a low stool in front of the fire, his bleared eyes gazing with stupid ferocity on the sparks as they rushed up the smoky chimney; the walls and rafters of the hut were hid from view by a cloud of smoke that had failed to escape from its proper vent; a couple of muskets and a huge horse-pistol lay on the strong deal table, which boasted as well a rusty hanger, a powder-flask, a couple of bottles and glasses, with a lighted lantern.

"Come along, Desmond," whispered Lanty, as, having finished his survey, he dragged Hugh after him through the door, the well-defended panels of which he began to assail.

"Enter!" uttered the deep hoarse voice of its inmate, and, the bolts being withdrawn, Hugh followed his guide into the interior of the cottage.

"Take away these murderers and close the shutters, Bawn," said the latter, pointing to the weapons that lay on the table; and the old man complying, with a ferocious grin, retired to the other end of the hut, leaving Lanty and Hugh to their undisturbed conversation.

Lanty's first act was to drag the table nearer to the fire, and to place a couple of chairs in front of it, his second to be assured that Bawn was too remote to catch the subject under discussion, and then mixing two great tumblers of toddy, he pushed one towards Hugh, and immediately opened the subject in a low tone.

"Hark'ee, Desmond," said he, "if you do not seize the present chance, another will never present itself. Your father is at Limerick, Frank heaven knows where, our pretty Jacqueline alone and unguarded, and surely a pair of brave fellows like ourselves, with a dozen of reckless Irishmen at our back, are more than a match for her single unaided self."

"Should my father return, Lanty, we would be in a pretty mess,"

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said Hugh, more anxious to have his objections routed than to thwart the plot.

"That is impossible, unless we delay it until the assizes are over."

"Frank may, though," said Hugh, with a look of great chagrin, "the young thief is always turning up when least wanted."

"The spalpeen can easily be put out of the way for a day or two," said the other, as he drained his glass.

"You say you have a dozen friends to aid us," said Hugh, glancing uneasily over his shoulder at Bawn, who lay extended at full length and fast asleep on a coil of rope at the other end of the hut, "let me hear their names."

Lanty recapitulated their names, to each of which Hugh nodded his head in token of assent, and then remained for some time buried in thought.

"Lanty," cried he at length, starting from his seat, "we'll go through with the affair, at all hazards; at the worst, we can only swing for it; but, sink or swim, our pretty cousin shall be mine or nobody's; come, a brimmer to the success of the fray."

The glasses were primed, and drained of their contents, but were scarcely replaced on the table before Lanty, bending forward, said to his companion, in a low voice,

"Before I agree to aid you, Hugh, "you must agree to one proposition.

"Name it, Lanty," said Hugh, his face elongating with surprise and fear—"name it, man, and, if within my power, you shall have it."

"Simply that, the day after we get your prize and ourselves clear of Ireland, you pay into my hands the sum of five hundred pounds, for my share of the adventure.

"And wherefore, Master Lanty," cried Hugh, spinning his chair completely round in angry surprise at this demand, "should I grant you any such thing?"

"Simply because I want it, Hugh, and must have it," said Lanty, in the careless tone he could at times assume when his own passions were roused to the wildest pitch. "If you accede to this, I will agree to carry through the affair on Friday night."

"And this is Wednesday," muttered Hugh, in a musing tone; and then, after a pause, he cried out, "Well, Lanty, I agree to your demand."

"Nobly said, my trusty Hugh," cried Lanty, grasping his hand; "and now, Desmond, we'll drink another glass, and then tramp home again."

The glasses were filled and drained, and then Lanty, carefully unfastening the door, motioned Hugh to follow.

"Shall we wake the old villain?" inquired Hugh, as he hung over the sleeping man.

"No, no, come on!—but wait a minute; we'll try if the thief is shamming or not; by heavens, if he is, we'll finish him at once!"

As Lanty said this, he strode towards the dresser on which old Bawn had deposited the pistol, and, returning with it in his hands,

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applied the muzzle of it to the smuggler's mouth, clicking the trigger as he did so. Hugh, breathless with horror, awaited the issue of the trial, and was never gladder in his life when his companion, the next moment, laid it aside and strode from the spot.

When well clear of the house, Hugh upbraided his cold-blooded ally for his conduct.

"Hark'ee, Desmond," cried Lanty, drawing back, "I allow no man to call my conduct in question with impunity; old Bawn, afraid as he is of me, might still give us serious hindrance if he knew an inkling of the matter; as it is, I am confident he knows nothing, and can therefore carry my measures with a bolder heart;—and now let us drop the subject."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders, and was silent during the rest of the walk until they reached Dorramore, when he seized the earliest opportunity of escaping to his own room, leaving Lanty to undisturbed possession of the Hall.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARRICIDE.

The hand of the time-piece on the side-table, on the eventful Friday night, pointed to the hour of twelve, as Lanty, priming himself with an extra tumbler of whiskey, started from his seat, and depositing his pistols in a pair of side-pockets, buttoned his great-coat to the neck, and then casting a hurried glance around, to be sure that nothing was left behind, went in search of Desmond.

Hugh was waiting for him in his own room, his face wearing a gloomy yet restless expression, that made the haughty lines more distinct. He was in the act of examining a small dagger when he heard his confederate's step on the stair, but hurriedly sheathing it, he slipped the weapon into his belt, and, opening the door, stood to allow Lanty to come up.

"Are you ready?" was Lanty's first salute.

"Yes!" replied Hugh, through his clenched teeth.

"We had better go on, then," continued Lanty; "it is twelve o'clock, and our friends will be impatient at our non-appearance."

"Lead on, Lanty," said Hugh, who, never very eloquent, was on this occasion more than commonly brusque.

Lanty obeyed, and the pair presently issued from the house by a side-door. Hugh cast a hurried glance upward to the sky; all was dark and favourable to the undertaking; a heavy rain was falling, which drowned in a measure the tramp of their feet as they crossed the gravel sweep. Keeping within the shadow of the avenue, they continued their progress until they were brought to a stand by a man raising his head above the hedge, and saying something to Lanty, which Hugh could not make out. Lanty gave the countersign, and was immediately surrounded by a dozen fierce-looking villains enough, who cleared the hedge as fast as they could.

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"Sure and we thought you had turned the back on the matter, captain," said one.

"And a could station we should have had, my jewel, if Paddy M'Keown hadn't a drop o' the crathur with him," cried a second.

"Hould your paice, Tim Flaherty," interposed another; "hasn't the captain come at last to lead us to glory? Hurrah for the skrimmage, and three cheers for the victors!"

"Fall in," said Lanty, in a commanding voice, fearful that the last speaker's outburst might alarm some of the inmates. "M'Keown, see that your men are all in their places, and then all follow me as quietly as possible."

M'Keown obeyed, and Lanty, taking Desmond's arm, placed himself at the head of the party, and gave the word of march. To their surprise, when they gained the door from which they had issued, it was found to be locked and bolted. After a short parley, Lanty left his force under the command of Hugh, and made a detour to the main entrance, to discover if it was secured likewise; in a moment he returned, and ordered all to follow him.

When they gained the main entrance, Lanty placed five men on each side, and, selecting a couple, made them take off their shoes, and bade them follow Hugh and himself up the staircase.

As they advanced, the darkness in which it was shrouded was suddenly broken in upon by a ray of light, and the leader of the party hastily cautioning them to conceal themselves behind a pillar, awaited, with a disappointed oath, the passing of the hardy wight who was yet up.

Presently the light flashed in his face, and the same minute Jacqueline Rêné approached.

"Mr. Marshall!" cried she in astonishment, "how do you come to be here at such a time?"

"Mademoiselle Rêné may thank herself for that," said Lanty, motioning the rest to advance.

"Unhand me, sir," cried our heroine, as she struggled in his arms, and then catching a glimpse of Desmond, who was a moment behind the rest, she ejaculated, "Oh! cousin Hugh, is this your doing?"

"Use her gently," whispered Hugh, as Lanty raised her in his arms, and then, anxious to get clear of the house, he hurried after him, throwing down, in his haste, the candle Jacqueline had carried.

The attendants followed close at his heels, and they were all descending the staircase in this manner, when all four were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the noise of a scuffle on the outside.

"The loons!" muttered Lanty under his breath; "the whiskey has got into their pates, and they are hard at work trying who can let it soonest out again."

"It is no squabble, captain," said one of the men, "for, by Jasus, you can hear the clash and clatter of half a dozen swords."

Thunderstruck at this piece of information, which he now had full proof was quite correct, Lanty hardly knew what to propose, when his dilemma was suddenly put an end to by the door being flung wide open, and the same minute the steps were crowded with people.

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Foremost of these came Frank Desmond and his father, the former of whom, making a spring at Lanty, commanded him, in a broken voice, to give up his betrothed.

"We shall see about that, Master Frank," cried Lanty, snatching his pistol from its place. "Stand back, and make free passage for me and mine, or, by all the powers I will force me over your body."

Frank smiled disdainfully at this threat, although his lip was as bloodless as his cheek, and, disregarding his opponent's warning, wrenched Jacqueline from his arms.

Like a baffled tiger, Lanty sprang on his foe, and closed with him, Frank looked hurriedly round for his father, to consign Jacqueline to his care, but the old man was hidden in the press, and he was compelled to defend himself as well as he could.

For a time he repulsed him gallantly, but, exhausted with the unequal contest, he was well nigh overcome, when a rush was made towards him, and old Bawn, with a troop of labourers, fell upon Lanty.

"Fly! fly, Frank," cried his father's voice at his elbow, but scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when a yell burst from the old man, as a pistol-shot entered his breast.

A silence as of death followed this tragic deed, but it was instantly broken in upon by Lanty, who, freeing himself from the crowd around him, rushed to the place where Hugh was standing, with a pistol in his outstretched hand, rigid and breathless as a statue at the rash act he had committed.

"Fool!" muttered he, with the growl of a panther, "have we not done enough for once, without this silly trick? We must fly this instant, or the hellhounds of justice will be on us. Come! rouse yourself, or we are lost!"

He shook Hugh as he spoke, and then the unhappy wretch, with a bitter groan, relaxed the strong rigour of his features, and fixed a look full of horror on his confederate. Lanty dragged him along with him through the crowd, who, too much engrossed with their wounded landlord, never thought of securing the parricide.

A pair of jaded horses stood at the door, and Lanty, seating Hugh on one of these, sprang himself on the back of the other, and urged it to its highest speed.

When they gained the open fields, the leader turned his head towards Dorramore, and a gleam of baffled hate and despair shot over his swarth features ere he re-turned his head and pursued his flight.

They reached the shores of the Shannon without interruption, and Lanty, after turning his eyes up and down for a few moments, cried, out

"The boat!—that villain Bawn has cut its moorings; we have nothing to do but swim for it, Hugh."

"Very well," said Hugh; "and the sooner the better, for I hear the hellhounds in pursuit."

He spurred his horse as he spoke into the stream, and Lanty, following his example, took off his hat, and waved it in malignant defiance at the disappointed pursuers who crowded the banks.

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"They will never gain the shore," said one of these in a low tone' as he watched the pair struggling with the tide.

"Never in such a night," replied a second; and as he spoke they beheld Hugh swept far down the swollen current, with his horse beneath him.

"God rest his guilty soul," muttered a woman's voice in the darkness; and the startled wail that followed told a tale that turned the bravest heart among them.

"The villain has reached the bank," cried all, as they saw Lanty approach the shore; "ah! no, he is not up yet; huzza! burst from a hundred lips as they beheld the exhausted animal, after vainly attempting to climb the bank, fall back on his rider, and man and horse alike were swept down the current towards the sea.

* * * * * *

Mr. Desmond never fully recovered the effects of that fearful night. After a time, the derangement that at first threatened his reason subsided into a melancholy which no art could divert; his mind was entirely destroyed, and although he lived a few years longer, no lucid intervals of reason visited his mind; it was better that it was so, and Frank tearfully yet thankfully blessed God that the old man was spared the horror of being conscious of the fate of his elder son. Lanty's swollen and disfigured body was discovered many miles down the shores of the Shannon, and as no one claimed it, it was buried, and there was an end of him. Hugh's was never found, and in all probability it was swept away to the sea, to find a grave in its unfathomed depths.

Frank and Jacqueline in a few years were united, and lived to see their children's children spring up to manhood around them. The family have long since passed away, but the Legend of the Shannon is still known amid the cottages and shebeens of fertile Connaught.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

BY M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

NO. I.

LANDING IN FRANCE.

THERE are two subjects which engage the traveller's notice as his steam-boat comes alongside the quay in a French harbour, each in its own way amusing enough, unless his attention is so entirely engrossed by his internal miseries that he has none left to bestow on what is passing around: first, the reception he encounters on landing; secondly, the true English contempt with which his fellow-passengers look upon everything French.

No sooner are the steps lowered by which you are to effect your escape from the floating abomination, than you are made fully aware of the military and inquisitorial character of the people amongst whom you have cast your lot for a season. You have arrived, perhaps, in a Dover packet, with a complement of a dozen or so of passengers, half of whom are women, and the remainder *hors de combat* from the effects of sea-sickness. What prudent precautions are adopted, what vast preparations made, to avert the danger that threatens the state from so formidable an invasion! A clear space is roped off, extending from the landing-place to the custom-house door; through this you pass, with a sort of *lasciate ogni speranza* feeling, hemmed in on either side by a hedge of douaniers, whiskered to the eyes, and armed at all points. A short pause ensues: presently you are escorted to the searching-room, where a greasy personage visits your writing-case, fumbling over and disarranging your papers; he then proceeds to thrust his hand into your wife's or sister's reticule, and is rewarded for his trouble by the discovery of a bunch of keys, a bottle of smelling salts, and a pocket handkerchief. This formality over, you are honoured with an audience by the commissary of police, the presiding genius of this particular place, and of the country generally. You have to gratify this important functionary's curiosity as to whence you come and whither you are going; to answer his impertinent questions respecting your nationality, your profession, and, worse than all, in some cases, your age; and having, at length, satisfied him on all these points, are thrust, by a side door, into a herd of touters from the various hotels of the place. They flock around you, like vultures quarrelling for their prey; you are assailed, on all hands, with over-voluble French, and not over-intelligible English; a dozen cards are thrust into your face, a dozen voices pierce your ears, a dozen hands haul upon your skirts, each pulling in a new direction;—the plight of Hogarth's enraged musician is not more unenviable than yours. Stunned and bewildered by such sounds and sights as these, you with difficulty muster presence of mind to falter out the name of the inn to

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which you would be conducted. The storm lulls for a moment; a single voice,

> "Like some sweet lute, steals eloquently in,
> Breaking the tempest of the trumpet's din:"—

"Oui, monsieur; par ici, milord." The crowd opens, you hurry onwards, scramble into a hackney coach, and in a flutter, partly of amusement, partly of irritation, are driven to a haven of comparative peace.

"A haven of peace, quotha;" and my Englishman sets to work in right earnest, to prove to his satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, (which with him has nearly the same meaning,) that it is nothing of the sort. He finds fault with his apartments, quarrels with his wood-fire, looks daggers at the waiter for not keeping his proper distance, growls at the cook's dilatoriness, and breaks out into open mutiny against the levelling principle of the table d'hôte. In addition to all this, he looks suspiciously into every dish at table; fancies each to be a decoction of frogs, or something in his eyes equally abominable; detects garlick even in a cornichou; makes wry faces at his Bordeaux; and ends by wishing himself safely housed again at the "Ship," with a beefsteak and a bottle of port, to take the chill off his heart. In this wish I heartily concur: his better feelings may expand under the influence of more generous nourishment; and to prolong his sojournment abroad will neither be conducive to his own comfort, nor to the promotion of sympathy and kindness between ourselves and our neighbours.

All this is but an *esquisse décolorée*, a mere outline, without exaggeration in any one particular, of what I have myself heard and seen, a score of times and more. Far be it from me to say, that all the English who visit France are equally deficient in tact and good breeding; but when such is the style of manners amongst a very numerous class of British travellers—when their disregard for the feelings, and contempt for the usages of another people, in as far as they differ from their own, are so complete and undisguised—is it to be wondered at that the reception they experience is unflattering in the extreme; that they return home with the conviction that French politeness is greatly overrated, and that, seek high, seek low, civility is a commodity not to be purchased at any price. "Our great idea of civility," as has been remarked, "is, that the person who is poor should be exceedingly civil to the person that is wealthy, and this is the difference between the neighbouring nations. Your Frenchman admits no one to be quite his equal, your Englishman worships every one richer than himself, as undeniably his superior. Judge us from our servants and our shop-keepers, it is true we are the politest people in the world. The servants, who are paid well, and the shop-keepers, who sell high, scrape, and cringe, and smile. There is no country where those who have wealth are treated so politely by those to whom it goes!"*

The man who ventures out of his own country with such theories

* Bulwer's France.

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as these on the subject of exchange and barter, reckons altogether without his host, and is soon made unpleasantly aware that two words go to a bargain. His disappointment may easily be imagined; he expects to buy what is never put up for sale, and forgets that, in his intercourse with foreigners, like only will produce like, and unlike, or dislike, will as infallibly produce dislike. This state of things is quite new to him, and he has great difficulty in accommodating himself to it. The fact is, that with all our boasted civilization, we are not a civil people. I was one day in the morning-room of our club, when a party of ladies came in, to inspect that preserve of bachelors. I instinctively took off my hat, but not a soul moved, not another head was uncovered. A moment afterwards, an acquaintance tapped me on the shoulder, and said, half in banter, half in involuntary approval, "You have been taking lessons in politeness at Paris, I see."

How many a true word is spoken in jest! He passed on immediately, or he might have observed the blush that his remark called to my cheek, and would, no doubt, have attributed it to *mauvaise honte* at being detected in an act derogatory to my independence and dignity. The truth is, that I had learnt a lesson of politeness at Paris, some years before, which his words recalled to my memory. It happened thus:—

Not long after my first arrival in that capital, I had occasion to inquire my way to some obscure street, and went into an apothecary's shop to procure the necessary information. The proprietor was seated behind the counter, poring over a learned-looking book. He looked up as I addressed him, and very civilly directed me on my road. I was turning to leave the place, with my head so full of his *à droites* and *à gauches*, that I neglected, in pure absence of mind, to thank him for his pains, when he rose from his stool, and, taking off a blue velvet skull-cap he wore, (I think I see him before me at this moment,) bowed gravely over the counter as he said,

"Monsieur, je vous remercie de cœur;—j'ai l' honneur de vous saluer."

I was aroused instantly to a sense of my ill-breeding, stammered out an apology, for my French did not at that time flow very freely, and passed into the street with a wholesome feeling of shame and humiliation. His words haunted me for months afterwards; and, whenever I detected in myself any inclination to treat my inferiors with arrogance, or my equals with disrespect, I thought of the worthy apothecary in the Rue Taitbout, and conjured down the devil within me—apage, Sathanas!

But I grow garrulous about myself, and have almost lost sight of the present number. "In the conversations you hold with your friends," says Epictetus, the stoic, "abstain from dwelling incessantly on your own exploits, or on the dangers you have gone through; for, although you find pleasure in recounting them, others will find none in listening to them."

Again, hear Horace Walpole, the epicurean:

"If an old gentleman coin himself into narrative, he will be found to contain a good deal of alloy."

To return then, and to conclude.

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It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that every one who travels abroad has one of two objects in view: business or pleasure. If business be his object, by pursuing what line of conduct is it probable that he will extend his connexion, improve his credit, and carry on his traffic with advantage to himself? If he be in pursuit of pleasure, what means must he employ to procure sharers in his plans, associates in his amusements, and a cordial welcome into the society he frequents? In either case, he will most readily succeed, by ridding his mind of cant, by adopting an obliging and compromising demeanour, by accommodating himself to the habits of those around him. For who would willingly do business with an irritable, perverse, untractable dealer, or volunteer to act as bear-leader to an arrogant, bigoted, narrow-minded stranger?

Everything has two handles: by using one only, we make our burden very difficult to carry; by using both, very easy. The Englishman, who views continental customs through the medium of insular prejudice, will make the tour of Europe without either profit or satisfaction: by divesting himself of this one-sidedness of vision, he will scarcely travel from Calais to Montreuil without acquiring new ideas, and expressing pleasurable emotions. Were there no difference between our modes of thinking and living and those of our neighbours, it were folly indeed to quit our own firesides, and become rolling stones for the mere pleasure of rolling: it is this very difference that makes foreign travel interesting to a man capable of observation and thought. He compares and reflects; modifies his opinions here, confirms his previous judgment there; and ends by discovering that "things are beautiful and good, when suitable; unseemly and bad, when unsuitable, to the purpose for which they are intended."

The positions stated above are so unassailable, that they may be considered in the light of axioms laid down, than of propositions requiring demonstration. It happens unfortunately, however, that many truths of vital importance to the conduct of our daily life, are packed away like so much useless lumber, whilst we lose ourselves in foolish theories and speculations. We have all heard of Thales, the wise man of Greece, but few would care to be acquainted with his Thracian bondswoman: the philosopher was out star-gazing one night, and fell into a ditch. "It serves him right," said his practical housekeeper, "he wants to read in the heavens, and can't see what is passing under his very nose."

No. II.

THE ENGLISH "HOME;" AND THE FRENCH "VIE DE FAMILLE."

It is a constant subject of reproach, in the mouths of most of our tourists who describe the French and other continental people, that they have no words corresponding to our "Home" and "Comfort." I think this unjust and illiberal: my belief is, that the Frenchman or German, who passes his evening in a public garden or promenade, surrounded by his family, is just as much in his home, as the Englishman, who nods over his sea-coal fire in his own drawing-room. The

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family group is the same: the whole difference consists in the *mise en scène.*

With regard to comfort again: was there ever a more indefinite term? Can any two individuals be found to agree exactly in its meaning? Perhaps the more general definition, in England, would be this: a well-proportioned room, cheerfully lighted, with artificial heat, regulated to a nicety, and with all the soft appliances of Axminster carpets, easy chairs, and commodious footstools. The foreigner, on the other hand, seated on one rush-bottomed chair, and resting his feet on the bars of another, with a sweet lime-tree over head, and statues and flowers and music around him, might find himself *parfaitement bien*, nor would his contentment be the less for being reflected back upon him from scores of happy faces, equally expressive of *bien-être* with his own.

Which is right? which is wrong? Each is right, in making himself happy in his own way: either is wrong if he endeavour to force his standard of enjoyment on the other. *Suam uterque habet tesseram*:—and it is not by comparing the material of which the tallies are made, but by counting the notches on each, that we can arrive at even an approximation to a settlement of accounts.

I will own that I find something inexpressibly charming in the good taste and good feeling that pervades all domestic relations in France. Where will you look for better parents—better children? Whole families, to the third and fourth generation, living harmoniously together, under a common roof! What is the case in our own England? Has it not passed into a proverb with us, that a double *ménage* is a very delightful thing in theory, but a very impossible one in practice? A house so divided, is divided against itself—it will surely fall.

"Hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, far smoother do ye make the road of it!" How much greater are our chances of happiness if we strive to bend our inclinations to the wishes of those with whom we live, instead of wasting our time in the vain endeavour to fit our own spectacles on the nose of everybody else; how much wiser and better, ay, and easier too, is it to yield gracefully, than to resist obstinately! The willow and the oak might read us a useful homily.—A son wished to plead against his father. "You will be condemned," said Pittæus, whom he consulted, "if your cause is less just than his:—if it is more just, you will still be condemned."

It is not in trifles only that the difference consists between our own and our neighbours' modes of thinking and living. It were a small thing that one person passed his evening within doors, and another in the open air. Our climate is damp; the climate of France is dry. Go into the Champs Elysées at the close of the hottest day in summer, and you will find no moisture on an iron railing; go into Kensington Gardens under the same circumstances, and you will return home, certainly with damp feet, probably with tooth-ache and rheumatic twinges. Here, the fact of dew or no dew settles the question in a manner which admits of no appeal; the decision rests upon the fitness of things. But there are other points of national dissimilarity which cannot be so summarily dismissed, and these are subjects that may be canvassed and compared with advantage, if we enter upon the examination in a spirit of truth and candour.

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Let us hear one or two cases, out of many.

We will first suppose the father of a family in England, with a moderate, but comfortable fortune. How does he dispose of his two or three thousand a-year? His sons are sent to an expensive school; his daughters are brought up in an equally extravagant manner at home. He must have his riding horses, and give dinners; his wife must keep her carriage, and receive in the evening. The whole establishment is conducted on the best possible scale, compatible with an expenditure of two or three thousand pounds. At the end of the year, how stands his account with his banker? It shows no surplus: indeed, the world will call him a prudent man, if it exhibits no deficit. In the mean time, his sons grow up, and are to be advanced in their several professions: his daughters come out, and are to be provided with husbands. The two necessities clash; and, between the two, the comfort of his own existence is compromised. He cannot reduce his expenditure,—that would injure the prospects of his girls: he must do something for his boys—they cannot remain idle at home all the days of their life. Here, then, is a dilemma, which resolves itself into a very awkward question of ways and means.

Now, what system would a French père de famille pursue under similar circumstances? He has trente mille livres de rente, and is, in France, the representative of the same sort of class, to which the Englishman, with whom we compare him, belongs in his own country. He lodges, in Paris, *au troisième*, in some street selected with a view to cheerfulness and convenience, rather than to fashion. Here he resides during eight or nine months of the year. His son, or sons, if he have more than one, receive an excellent education at the Collège Henri IV., Collège Charlemagne, or the like, for the trifling sum of five or six pounds a-year. Amongst fellow-students of every class, from the prince of the blood to the peasant's son, he is in the heart of an entire microcosm, not of an eclectic one, such as our public schools exhibit. His daughters attend classes, where, if less time is wasted than with us in cultivating accomplishments, with very little regard to the pupil's taste or capabilities, far more attention is paid to the acquisition of useful and solid knowledge. The consequence is, that the young Frenchman goes into the world, at an early age, really a man of the world; the young Frenchwoman, when she marries, is not a mere puppet at the head of her husband's table; she is his friend, the sharer in his pursuits, the guardian of his interests.

Our *rentier*, again, during the college vacation, goes to his *terres*, if he is a landed proprietor; if not, to "*les eaux*." In either case, he rarely spends more than the two-thirds, or, at most, three quarters of his income; the remainder is put aside, to furnish a provision for his sons, or dowries for his daughters, *during his own lifetime*. This he can afford to do; he has always had a surplus, of which he can now divest himself without difficulty or embarrassment, and his accumulated savings come in aid of that disposable portion of his income, which is to ensure the comfort and well-being of his children.

Grant these facts, and draw your own conclusion.

There is a pleasant story told by some one, I forget whom, of a retired butcher, in a country town, who sent round to his old customers,

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informing them that he intended to kill a lamb once a week, just for his amusement. I believe the like might be related of every retired tradesman in England, with the exception, may be, of the tailor, who from living principally on cabbage, has probably much in common, and enjoys his leisure in much the same state of luxurious listlessness, with the ruminating animals. He is the exception to the rule: the generality are echoing, unconsciously and inarticulately, the sentiment of old Arnauld: "Rest! rest! shall I not have a whole eternity to rest in?"

This incapacity for enjoying the fruits of a life of toil, is something peculiar to the traders of England. Whether it proceed from the love of accumulation, the desire to become the founders of a race of gentlemen, or the want of power to turn their ideas into a new channel, I cannot say. In most cases, probably, from a mixture of all three. Could we all bring ourselves to look upon the world as a great workshop, we should, doubtless, consider this trait as a very valuable one in our national character. The *homo unius libri* is proverbially formidable at his weapon, and when that weapon is a ledger, it will certainly find favour in the eyes of political economists. But there is another proverb, equally true, which says: the man of one joke is a very tedious fellow; and when that joke turns for ever upon pounds, shillings, and pence, it is about as wearisome as the cackling of a hen over her nest-eggs. "We have more riches," says Carlyle,* "than any nation ever had before; and we have less good of them than any nation ever had before; and like the terse county-member who set the seal of his approval upon one of Burke's most eloquent harangues, I say—ditto to Mr. Professor of Things in General."

The French tradesman is exactly the reverse of all that I have stated with regard to his English prototype. What is in intaglio in the original, in the actype is in relief; easy to be abrased by time and wear; the motto, too, is to be read backwards. His *aim*, indeed, is to make his fortune, but his *end* is to enjoy it when made. Look, for instance, at the fashionable *Gantier*, or Cordonnier pour dames, in the Rue de la Paix. The time-honoured names of Boivin Ainé and Melnotte have passed away. The former, having amassed his three hundred thousand francs, has sold his shop and good-will, and become a house-proprietor; house property being a species of investment in high favour in Paris. He reads his newspaper in the pleasant garden of the Palais Royal or of the Tuileries, eats his evening ice at Tortoni's, administers his own affairs with great order and regularity, and bestows a proper measure of attention and supervision on the concerns of the nation at large; for he is now a tax-payer to a considerable amount, and an elector of his arrondissement. Of the latter I cannot speak with equal confidence: one thing, however, is certain; he, too, has made his fortune, and is now employing himself on what one would suppose to be a far easier task—the enjoyment of it. He may have become a landed proprietor; may be taking his otium cum diggin' a Santy, as the Scotchman calls it; is, probably, not only an *électeur*, but an *éligible*.

I should like to have it decided, upon the plain utilitarian principle

* Past and Present.

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of "the greatest happiness to the greatest number," in which of the twocountries the class of which I speak is most enviable. Will any thorough John Bull, of the politico-economist school, stake his reputation against mine, (these are long odds to ask, I allow,) on the decision of an impartial referee?

This great happiness principle conveys to my mind a strong feeling of its soundness and practicability. In spite of the low esteem in which it is held by the great writer whom I have quoted above, and, though a humble one, there is not a more sincere admirer of his works than I;—in spite of the low esteem in which he holds it, I cannot look around me on the world *as it is*, without perceiving and being convinced that it is admirably adapted to our actual human nature. I see everywhere that happiness expands the heart, that unhappiness closes it up; that it brings all the more kindly feelings into play; that its opposite chills and paralyses them. There is something too mystical, too metaphysical for practice, however true it be in theory, in his theory of the Worship of Sorrow; the circumstances in which we live and move and have our being, render it to us impossible. I believe that there has existed but one human being capable of such a worship, and that he was perfect Man and perfect God.

HIGHLAND NORAH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WAND'RING far away from Mora,
Wilt thou e'er return to Norah,
When the din of war is past?
Wilt thou bring the same fond heart,
Never, never more to part,
True as when we parted last?

Now no more among the heather,
Roaming side by side together,
Those dear eyes are fix'd on me;
Mora's flow'rs to me seem dead,
O'er their bloom my tears are shed,
Bitter tears that flow for thee.

Oh! should'st thou, again returning,
All thy soul with glory burning,
From the field of mortal strife,
Come to claim me as thy bride,
Then we'll wander side by side
Through the pleasant paths of life.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XIV.

"There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him."

T. H. Bayly.

In the sitting of the States General of the eleventh of November, the deputies from Corsica had demanded that their island, in the new division of France into departments, should form a separate one, but the demand had been adjourned. In another sitting, an Angevine deputy, M. Chapebœuf de Volney, read a letter put into his hands by one of the deputies from Corsica, informing the assembly of what had passed at Bastia on the fifth of the same month, relating to the insurrection and the seizure of arms by the inhabitants: but this account, which was very inaccurate, accused the French troops as having caused the excesses which were committed, adding, that the insurrection would very soon become general throughout the whole island if the National Assembly left the Corsicans in any longer uncertainty as to their fate, and that a decree of the assembly was the only thing which could set their minds at rest respecting the reports which gained ground, which were, sometimes, that the isle would be ceded to the republic of Genoa, sometimes that it would be put under a military government, etc., etc.

The deputy Salicetti insisted upon a decree being passed by which Corsica should be declared to form a part of the French empire, and its inhabitants permitted to be governed in the same manner as the rest of the people of France. This demand brought on a discussion worthy of remark, for it was next proposed to recall into Corsica all those islanders who, having formerly struggled for the independence of their country, had suffered banishment. Mirabeau spoke at considerable length in favour of both these decrees; De Montlosier took the side of the opposite opinion, giving as his motive, that if such a motion were adopted, it would be necessary, at the same time, to order the retreat of the troops, and of any other Frenchmen who might happen to be in Corsica, unless the assembly would see them massacred.

Notwithstanding all that had passed, however, towards the end of December tranquillity appeared tolerably re-established, both at Bastia and over all the rest of the island. This better aspect of things inspired me with the idea of profiting by what remained of my fur-

[1] Continued from p. 85.

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lough to get away for a time from this melancholy spot. I was anxious to go first to Marseilles, hoping to divert my mind among the amusements of that splendid place, and then make my way as far as Valence, to see my comrades in the garrison there.

Our general agreed to my wish very willingly, and I was not long in making preparations; but, embarking in a little vessel which was setting sail for Toulon, I landed in that town early in January, and two days after went on to Marseilles. In the garrison there I found many officers whom I knew, and, among others, two of my own regiment, who had been sent there in charge of six field pieces, which they had orders to set in a battery on the middle of the Course, in order to awe the populace, which was for ever being excited to new tumults.

Instead of the amusements and the pleasant distraction to the current of one's thoughts which I had hoped to find in Marseilles, our time passed in continual alarms; we were obliged to be always on the alert, and everything served for a pretext to shower menaces upon the military. The arrest of the Count de Merle, colonel of the regiment of Royal Marines, which was then in garrison there, was, at the period of my stay, a great motive for agitation among the people; every kind of extravagance was brought into action by the municipal authorities, in order to guard as their prisoner, in the Hotel de Ville, this pretended aristocrat. In the fear that his officers should seek to get him out of their hands, they raised a kind of fortification before the house, in order to render the approach more difficult, and employed old sugar casks, which they filled with large stones, to form a rampart and covered ways. *O tempora! O mores!*

Whenever the troops had orders to take arms to check the agitators, I made a duty of joining my comrades, as being an officer of the same regiment, though a stranger in the garrison; and at the same time a great number of the merchants of Marseilles, who showed in these difficult circumstances a resolution and an energy above all praise, connected themselves with us very closely, knowing the uprightness of intention which guided the officers of the garrison, and persuaded that such a force was absolutely necessary to the safety of their property and their commercial interests, while it would never injure any of their rights as citizens. These gentlemen united themselves into a society, which they called the Circle of the Phocians; and they invited the officers to mingle in it whenever they were inclined, as if it were in their own drawing-rooms, in order to read the papers, and to share with them in the deep and varied emotions which the rapidly-succeeding events of the revolution produced in hearts that were truly French. I shall never forget the cordiality and frankness which reigned in these parties, where soldier and burgher met, the one and the other having no other end in view but that of making lawful authority respected, so as to insure public repose.

But the time passed on which was to be at my own disposal, and, leaving Marseilles, I set out for Valence. In the presence of twenty thousand spectators, come from all parts of the provinces of Dauphiny and Vivarais, a celebrated confederation of national guards, to the number of nine thousand, had just taken place at Valence. Those of Valence

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had been joined by those of Vienne and Grenoble, and the multitude had assembled upon the *Champ de Mars*, in front of an altar, before which each detachment had, in its turn, taken the oath to be faithful "to the nation, the law, and the monarch." The fête had ended in a host of banquets, and all, upon the whole, had gone off quietly; but the regiment of Grenoble which was then garrisoning Valence had taken no part in this clamorous expression of the people's vows, the general and colonel of the regiment having thought it fittest not to accept, for either officers or soldiers, any of the invitations made them to take part in these public festivities; for they felt it prudent not to expose the little portion of armed force confided to them to deviate from their accustomed order, nor to fail in that discipline which was so necessary to repress the agitators and ill-designers very likely to be found in so large an assemblage of strangers. The cannoniers did not appear at all surprised or disappointed at this measure, but returned very quietly into their barrack at the usual hour, looking on with a sort of indifference at all the demonstrations of patriotism and apings of the soldierlike, of which till then no one had ever any idea.

Some of the new confederates, probably more zealous than the others, took affront at this coldness in the men, and accused the officers as being the authors of it, reproaching the general more particularly, as having opposed himself, in this instance, to any national impulse in the troops of the line. Nothing further was wanted to make them denounce him to their brethren and allies at Paris. It appears that these latter then engaged their correspondents to watch closely over this old aristocrat, in order, if possible, to detect him in some fault, and to bring over to the march of the nation, if possible, the soldiers of the regiment, who could surely not do better than desire to use the new rights of man against their superior officers.

It was while these things were taking place that I arrived in the midst of the comrades whom I had not seen for three years. If anything could atone to me for all the vicissitudes which were then but beginning to darken the path of an officer in the royal army, it was the warm welcome of these true friends. But a fearful catastrophe came all at once over our hearts, in the midst of our first intercourse.

Our general, the Viscount de Voisin, had his abode in the citadel, a small and very antique fortress which was adjacent to the city, and separated from it only by its ramparts and fosses. Accused by the liberals of that day of having expressed opinions little in accord with the revolutionary system, he was without ceasing threatened with its vengeance; but he had long despised these menaces with the coolness of an old servant of the king, who knew no path but that of honour and the footsteps of the old time. Some headstrong spirits, however, having found it cause for complaint that the guard of the citadel should be entirely confided to regular troops, and men subject to the orders and caprices of an officer of noble extraction, they announced their resolution of using their *right* as citizens to enter that place whenever it seemed good to them, as well as to mount guard there.

The general, who now perceived some danger of seeing his authority set aside, thought it necessary to order the guard of that post to be augmented by a picquet of fifty men, who were to defend the entrance

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in case any attempt were made to penetrate into it by force This detachment was commanded by officers firmly resolved to do their duty, and some charges of powder were given out to the soldiers; and this new arrangement, which was but a most natural precaution, appeared to give great offence to the patriots; they complained of it very loudly, and found means to let some of the soldiers know that it was a positive *insult* to the *nation*, adding, that they thought that if the people presented themselves at the entrance of the fortress, the cannoniers, far from firing upon them, ought to lower the drawbridge. A soldier of the detachment, to whom this reasoning seemed unanswerable, declared, before some of his comrades, that he certainly would not fire upon his fellow-citizens, even if the order were given him; but he was punished for this avowal by his superior officer, who sent him into temporary confinement.

The day on which this occurred passed without any disastrous enterprise being attempted; but the next, at eight in the morning, a band of armed men, with a host of unarmed followers, directed themselves in a crowd towards the citadel, in the design of entering it, and making the general give an explanation of his new arrangements. The officer in command had only time to order the drawbridge to be raised; the sub-officers hurried thither, and it was two-thirds of the way up, when some of the populace seized the chains on the outside, and prevented the execution of the order, and the concourse augmented to such a degree, that resistance became, so to speak, impossible, while several of the privates showed an evident disposition to hesitate as to whether they should make any, or join in refusing. Meantime, the news of what was passing at the citadel reached the barracks, the soldiers who were not on duty hastened thither, while the commanding officer ordered the drums to beat, in order to call together all the officers and rally the soldiers, that they might go at once to the assistance of their general, whose life seemed now threatened, to judge by the atrocious schemes which were overheard. The officers all lodged in the town, and were but few in number, on account of several being absent on furlough; but at the sound of the drum, which we had no idea of the cause of, we all flew to the barracks. On our way we met several cannoniers scattered about the streets, and running with the populace towards the citadel, of which every one was talking, and which seemed to be the general rendezvous. The greater part of these soldiers, deaf to the voice of their officers, refused to turn their steps to the barracks and take their arms; and, dragged along with the crowd towards the citadel, we found it filled with an assemblage of rioters, mixed with soldiers, who surrounded the general's house, while a piquet of the National Guard, mingled with cannoniers, who had been placed there by the mayor and municipal officers, defended the gate of the citadel, and allowed entrance to no one whatever.

At the first intelligence of this popular movement, these magistrates had gone in haste to the general's house, to demand the reasons of his new arrangement, and, no doubt, with the intention of preserving his life from the infuriated mob; and, finding no possibility of making our soldiers take arms, our only hope for the safety of the viscount was in thefirmness of the municipal officers, and in our resolution to

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make him a rampart with our bodies, aided by some of the sub-officers and several isolated soldiers, who seemed to partake our alarm for him, and to be still moved by sentiments of duty and honour. We fretted at being obliged to wait at this gate, in the midst of the tumult, and the angry cries of the aged noble's accusers, without being able to afford any help in the terrible crisis, while the time fled, and our anxiety increased, and we were in entire ignorance what steps he himself would resolve to take. At length the doors of the gate opened, and the municipal officers appeared, dressed in their scarfs. We could not distinguish what they said in the tumult, but we saw that our general was with them. They caused themselves to be surrounded by the two piquets which had been guarding the doors, and it was in vain that we would have pressed through to our general and received his orders;—to approach him was impossible; orders to the contrary were given, and we could only suppose that it was as a measure of security, and upon a combined plan, to save his life. But where was he going? whither were they conducting him? We knew not. We again attempted to penetrate to him, though we felt all the danger there was, in forcing our way through the piquet, of occasioning disorder, and thus leaving a passage at the same time for the assassins with whom we seemed to be surrounded. It was a critical moment; but we made every effort in vain, and found all we could do was to let our minds rest upon the foresight of the town magistrates, whose intentions we would fain persuade ourselves were good. But, *one* authority overthrown, seems to bring down the ruin of others. We remained, therefore, attached to the cortège, and as near to our revered leader as we could. The rumour began to circulate among those around us that they were taking him to prison. To *prison!* Yes, a prison was the only asylum, they knew, that could put him out of the reach of the threatened poniards; but why was he not to be confined in his own house, with a guard of citizens who might be trusted, and the few yet faithful soldiers? They suddenly came to a halt, however, before the Church of St. John, and while awaiting anxiously what it could mean, it was said among the crowd that the general had demanded to be allowed to enter it and explain his conduct before the people; he was, probably, hoping to occasion a diversion, or, by gaining time, to allow of help, perhaps, arriving; and the old soldier, as great a novice as his young officers in revolutionary proceedings, fancied, perhaps, he could explain himself as frankly as he had done all his life before the multitude, and undeceive them upon the false imputations laid to him. But how was he mistaken! Entering with the crowd, our surprise was extreme to see him mounting the pulpit! The municipal officers stood below, surrounded by the detachment they had brought as guards. The venerable nobleman spoke; he tried to make himself heard, but how was it possible, in the midst of such an auditory, and the thousand vociferations they were pouring forth against him and his officers! A number of voices demanded, with loud cries, *who* had punished the soldier for having said that he would not fire upon his fellow-citizens? That officer, whose name was De Vauzelmont, was then in the midst of us, at ten paces from the pulpit; he was remarkable for his height and

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his engaging countenance. His heart boiled at the thought that *he* had in some sort occasioned this tumult, and, shuddering at the idea that his general might perhaps be the victim of it, he flung himself impetuously towards the pulpit, crying, "I will show myself—I will name myself as *he!*" and he had already climbed three of its steps, as if he would expose himself there instead of his commander, when the general ordered him to be silent and retire. Thinking only of the viscount's danger, he persisted against his order, exclaiming to the people, "It was *I!*" upon which the general desired him to retire immediately, under arrest. We heard these last words, and De Vauzelmont came down to us with his hands pressed upon his forehead, writhing himself in his agitation, and exclaiming, "He orders me into arrest! I *cannot* go!"

Natural as this noble display of grief and lofty sentiment appeared to us, we feared that this expressive scene might even aggravate the danger of our general, and we all insisted upon our comrade obeying the orders of his superior, and retiring to his lodging before he had further drawn upon himself the anger of the miscreants; but, as we did not know what rashness De Vauzelmont might not be led into by the agony of his feelings at thus being compelled into forsaking his general at the moment he would have sacrificed himself for him, and when he most needed him, the rest of my comrades engaged me to accompany him and see him home. He yielded reluctantly to our remonstrances, and we left the church without any opposition from the people, as all eyes were turned towards the pulpit. As none of the soldiers there were under my orders, my own company being in Corsica, this commission interfered the less with my duty, and we took our way through the streets, passing on our road a crowd of armed rabble, who were hurrying towards the church, giving utterance to all sorts of proposals against the officers, and especially against the one who had punished the soldier. "Those wretches of officers! they are all aristocrats!" they said—"we must get rid of them!" At the corner of a street we met one of our comrades, De Saint Cyr, who was being pursued; he fled to us, exclaiming, "They want to kill me!" and we lengthened our steps to gain the house we were on our way to. De Vauzelmont's lodgings were situated above the reading-rooms looking upon the principal square, and as, on this account, the entrance stood always open, it never occurred to us to close the doors, so that we had barely time to ascend the staircase, four steps at a time, to try and barricade ourselves in his apartments, before the corridor and staircase were filled at once by a horde of brigands in full pursuit of us. They consisted for the most part of Rhone boatmen, or inhabitants of the port and the lowest streets of the town; they were armed with bad sabres, cutlasses, pistols, and other weapons, and vociferated with all their strength, the hoarse roar of the multitude echoing through the passages, while they struck blow after blow upon the two doors of the apartment, in order to burst them through. Ignorant of what might be passing at the church, and unable to get back thither, we hurriedly sought for arms, in the hope of defending ourselves, at least for a moment; but, though we found pistols, there were no bullets! A lady belonging to the upper

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class of society there, who consequently did not feel with the insurgents, and whose house was at the other side of the street adjoining that corner of the square, came to her windows with one of her sons, an infantry officer, and while she lifted her hands to heaven to express her alarm for us, her son showed us some pistols which he was going to throw to us across the street; it was very narrow, but we made a sign to him to attempt nothing, and shut our window to prevent it, fearing it would be hazarding their lives also. At that moment one of our doors was broken through, and we found ourselves with nothing but our swords to repulse the band of assassins that rushed in upon us. I was, by chance, the nearest to the threshold of the inner chamber, where we were trying to intrench ourselves once more, but in vain,—and a number of them instantly held their weapons to my throat, when some voices from among them cried out, "It is not *that* one!" and they rushed upon my companions, for they were most exasperated against De Vauzelmont, for having punished the soldier. That providential cry had delayed for a moment our death-blow, and in the momentary diversion several of the national guard, who, happening to be in arms in the square, had followed the crowd up the staircase, entered, conducted by their adjutant-major, an upright and sensible man, who trembled to see the blood of his fellow-citizens poured out so barbarously. The celerity he threw into this errand of compassion, his courage, and the intelligence he showed in this emergency, I shall never forget; they were sufficient to awe the murderers; and at the same moment a party of cannoniers appeared among the throng. One of our officers, De La Catorme, having been happy enough to retain, during this outbreak, his company under arms, the only one of the regiment, owing to its being quartered in a private barrack in the square,—had, instead of being hurried along with the mixed multitude of soldiers and insurgents, conducted his troop in order to the church, where he arrived too late. At the sight of this new tumult, as they were regaining their barrack, he halted his detachment, and, inquiring into the cause, heard that the lives of some officers were menaced, upon which, arousing all the spirit of his men by asking them if they would let *all* their officers be assassinated! a party of the subalterns, putting themselves at the head of the company, flew to our help. As the tall and imposing figures of soldier after soldier were seen gliding through the crowded mass of men disguised in torn rags, and whose courage fell as the excitement which had aroused it sank for a moment, one of our sergeants, clasping my hand, murmured in an under tone to me, "We are on your side, my officer!" and the frank and soldier-like assurance went to the heart of one who had just seen, bitterly, our uniform dishonoured, and to whom life was the dearer for owing it to our own cannoniers. In concert with the national guardsmen, they succeeded in dislodging from the chamber all the emissaries of the Jacobin sect who had taken possession of it, driving out some by main force, and persuading others, more tenacious, that they were about to take us into custody, and that it was for the law to pass sentence upon us if we were guilty; and thus we were left to remain their prisoners, with our minds as full of amazement as of gratitude at having escaped such a danger.

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But hardly were we left alone with our loyal defenders, and free to speak, than we asked, all three at once, what was become of our general? Their looks of horror told us his fate. Could he be dead? was it possible? We were overwhelmed with grief and despair, and no longer thought of ourselves; our feelings burst forth into imprecations of vengeance, which our rescuers attempted, with alarm, to restrain, warning us of renewed danger; and at that very instant the rumour of a fresh tumult was heard approaching, and the shouting and wild singing of unbridled and fierce triumph became more distinct as they entered the square. It was a thousand men calling themselves "*free*," who were bringing into the square a vial filled with the blood of our commanding officer—that blood which had flowed in his veins but a quarter of an hour before. They carried it in triumph to the sound of drums, dancing farandoles, and shouting "*Vive La Nation!*" till they were breathless.

And *this* is the people. Put them in motion, if you dare!

Well, my dear children, this was but the *beginning* of the revolution! God preserve you from ever witnessing similar scenes!

When we left the church, the Viscount de Voisin, perceiving that nothing he could say was heard by the multitude, and that all the hope he had of producing an impression on them was vain, gave way to the persuasions of the municipal officers, that he should allow himself to be taken to the prison; they still believed they could save him by that means, and he descended from the pulpit to place himself in the midst of them; they formed a circle round him, and the soldiers who had accompanied them from the citadel making a hedge on each side, the cortège began to move towards the principal entrance of the church. But perfidy awaited their coming; a party of cut-throats, more expert in the arts of sedition than they, darted forward, and fell in a body upon one of the files of soldiers, who, unaccustomed to suspicion, and naturally confiding, allowed their line to be broken through without making any resistance; the two lines were soon divided while in the middle of the nave of the church, the Viscount seized in the very arms of the municipal officers, before the eyes of his companions in arms, and hurried off with the speed of a bullet towards a little side door. It was there that men, impatient to put an end to his life, seem to have been posted to await him; for scarcely was he on the further side of it, than he was borne down with two blows from the butt end of a gun, the lock of which penetrated deep into his head, and amid loud cries on every side he received another blow from a knife, and died bathed in his own blood,—that blood which had for more than fifty years been consecrated to the defence of his country.

This horrid assassination was committed five minutes after I had left the church with my comrade. We remained all the rest of the day, and a part of that night, in De Vauzelmont's chambers, guarded by the same persons; and the officer in command profited by the first moment of returning calm to have De Vauzelmont and De Saint Cyr transferred to the town-gaol, they being the two against whom the people were most clamorous. Their leaders found, in the accusation which they brought against the former of these officers, a sort of excuse for the crime which they had committed; and the magistrates

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agreed upon this measure of precaution in concert with our superior officers.

The municipal body and the staff of the regiment addressed each a statement of what had passed, the one to the national assembly, the other to the minister of war; and there the thing rested, without any *kind* of inquiry, reparation, or justice; it was thus that every similar crime was already beginning to be passed over, in every part of France.

One of our cannoniers, who was accused of having behaved scandalously while they were assassinating his general, was sent out of the regiment in disgrace; he was a soldier belonging to Grenoble, and the patriots of Valence, indignant at this arbitrary act of an aristocracy which was passing fast away, sent immediate information of the thing to their friends in that place, who came in consequence to meet the worthless artilleryman, to congratulate him, and conduct him in triumph through their streets, as a victim of patriotism the most pure. Alas their error!

On the morrow of that day of crime and sorrow, our soldiers, left to their own reflections, began to appear ashamed of their conduct; their duty was attended to as usual, and the agents of the faction, which continued trying to excite them into hatred against their officers, began to fear that they would return to too entire submission. They now reminded them of the federation in which they had been allowed to take no part, and laboured to establish a closer connexion between the privates of the line and the soldiers of the national guard, in which they so far succeeded, that some of the soldiers began to affect keeping their hats on when they passed their officers, and others would give the usual military salutation to an officer of the national guard who might be passing before their sentry-box, and at the same moment turn their heads to avoid doing it to one of their own commanders. Thus they went straight to the end they had in view, that of extinguishing in the breast of the soldier the confidence and respect of which his officers had proved themselves worthy for so many ages.

Before returning into Corsica to rejoin my regiment, I was present at the civic fête of the Confédération, which was held at Valence, as well as in Paris and all the other towns of the kingdom, on the 14th of July. Every corps in the army, and every division of the national militia, had received an order to send deputies to the fête which took place in the capital, and at which the king himself was present. The unhappy monarch took, on that memorable day, the oath to be faithful to the nation and to the laws.

All the troops swore to be faithful "to the nation, to the laws, and to the king,"—a form newly decreed, and which would have appeared less strange to us if it had *begun* with the name of the king, since our functions were necessarily limited, with respect to the interests of the public, to obeying our superiors, who received *their* orders directly from the king himself, as the supreme head of the army. For all that remained, the nation might very well have trusted to the honour of French officers, of which the Viscount d'Orthe, commandant of Bayonne, under the reign of Charles IX., had left us so fine a specimen. The reply he made to the king, in refusing to execute a san-

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guinary order, breathes the very soul of true honour in its vivid lines:—

"Sire,—I have found in the garrison true citizens and brave soldiers, but not one executioner; wherefore we supplicate your majesty to occupy our limbs and our lives in *possible* things, be they hazardous as they may; and we will shed the last drop of our blood to accomplish them."

Many other commanders gave the same refusal. How unlike in character those men of the same state and name, who, charged to annihilate the race of Condé to its last scion, dared to violate, at the order of a first consul, the laws of nations as well as the laws of humanity! But if I am found too tedious, I must pray my readers to remember, that it is for my son I am writing down my thoughts.

Many of us felt a natural repugnance to thus deviating from the ancient customs of our predecessors, for the oath seemed in fact to us but illusory, knowing as we did, that the king, overmastered by party leaders, was often obliged to yield to circumstances to avoid still greater evils. One thing is very sure, that this oath I took at Valence, could not bind me more closely to my king and my native country than before! But the epoch was approaching when the honour of every servant of the state was put to a cruel proof.

Returned to Corsica, I found that island in much the same situation in which I had left it, that is to say, in a continued ferment, its agitation corresponding entirely with what passed on the shores of France. I remained there tillt he period for a fresh furlough returned, and took advantage of that which was then allowed me to revisit France and home, having been separated from my family for now four years. I crossed Languedoc to make my way into Anjou, lingering to remark in that rich southern province, its Roman antiquities, which, though less magnificent than such as I had seen in Italy, were enough to convince me that one need not pass the Alps to have an idea of the beauty of their architecture, and the grandeur of that departed people; the amphitheatre, or arena of Nismes, and the lovely antique temple called the "Maison Carrée," are their two monuments of the deepest interest.

Another object not less curious attracted also its share of my attention, the celebrated Canal of the South. I had seen something like it in Italy; its extent, its simplicity, and the variety of obstacles conquered in its construction, make it rank among the world's wonders, yet one is surprised in looking at it that it should not have been thought of sooner. Much of genius and perseverance must have been wanting to conquer nature in so many shapes, and probably the constructors had studied the triumph of Roman skill, in the excavated hill of Pausilippo.

Another Frenchman conceived the idea of the cônes of Cherbourg barring out the ocean; a third placed for the first time a hundred and twenty guns upon the floating war-machine, making our sailors victorious in earth's furthest regions; why is it that no fourth has yet invented the thing more simple, the question vainly asked since earth's creation,—how to make good laws! I would gladly think that such a one could be found in France, without going into Corsica to seek him.

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My journey was far from being such a pleasant one as it would have been some months earlier; for being an officer, I was suspected of being an "aristocrat," and men looked at me with sidelong glances, as one ill met; in our floating diligence, the canal boat, the nation found itself in force; and the throng of men of the lower orders who had established themselves on board, soon broke down, under pretence of being more at their ease, the door which separated their larger cabin from that of the better class of passengers. It is true that all who tenanted the little salon payed a higher price, to entitle them to the greater comfort it procured, and the advantage of being sheltered from the crowd; it had always been the custom to have it so; but now no privileges were longer to exist; so in five minutes the trifling one we had enjoyed for a few hours was destroyed, in spite of all the captain could do or say to these advocates of *equality*. Some ladies in the cabin whispered him a threat, that if the door were not put up again they would not pay the extra passage money; but his interference was vain, the "*decree*" extempore must be put up with, and we were condemned to listen all day to the noisy songs of the democrats; and what was more, to go without refreshment, not daring to bring our moderate stores to light, lest our legs of fowl should be devoured by these revolutionary ogres.

Such wild conceits as these were hindrances to the pleasure I had promised myself, and to much examination of the scenes I passed through; but I stopped notwithstanding at Bourdeaux, to admire the splendid site of that fine town, and afterwards at Rochefort and at la Rochelle, whence I reached home through la Vendée, that classic land, whose name was yet in obscurity, like the virtues of its inhabitants.

"Holy faith and honour high
Upon *those* shores held their sway;
For our God, our King to die,
Was the oath of La Vendée."

I was hardly arrived in our village, and folded in my father's arms, when the sound of our two little village bells broke upon my ear; and, so long accustomed to the sudden call of alarms, I started in fear that it was the tocsin I heard, and *his* gray head might be the object of popular search. I ran to know what it was, and if I could to save him; but it was our good peasantry, celebrating, as they said, their joy to see their master's son again, after so long an absence.

"There are those this will not please!" observed my father; "the die may be cast for *us!*—and it was in truth the last small show of feudal honour I was ever to receive; and one which I never *could* have had again; for when I came back from an emigrant soldier's wanderings, bells, tower, and church, had disappeared. All that winter we heard "Ca ira! Ca ira!" chanted outside our walls; happy if it had gone no further.

(I must here reluctantly stop the deepening story for a moment, to recall the day when an old noble, leaning on his staff, passed us as we loitered slowly up the long hill from the green prairies by the Loire-side to the "maison des Anglais," and lingered to point to us where,

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in his father's time, the church had stood, just through an old still picturesque gateway, and upon the lovely spot where now had sprung up, in all the freshness of modern taste, beside the old laden pear-trees of what was once the gray monk's garden, the tall white house of the judge of the new régime, with vases at the corners of its roofs, and bright metal balls glittering in the sunshine at the top of its gables, and sash windows looking down upon the long green vineyard that stretched away to where the venerable chateau, with its pointed towers, crowned the hill. The new abode kept up the *one* external trace of the past shown in its name of the Priory, and within there was a large old staircase shown at one end; but of the church, not a stone was remaining.

"My father," said M. de R——, "built the new one in his park that it might be safe." How pleasantly it stands, with the long path to it through the gardens! and every morning, at the early masses, the inmates of the chateau are kneeling there in prayer. At five the gray-haired curé is in the confessional, and at half-past six the servants of the chateau go daily to the matin service.)

I passed but a *triste* winter for a young man; the noblesse and the clergy were so the constant object of suspicion, that it was dangerous to enter into society, or to give fêtes and parties. The usual pleasures of the season were suspended; men met in secret to sigh over the present and the future; while one and another was accused of complot and conspiracy, and the dominant faction in the assembly occupied itself without ceasing in the endeavour to destroy, and in submitting the whole of France to its new laws; passing under its jacobin yoke all the officers of the state, as it had already forced the king to pass.

The clergy of France had already been despoiled of their wealth by an iniquitous decree; the next thing was to enforce the oath to the constitution, which so many priests refused to take, preferring hunger, imprisonment, and death, to safety and apostacy. In the space of fifteen days all the churches in France were taken out of their hands, and after a brief attempt on the part of many a Christian pastor to minister in private to his flock, those in power, dreading their influence still, sent troops to hunt them forth, and persecution began.

Detachments of troops of the line were first ordered to march against them; for the inhabitants of the country villages in some parts appeared ready to go through anything, sooner than see their pastors carried off; and we, their officers, were to become the executioners of our teachers, as if the king had given us our swords to make *such* a use of them! but "*down* with revolutions! come what may!" was the constant cry of the army; and the National Assembly finding us, with the exception of a very small number, rebel to its designs, conceived the idea of tying all our hands by a fresh organization of the army, and a constitutional oath to be required of every official. A decree like this gave rise to intense and rapid discussion all through the nation; each one delivering dissertations on his own views of the subject; for it was a circumstance in which to reconcile our interests and our duty was difficult indeed; the inexpedience of abandoning our situations to men who were burning to fill them for the purpose of sup-

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porting the revolution, threw the royalists into cruel perplexity. "What would become of the king," we asked, "with an army the greater part of whose officers applauded all the insults with which the monarch's cup is daily dregged? What will be the fate of all the royalists in the kingdom, if the absurd denunciations which are from every side rained down upon their heads are to be followed up by an order to incarcerate them addressed to their greatest enemies? My mind was full of the question what I ought to do; I determined to consult with my comrades before taking a final resolution; but I often dwelt upon the subject to my father and my friends, all whose reluctance to see me enter into an engagement so opposed to our principles, I deeply partook. Among them I had an aunt who had brought me up, the sister of my father; she loved me with all a mother's tenderness, and her deep piety, her fine judgment, and the nobleness of her sentiments, had long impressed the greatest veneration for her on my mind; it was full of regret that I prepared to leave her for (I knew probably) *very long*: and I had observed for a long time that she was sadder than usual; when she spoke to me, there was an evident wish to restrain her feelings, which it grieved me to see, and many times when she looked at me I saw the tears start into her eyes, though she tried evidently to hide them from me. One day I met her on the staircase, where she was waiting to see me, and she slipped a little packet of gold pieces into my hand, but would not stop for me to thank her, for she was afraid of paining me, by letting me see how deep her feelings were with respect to my approaching separation from them; she dared not hear the time fixed for my departure, but a few days beforehand she at length broke a silence which she could no longer bear, and which was very painful to *me*, and beginning at once with the subject which so weighed upon her mind, began:— "You are *going*, then, mon cher ami! and I know not *when* I shall see you again! whether I *ever* may! Tell me, *do* you mean to take the newly-decreed oath?" I did not answer her a word; for I had resolution enough not to give her a promise that I might be exposed to break. She went on—"At least remember, my dear boy, that I held you at the baptismal font." This Christian appeal quite overcame me; I threw myself into her arms, and my tears were my only reply.

A thorough change had just been made in all the officers of the different corps of artillery, in order to carry into execution the new system of organization, and to destroy as much as possible, by changing them into other regiments than those in which they had hitherto served, that spirit of union which till then had prevailed in each regiment. I was not, however, to quit mine, and I received an order to join it at Valence, with the information that I should immediately receive my commission as captain of one of the companies then in garrison there.

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THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ALBUM.*

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

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What shall be written here?
What, in these pages, shall the weak hand trace?
Shall it record the cause of many a tear—
Paint the heart's pangs—the spirit's baffled race?

Dark shadows flit along—
Fitfully crossing the unsullied page!
What shall the minstrel sing?—he hath no song
Youth's ear to charm, to cheer the cares of age.

What shall be written, then,
Where measures sweet and smooth should find a place;
Where visions, bright beyond the common ken,
The poet's magic pencil here should trace?

Mine is a sordid store—
The beggar's banquet of unsavoury things!
The rose of pleasure decks my lyre no more,
For Grief its cypress o'er it wildly flings.

Love is no theme for me,—
There is a frenzy in the very name;
It points to blood, and death, and agony—
It mutters madness and it whispers shame.

Friendship?—Alas, alas!
One month ago and I could for it twine
Garlands of song and praise: joys fleetly pass,
And *now* I scatter incense on its shrine!

That shrine the graveyard holds—
That friendship lingers not on earth—that friend
(Wrapt in the winding-sheet's funereal folds)
Gives not the transport he was wont to lend!

And Fame?—Oh! hearts may feel
(When hopes are bright and youth is burning high)
The soldier's ardour, and the patriot's zeal,
But they—like other joys—the wretched fly.

What shall be written here?
Who shall the strains of hope and pleasure twine?—
— I would not stain the pages with a tear,
But leave the book for lighter lays than mine!

* A melancholy anecdote is linked to these lines. An album, intended as a gift for his most intimate friend and companion, had been ordered from Madras by the author, during his residence in the territories of the Nizam, nearly 400 miles from the presidency. It arrived on the day expected, but he for whom it was intended was then lying a mangled corse. Every officer of the Madras army then at Secundrabad will remember the dreadful death of the "young, the bright, and beautiful" Lieut. Disbrowe Peacock, of the Rifle corps—loved beyond common liking in life, and lamented beyond common length of lamentation in death!

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LA FIANCÉE INCONNUE.

BY M. M. C.

Wanted—a wife.

"WHAT does the fellow mean by writing me such a letter?" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence one morning at the breakfast-table, glancing somewhat impatiently over a voluminous epistle, bearing the postmark of Bombay. "Upon my soul," continued he, as he perused the letter in question, "my hopeful son is an exception to heirs in general! What an invaluable acquisition he would be to one half the nobility, who are tormented by the refractory dispositions of their eldest sons! 'I commit the affair altogether into your hands.' I dare say he does! 'And only request that the lady may be possessed of black eyes and hair.' Requisites, certainly, for wedded happiness!" I should have thought temper and character the indispensables! 'I shall have the gratification of knowing that my wife is an agreeable daughter to you.' No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Edward; you are very desirous to render *me* happy! A most dutiful or indolent dog, truly; it is rather difficult to say which. I should like to know why he cannot choose for himself, like other people. Well, well! I suppose I must endeavour to fulfil his commission, extraordinary as it is; it is only to be hoped that, as souls, they say, are created in pairs, and are sure to be happy if they meet on earth, it will be my good fortune to select his duplicate."

Thus soliloquised Mr. Lawrence on the receipt of a letter from his only son, a young civilian at Bombay. From the old gentleman's habit of thinking aloud, the reader is already sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the important budget, as well as with the resolution formed in consequence; we will, therefore, proceed at once (as a *padre* would say) to the application.

Anxious to fulfil his son's wishes as speedily as possible, Mr. Lawrence went that evening to a dinner party at the house of an acquaintance, where he had the good fortune to escort to the table a young and very beautiful girl, whose manners and conversation delighted him, and whose eyes were, moreover, black as death. Occasionally, indeed, these eyes assumed a mournful expression, as they wandered to the other end of the table, and rested anxiously on two people seated there, who were apparently engaged in a very interesting discussion, carried on in sotto voce, while the eager, animated looks of the gentleman, and the tell-tale blushes of his companion, evinced that they were something more to each other than mere casual acquaintances—that, indeed, they would themselves consider that dear and comprehensive term, *friend*, all too cold to be suited to them. It was evident that their intimacy, whatever might be its nature, was a source of pain and sorrow to the dark-eyed beauty; and

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Mr. Lawrence, observing her emotion, endeavoured to withdraw her attention from the cause of it, by engaging her in conversation. Gradually she became more calm and unembarrassed, and exhibited so much sense and talent, with so much amiability, that he was quite delighted with her society, and eagerly requested permission to pay his respects to her on the following morning.

Punctually at the appointed hour he arrived in Wilton Crescent, and was courteously received by the lady. After a little desultory conversation, he ventured hesitatingly to open his commission, auguring success to his wishes from the violent blushes and evident timidity of his companion, when the door opened, and a young man entered very unceremoniously, whom Mr. Lawrence recognized as the same who had distracted the lady's attention on the previous night.

Scarcely vouchsafing a bow to the visitor, and passing the lady without any recognition whatsoever, he lounged across the room to the fire, threw himself into a chaise longue, deposited his hands in his pockets and his feet on the fender, gazed in apparent abstraction on the glowing coals, and then observed,

"Deuced wet day this—provoking! wanted to take that song to Helen Williamson, and it's not fit weather for a dog to go out in; however, I think I'll go, for I promised last night to let her have it; so find it for me, will you?"

"I think you had better not go, just now; only look how it pours; and surely it is not of so *very* much consequence."

"But I tell you it is; so I'm off. Any message?"

"Not any *there*," replied the lady, with a deep sigh; and as she spoke, the young man left the room with as little courtesy as he had entered it, and they were once more *tête-à-tête*.

But the thread of the conversation once broken, it was not very easy to resume it; and Mr. Lawrence began to doubt the propriety of his conduct. The scene just enacted before his eyes had so far opened them as to admit of a fearful doubt that his commission was destined to be a failure—that the lady was already married. That young man who had just left the room must surely be her husband; it was impossible on any other grounds to account for the rudeness, not to say unkindness, of his manner to so lovely a being. It wanted but positive evidence to convince the wife-hunter of the unpleasant position he was in—and too soon he found it. Yes, there was no mistake; there was on her finger that simple golden circlet, emblem of an eternity of weal or woe—how often of the latter! How could he have been so blind as never before to discover it? Cursing his own folly, and devoutly wishing the lordly possessor of the lady in a place which "is never named in ears esteemed polite," and which we therefore refrain from mentioning, he muttered forth an unintelligible apology and left the house, firmly resolved that he would in future ascertain whether or not the proposee were already married.

In the course of a few days, the keen edge of the vexation which this *contretemps* caused him wore off, and, bent on fulfilling his son's wishes, he entered more than usual into society; keeping what sailors denominate "a bright look out" for some practicable connexion.

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But here disappointments alone awaited him—a statement to which, as we are writing fact, not fiction, we would particularly call the attention of our readers to, who, if they have witnessed, even for one season, the strenuous efforts of mothers and daughters in the English slave-market to obtain a *parti*, may reasonably doubt our word, and deem our assurance incredible. Yet so it was. Such is the perversity of womankind, that, on the present occasion, scruples of all kinds arose, and objections were made, not only by the blushing and timid *débutante* of the season, but even by those who had gone through the ordeal of "the first appearance" a dozen years before. Even these hinted a wish to become personally acquainted with their extraordinary suitor before committing their destiny unreservedly into his hands by irrevocably accepting his proposals, while some even hinted at *deception*, *insult*, and "*my brother*;" and thus it happened that the *coup d'essai* was but one of a series of decided refusals, varied only by the different expressions of indignation or of mirth which the offers of Mr. L. were sure to elicit.

Poor Mr. Lawrence! How heartily did he wish that the young hopeful had selected for himself, and not delegated to him a commission which had rendered him so ridiculous; he was almost ashamed of showing his face in any of his usual haunts. Fate, however, had not done her worst, for he still entertained the hope of success, and, consequently, was still open to her caprices.

One evening he was passing down Regent Street, when his attention was attracted by a very graceful-looking, lovely girl, who was coming out of a shop, accompanied by an elderly lady. She was dressed in deep mourning. As he passed her, he was struck by the depth and brilliancy of her magnificently black eyes, and, without allowing himself a moment for consideration, he turned round and followed her. She walked very rapidly, but for some time he contrived to keep her in sight, until, meeting with a friend, who detained him some time in conversation, he found, on regaining his liberty, that the fair one was no longer visible. Still determined to find her, he followed the direction he supposed her to have taken, until night closing in, he thought it expedient to retrace his steps. This was sooner said than done, like many another prudent measure. He stared around him, hoping to recognise some landmark, but in vain; he arrived gradually at the full conviction of the pleasing fact that he had lost his way. Neither was the appearance of the place very agreeable, or such as a respectable elderly gentleman would like to be found in. Thirty years ago it would have been termed an alley, and one of the very lowest order, but since Cranbourne has become a street, even an antiquated being like myself cannot venture to give "a name" to this local habitation. Before and behind him were darkness, while on either side were shops, with flaring glassless gaslights, filled with wares of all sorts, in which blue ruin and oysters predominated. He entered one of the gin shops, which was brilliantly lighted, for he saw what gave him a hope of rescue—a raw lobster. The man was engaged at the moment, and he turned to look at the other people in the place. There was a man leaning over the counter for support,

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with a glass of the infernal poison in his hand. He looked not only famine, but crime-worn; his long hair was matted, and hung over his forehead; his eye had an unnatural brilliancy, while the dark hollow circle that surrounded it gave it a most fearful appearance; his cheek was hollow; his lip bloodless; his rags (clothes they could not be called) seemed as if they would have held six such skeletons as their wearer. His hand trembled violently as he raised the glass to his lips, and a great part of the contents was spilt on the counter—not lost, however, for this same trembling of the limbs of the victims was a source of profit to the owner. A woman was there, with a young infant in her arms; she too had all the symptoms of famine and inebriety, and when the child cried, she poured the liquid fire down its throat to deaden its senses. Well might Mr. Lawrence shudder at the spectacle of human wretchedness. It was fearful, to a novice in such scenes, to behold! Before he was aware of it, the policeman had left the place; he went out, and the man, seeing his embarrassment, civilly accosted him.

"Can I be of any service, sir?"

"I have lost my way in trying to find a young woman; can you help me to trace her out?"

"Certainly, sir, if you will give me her name."

"I am sorry to say I cannot, for I do not know it, but she is dressed in deep mourning, and I am particularly anxious to see her."

"There are so many ladies in mourning, sir, that I fear, without a more minute description, that my search is not likely to be a very successful one. Do you not know anything more?"

"Not anything, except that she has magnificent black eyes, and is a splendid creature; but I will give you five times this (taking a sovereign from his purse) if you will find her for me."

At this speech the crowd, who had by this time assembled, shook their heads most ominously, while whispers innumerable, not very flattering to the personal character of the "old un," were heard on both (we were going to say *all*) sides; but a *street* of the description to which we allude is scarcely wide enough for two abreast, and our friend and the policeman fairly blocked up the way.

"What did you want with the lady, sir?"

"To ask her to marry my son," replied Mr. Lawrence, thinking by this direct avowal to vindicate his character; which he certainly accomplished at the expense of his brain.

The current of the thoughts of "the unsoaped" was immediately changed; the avowal of his extraordinary motive, following the assurance that he knew not even the lady's name, produced a roar of laughter; and while some called him a queer chap, others said, "Poor gentleman, what a shame of his friends to be so careless!" and, influenced no doubt by the sight of the purse, offered to escort him home.

The policeman, however, thought this by no means a safe proceeding; and being as fully convinced as any one else of the derangement of the gentleman's intellects, he adopted what he conceived to be the wisest course, and deposited the supposed lunatic in the lock-up house, after a violent struggle.

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In the morning, Mr. Lawrence looking very dismal indeed, but perfectly sane, was conducted to Bow Street, whence he was only permitted to depart after calling two respectable people as witnesses to his character and intellects.

Even then, as he persisted in the truth of his previous statements to the policeman, the magistrate was very reluctant to release him; nor did he do so without giving him very marked cautions against wandering after dusk in search of unknown beauties.

Thus terminated the affair; and with it vanished his last hopes of executing his son's commission. Disgusted with the whole concern, dreading to be again involved in positions either ludicrous or dangerous, he abandoned all thoughts of finding for himself a daughter.

* * * * *

Man thinks he is lord and master of his own actions; but let him study his own life for one week, nay, one day, and there he will find *ample* refutation. Let him look at his *intended actions*, at his *resolved performances;* let him compare them with what really was done; let him trace the barrier to the completion of his wishes, the spur that goaded him on to the career which he intended not to enter, and then let him doubt, if he can, that we are not our own masters.

The nursery rhyme, that epitome of the wisdom of ages, says,

"Shalls" and "wills" are for lords and earls,
And "yes if you please," for boys and girls;"

but the man who has studied either himself or his fellow-men, will say that "shall" and "will" are words which no mortal may dare to use.

"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose."

Some months had elapsed since our hero's visit to Bow Street, when one morning he entered his travelling carriage on a visit to a friend in Derbyshire. He was, as a stranger, duly lionized to the wonders, and visited, among other objects of curiosity, —— Castle. On entering the portrait gallery, he was thunderstruck by the sight of a picture which hung there. It was a likeness which mimicked to the life "the unknown beauty." Nor was that all; she was represented touching the notes of a guitar, while a youth, apparently a year or two older, was playing with a splendid dog. The picture must have been taken some years before, for the girl appeared not more than fourteen, and she whom Mr. Lawrence felt to be the original, was eighteen or twenty; but how came it there? 'twas strange! 'twas passing strange that the figure and face of the youth should recall his own absent son to Mr. Lawrence's eyes. He could no more mistake the closely-curled auburn locks, and full clear eye of Edward, than he could the pure olive complexion, the majestic brow, the raven locks so simply braided; above all, "les beaux yeux noirs" of the lady.

"This is a beautiful picture," observed our friend to the polite attendant.

"Not more beautiful than the lady now is."

"You know her, then?"

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"O yes, sir. She is governess to our young ladies, and they are so fond of her, they will have this likeness kept here."

"She appears very young to be a governess."

"O, that was taken long before, when there was not any prospect of her seeking a home anywhere; she was the daughter of a gentleman at Worthing, who was somehow unfortunate; at least it was found to be so after his death; so the things were sold, and my lord bought this and some other pictures; and when he heard how good and clever the young lady was, he engaged her for his daughters; and it has been a happy thing for all in the house, for we all love her."

The whole affair was now quite plain to our friend; he recognised in the lovely Miss Ormsby the daughter of a gentleman who had shown particular attention to Edward while a boy at school; and he felt convinced that she had become, unconsciously even to himself, his standard of womanly beauty. This would quite explain his otherwise unaccountable penchant for "les yeux noirs."

Mr. Lawrence decided at once on introducing himself to her as the father of her old playfellow; and so earnestly did he press a suit, to which, it must be confessed, she was by no means averse, for Edward was remembered with very warm feelings by her, that she did consent at last to go out to India under the protection of her present patroness, whose lord was to embark shortly as governor of Bombay.

At the new Burra Saheb's first levee appeared, among others, Edward Lawrence, C. S., and he was pleased to find himself honoured by an invitation to the first dinner-party at Government House. He was introduced by the aide-de-camp in waiting to the ladies of the family, and of course to Louisa Ormsby. He was enchanted to meet his former companion, and blessed the fortunate circumstances that had prevented his father from fulfilling his commission.

"I think, Mr. Lawrence, it is right to caution you against paying Miss Ormsby any particular attentions, as she is engaged to be married immediately."

He turned deadly pale. "Good heavens, my lord! is it possible! then are my hopes indeed blasted. My Lord, you are not aware she is an old friend of mine; and though she has not, I fear, ever received the letters I wrote to her on my arrival, I still had trusted that she had not forgotten—that, in short, I might hope to win her."

"But you may rely on my word that she is already fiancée. Indeed, she has come out expressly to marry a young man to whom *she* has long been attached, but who is unfortunately so indifferent to her, that he actually wrote to ask his father to send him a wife, stipulating for no qualification whatever of heart or temper; nothing but black hair and eyes. Certainly Miss Ormsby has these; but I assure you, if she do finally marry him, it will, in my opinion, be a complete throwing herself away on a heartless ——"

"Stop, my lord, in pity stop—I see you know it all; but indeed I am not quite so heartless as you think. I did not give up the hope of gaining her until both she and her father had long been silent. Still, it was an error, I am now well aware; and if she will permit me,

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it shall be the chief object of my life to obliterate it from her memory."

The story of the well-remembered picture was now related; and then he sought his "fiancée inconnue," and was tête-à-tête with her a most unreasonable time.

What was the precise nature of their conversation deponent sayeth not, but the result was made manifest to all the world of "Bombay Ducks,"* by a very gay wedding a few weeks afterwards at Government House, which was announced to the curious as the marriage of Edward Lawrence, Esq., of the Bombay Civil Service, to Louisa, only daughter of the late C. Ormsby, Esq., of Worthing, Sussex.

The marriage present of the youngest of Louisa's pupils, the Lady Clara ——, was the picture which had played so conspicuous a part in this drama; and it was placed by the happy pair in the prettiest room of their pretty bungalow.

"O, dearest Louisa," exclaimed Edward one day, while gazing alternately at the portrait and the yet fairer original, "how happy for us both that your father insisted on our likenesses being taken!"

"Happy for me, perhaps," she replied, with an arch, yet joyous smile; "but for you, you know, it is of no importance,—any one with black eyes would have been equally agreeable."

"No, no! indeed no, my love; I never loved but you, and only feel too happy and thankful that my blunder has turned out so well. Blessed as I am, I cannot but feel that there was every chance I should involve both myself and another in irretrievable ruin. No, my present happiness proves what my misery might have been; and should any one, hoping for my good fortune, propose to follow my track, I shall entreat him to remember, that

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt with by attorneyship.

* A local cant term for residents at Bombay.

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LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.[1]

FROM THE FRENCH. BY M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXII.

The two Awakenings.

THE next morning there occurred two scenes, at some distance from each other, very different in their details, but which had, notwithstanding, a certain resemblance and mutual connexion. The description of the former of the two must commence with some account of the past night.

All the passengers, thoroughly wearied and worn out, had retired to rest at an early hour, and d'Harcourt, who was not perhaps the least fatigued, (and with good reason,) had followed the universal example. Not that he had any intention of yielding to the drowsiness that oppressed him; on the contrary, he wished to reflect seriously, and take counsel with solitude on the present critical situation of affairs. On reaching his own cabin, he seated himself at the table, upon which his note-book lay open; and he traced a few careless lines upon it, as though he would ease his mind with this sort of outpouring of his secret thoughts. This done, he leant his head upon his hand, and began to ruminate upon his position with regard to Bergerac; but in the course of a few moments he felt an irresistible languor creeping over him, and he cast himself upon the bed, all dressed as he was. Then, although his sleep was most profound, it was filled with visions and phantoms, like a sick man's dreams. All his adventures, from the time of his return to Nantes up to the present hour, and all the events which had made that day so memorable and so full of interest, passed in rapid succession before his mind. Suddenly the severe realities of memory gave place to the dreamy illusions of sleep, and he triumphed, in imagination, over the jealous watchfulness of the captain and the virtuous scruples of Madame Bergerac. The fair one, whom he had pursued across the endless ocean, at last rewarded his passionate devotion. He carried her off, as Malek-Adhel bore away Mathilde, and they fled together on a fiery courser; she was in his arms, and clung to him for support; her long hair fanned his face, as it floated on the breeze. Now, a bark received and gently rocked them, whilst the oars fell in measured cadence, and the gentle ripple made music to their ears. At last, d'Harcourt lay down to rest by Juliette's side, under the perfumed shade of a flowery thicket.

* * * * *

When Albert awoke from this enchanted sleep, he found himself wrapped in his cloak, and lying on the sands of the African shore! All the baggage he had taken with him on board Bergerac's ship lay scattered around, and a letter, addressed to himself, was placed within

[1] Continued from p. 54.

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reach of his hand. He tore open the envelope with the feverish eagerness of a convicted criminal about to learn his sentence, and read the following lines:—

"Monsieur,—I doubt not that you have deceived many a husband, and seduced many a wife, but you have, for once, met your match; and I have the satisfaction of revenging those amongst my comrades who have been less fortunate or less watchful than myself.

"I might have run you through the body; nay, I was for a moment foolish enough to think of so doing; but besides that I have had the misfortune to cause the death of a far worthier antagonist, my conduct in the storm we yesterday encountered must have proved to you that I am no coward, and your address on the same occasion gives me reason to presume that you are not yet sick of life. As a husband, a sailor, and a Breton, I prefer imitating the man who, on finding a robber in his house, contented himself with requesting him to walk out of it again. My ship is *my* house; and I take the liberty, Monsieur, of putting you on shore!

"You cannot complain of any indecent violence in my proceedings; I did but add a few drops of opium to the cup of tea which you take every evening. Such a stratagem is trite and common-place, I allow; but that is, perhaps, the best proof of its excellence. Besides, its effects may be agreeable to you; it is said that opium procures delightful dreams; may you feast your eyes this night on all the houris of Mahomet's paradise.

"You will awake between the 34th and 35th degree of latitude, north; and about the 12th of longitude, west; between the states of Tunis and Tripoli, in a country bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by the desert.

"However, by journeying a score or so of leagues, with the assistance of the provisions with which I supply you, you will find yourself in the society of the ancient Garamantes, Byzacenenses, Lotophagium, and other barbaric tribes, amongst whom you may enlist as a hunter or a pirate, but where you will meet with little or no employment for your seductive talents.

"A pleasant journey to you, Monsieur! I am on the point of sailing for Smyrna.

"BERGERAC."

Having read this letter, Albert arose, and saw in the distance the Magnificent, which had just weighed anchor, crowding all sail as she regained the open sea. Then, as he pondered upon the various hallucinations of his narcotic sleep, he became sadly aware of the circumstances which had produced them.

Whilst he fancied he was carrying off Madame Bergerac, it was he who was the victim of a real abduction; whilst he flattered himself he was embraced by a soft and loving arm, he felt but the pressure of the rope which had lowered him from the stern-window! The bark that seemed to rock him, with his beloved by his side, was no other than the boat that carried him on shore! And the flowery thickets, alas! were turned to rocks and shingle!

But instead in striving after the impossible, in seeking to analyze

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the sensations consequent on such an awakening, let us leave d'Harcourt on that coast, where we shall one day find him again, I trust, and return on board the Magnificent, to witness an awakening in which we take an equal interest, that, namely, of Madame Bergerac.

The sun was rising at the moment when the noise and movement, which always accompany the getting a ship under sail, roused Juliette from a slumber, as light and agitated as that of Albert had been tranquil and profound.

Madame Bergerac was alone in the cabin, and as she cast around her that inquiring glance with which we each day return to existence, she perceived some papers upon her bed. She seized and opened them with trembling curiosity. There was, in the first place, her portrait, clandestinely drawn by d'Harcourt; next, a couple of leaves torn from a journal; and lastly, a letter from the captain. She first read the two detached leaves; on one of them were traced the following words:

"Nantes, 10th June, 18—.

"Bet two hundred louis, even, with Charles de B——, Edward de O——, and Henri M——, that I will one day furnish them with proofs that I have become the favoured lover of the lady we met yesterday on the Quai de la Fosse."

The contents of the other ran thus:—

"On board the Magnificent; in sight of the coast of Africa, 12th July.

"An unpropitious day; a frightful storm from without; a terrible check within. The husband is jealous, and has discovered all. The lady, after fancying that in my despair I had thrown myself overboard, to avoid compromising her, has been disabused of her romantic error by finding me still alive. Nevertheless, all is not lost; I console myself with the idea that—ten minutes more—and———"

With such a revelation before her, Madame Bergerac had scarcely strength to cover her face with both her hands, as she sought to hide from the light of day her shame, her grief, and her indignation.

"A bet!" she murmured, in a voice broken with emotion; "a bet! and I the object!—a bet!"

Although she no longer felt anything but hatred for d'Harcourt; although, in truth, she had no reason to regret him, she wept long and bitterly. What illusion is ever washed away save by tears? At last she sat up in bed, and opened her husband's letter, which was conceived in these terms:—

"Juliette,—You are delivered from M. d'Harcourt's importunities. I have spared his life. Of the two pages, in his own handwriting, which I now lay before you, the one will enable you to form a just estimate of this man's character; the other satisfies me that the confession you yesterday made to me was sincere, and that it was high time to save and to forgive you. I do forgive you, Juliette, and I love you still.

BERGERAC."

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The captain entered as his young and beautiful wife finished the perusal of his letter; she threw herself on her knees before him, and bathed his hands in silence with her repentant tears.

An hour later, the whole party on board were informed that M. d'Harcourt, who had no desire to prosecute his voyage farther, had requested to be put on shore before daybreak.

"He wishes to make some sketches of African scenery," said M. Champlein, with a self-satisfied air; "I always thought that man was an original."

"Perhaps yesterday's storm frightened him," observed one of the Smyrniotes, disdainfully.

"Some people, certainly, are very chicken-hearted," added M. d'Argentières.

Mademoiselle Hyacinthe was afraid the artist might be devoured by wild beasts, which would be a sad pity,—such a fine young man!

Madame Bergerac said nothing; the captain quietly resumed his usual habits; and Maître Anspect was again at liberty to bestow his attention on his faithful dog.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The arrival in port.

After a prosperous voyage, the Magnificent arrived at Smyrna, where she landed her passengers, safe and sound.

The two Smyrniotes had an attack of patriotism, on reaching their native land, which lasted a full week, at the end of which time they came sufficiently to their senses to perceive that their country had still much to do ere it became at all tolerably civilized. However, they consoled themselves on finding that their women were as well fatted, and their tobacco as excellent in quality as ever.

Mademoiselle Hyacinthe was quite astonished to find living so dear on these eastern shores, and her means would scarcely have sufficed for the establishment of her "*Magazin de modes Françaises*," had not M. Champlein assisted her with his purse.

The bachelor, after being successively her admirer, her creditor, and her partner, finished by becoming her husband, as the only means of recovering the money he had advanced.

As for M. and Madame d'Argentières, you will remember that they had gone to Smyrna in the hope of succeeding to the property of a relation, who had settled there many years ago, and who was supposed to have died intestate and without heirs. The first news that greeted them on their arrival was, that their relation still lived, though he was not expected to last much longer. They determined on waiting for his decease, and seriously applied themselves to the gaining of the old man's good-will; but he, having no difficulty in divining the interested motives of their attentions, disinherited them, in favour of a negress belonging to his household.

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M. and Madame d'Argentières, therefore, found that they had expended their passage-money in vain, and they returned as they came, with their charming little girl. However, the fat lady had the consolation of being done in pen and ink, on board the ship on which they took their passage home, by an amateur of considerable merit, and far more gallant than Henri d'Harcourt.

Bergerac remained a month at Smyrna with his wife; they then returned to France, after visiting the islands of the Archipelago, Greece, Sicily, and the coasts of Italy and Spain—in short, a delightful cruise!

"And Albert Thorigny?" you would ask.

My answer will furnish matter for the last part of this history.

THE CATASTROPHE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Jockey Club.

Some months ago, a large party of exclusives were supping together at the Café Anglais. They were all influential members of the Jockey Club, with one exception, and he was canvassing their votes for his election on the next balloting day. He recounted, at dessert, an adventure in which a friend of his own had played a principal part, and this adventure, which amused his auditors very much, was no other than the one we have just related ourselves. When the narrator had arrived at the point with which our last chapter terminated, his companions impatiently demanded the conclusion of the tale.

"For it seems," they said, "that your friend went to sea, in order to bring an intrigue to bear."

"And you are about to hear the intrigue, of which he became the victim," replied the historian, who resumed his story, in the following terms:

When d'Harcourt, at last, lost sight of the Magnificent, he began to look around him, and reconnoitre his position and its capabilities. Before him lay the sea; on his right was a vast extent of uninterrupted sand; on his left, a chain of gigantic rocks varied the prospect; and behind him was spread out, bounded only by the horizon, a plain, intersected at intervals by spots of verdure, but offering no trace of human habitation. The landscape, however, was sublime, from its extent, its grandeur, and its solitude.

Had d'Harcourt been in a mood to appreciate the wonders of nature, he might, from the very spot where he had been put on shore, have taken as superb a view of the coast scenery of Africa as M. Champlein could by possibility have anticipated. Yet, the smallest cabin in which he might take refuge would have possessed more interest for him than the whole of this magnificent desert.

He passed an hour in considering what was to be done, in which direction he should turn his steps, and, at the end of that time, he found himself more perplexed and more embarrassed than ever. At

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last, perceiving that he had nothing to trust to but blind Fortune, and that he could nowhere be worse off than where he then stood, he took a part of his baggage upon his shoulders, and commenced his pilgrimage in the direction of the rocks on his left.

With some difficulty he ascended the nearest peak, and began again to examine the prospect before him. His position was, perhaps, more picturesque than before, but, at the same time, more hopeless. There was nothing, as far as the eye could reach, positively nothing, to indicate the proximity of human society.

"It is but too true," said Albert to himself, "I am in the desert, there is nothing for it but to turn hermit!"

And with the froward impatience of a child who is angry with himself and everybody else, he threw away the provisions with which Bergerac had supplied him. Yet he could not altogether renounce hope. The wandering tribes which Bergerac had mentioned were distant, no doubt, but, with patience and perseverance, he might succeed in reaching them; the captain, who seemed to know the country in which he had abandoned him, evidently did not seek his death. He resumed his march, and, on gaining the plain, walked in the direction of an elevated spot of ground, surmounted by a palm-tree. He soon became aware that nothing is so deceptive as the apparent distances in the desert, and that the point after which he toiled was far more remote than he had first imagined—the accursed palm-tree seemed to fly before him as he advanced.

Between impatience and fatigue, he was soon worn out; his temples throbbed with the heat of the sun, and he could discover neither shade nor shelter. He was hungered and athirst, and half tempted to return in search of the food which he had thrown aside with so much disdain. But, drawn on by a secret presentiment towards the rising ground and the palm-tree, he resolutely continued to advance in that direction. Gradually, as he approached, he fancied he distinguished on the summit a small low hut. Presently he saw some white object moving at a short distance from the palm-tree; this gave him new courage, and as he advanced he quickened his steps.

On a sudden, the moving object which he had remarked disappeared in a cloud of dust; he had lost sight of it for several minutes, when, to his great surprise, it re-appeared within ten paces of the spot where he stood. It was a goat. She ran bounding towards him, and this tameness of the animal convinced him that he was at no great distance from some dwelling of man. In fact, the outline of a cabin was becoming more and more distinct at the foot of the palm-tree, and in the course of a minute or two he could clearly make it out. But now a new anxiety took possession of his mind. What was he to expect to find in this solitary dwelling? A friend or a foe? treachery or hospitality?

Before d'Harcourt could answer these questions to his own satisfaction, a man issued from the door of the hut. On perceiving him, the traveller's first impulse was one of joy, but that joy was soon changed into apprehension. The man, or rather the half-human, half-savage figure before him, was clothed in a bundle of rags, that scarcely covered his nakedness; a tattered turban was rolled round his head;

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a bushy and unkempt beard, which fell half way down his breast, left but little of his dark and hideous countenance visible; and his eyes shot forth, from time to time, glances, now stupid, like those of an idiot, now wild and savage, like those of an epileptic person.

D'Harcourt shuddered as he witnessed those glances, accompanied by gestures at once fantastic and menacing. He was somewhat reassured, however, by perceiving that these contortions were not caused by his approach. The savage had been indulging in them before he made his appearance; they seemed a part of some religious or devotional exercise. Moreover, his manner suddenly changed at the sight of the European. He started back in surprise, and with such evident marks of fear, that d'Harcourt's apprehensions quickly subsided.

Albert advanced towards the dweller in the desert, and endeavoured by signs to explain his situation, and the cause of his unexpected visit: and as it behoved him, above all things, to make a friend of this strange personage, he concluded with a series of salaams, intended to set his mind at rest with regard to his pacific intentions.

Upon this the African, taking courage in his turn, (for at their first meeting it was difficult to decide which of the two was the more afraid of the other,) recommenced his contortions, under the form of hospitable greeting, laying his hands alternately on his forehead, his breast, his knees, nodding his head as though he would shake it off his shoulders, and twisting his arms and legs like an Indian juggler. He now approached the traveller, clasped his hands around his neck, kissed his chin, stroked down his beard, and at last, laying aside his convulsive pantomime, expressed himself in articulate speech.

D'Harcourt listened in surprise and delight to a few phrases in that Italian *patois*, which travellers assure us is in use amongst certain of the tribes of Barbary, and which they call the Frank dialect. At last the African and European had found the means of mutually understanding each other.

But how happened it that the former, living in his desert, had acquired a language taught by civilization to barbarism? The title of the solitary will at once explain the mystery. He was a marabout. The marabout in these countries is, as is well known, at once a monk, a hermit, a philosopher, an astrologer, a priest!

The personage with whom we have to do, had for the present adopted the hermit's part. That is, seeing that his influence with his tribe was on the wane, he had announced his intention of making the pilgrimage to Mecca, to consult the prophet, and to perfect himself in the knowledge of Allah. But as the journey to Mecca is long, he was satisfied with disappearing during the time required for making such a pilgrimage: and the reason why he now dwelt alone in the desert was, that he was supposed by his tribe to be at Mecca.

The goat, which had bounded forward to meet the stranger, was the sole companion of this voluntary exile, and the marabout practised the contortions, to which we have referred, with a view to their future usefulness in his calling.

Albert now related to his new friend how that he had been abandoned on these shores, by a ship in which he had taken passage for

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Smyrna, and that his only resource was to make his way either to Tunis or to Tripoli, there to re-embark for France.

The marabout informed him, in reply, that he had a long journey before him, and invited him, with new demonstrations of welcome, to share his dinner, after which he would give him all possible information concerning his route.

D'Harcourt accepted his obliging offer with the eagerness of a hungry man; and, as he anxiously waited to see what sort of repast an Arab marabout would set before him in the midst of the desert, his imagination recurred to the excellent capon he had discussed the evening before, on board the Magnificent.

The Bedouin is the most frugal of men; and the marabout the most frugal of Bedouins. The individual, whose hospitality d'Harcourt was about to experience, was contented with so little that you might almost say he was contented with nothing. Thus do extremes meet.

The principal dish at table consisted of a cake of barley, crushed between two stones, and but half baked in the ashes on the hearth. A handful of dried dates formed the second course, and the whole was to be washed down with a draught of pure water from a neighbouring spring.

When the marabout had spread out these tempting cates upon a mat, in front of the hut, he called upon the name of the prophet; then, ascending a little mound of earth, and turning to the four cardinal points in succession, he spoke aloud in his Italian patois. D'Harcourt understood that, in compliance with a sacred usage amongst the Arabs, he invited his whole tribe to dine with him. The ridiculous solemnity of this ceremony made the meagreness of the repast more remarkable, and its quality appear more execrable. Nevertheless, as hunger is the best of all sauces, and as our hero was aware that he had little chance of finding better cheer elsewhere, if indeed he found any at all, he made shift to swallow the half of the barley cake, which he seasoned with a few dates, and moistened with a considerable quantity of water; then, feeling the necessity for pursuing his journey without delay, he requested his host to furnish him with the instructions he had promised. The marabout readily complied; he pointed out a spot on the horizon, where the surface of the plain seemed more varied, and a little more verdant and shady than elsewhere.

A tribe of Bedouins were encamped at this point. They would migrate, within a month, in the direction of the kingdom of Tripoli, and the traveller might march under their protection to within a few leagues of that city. D'Harcourt, taught by experience that his eyes were not to be relied on, in judging of distances, inquired how far the tents of the tribe might be from his present resting-place.

"Not far," replied the marabout, with great indifference; "seven or eight hours will carry you thither."

Eight hours! alas! D'Harcourt had never walked for a quarter of the time, uninterruptedly, in his life. But, in the desert all must endure the privations of the desert; he must screw up his courage to undertake what he had hitherto deemed impossible, without any other support than the cake of barley-meal which he had swallowed. It is

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true that the marabout offered him a second cake in exchange for the pieces of money he poured into his hand. The traveller added this precious present to the load he carried, and took leave of his generous host, after submitting again to his fraternal embrace, and the kiss he imprinted upon his chin.

D'Harcourt employed the whole day on the seven hours' march of which the marabout had spoken. He had been forced to quit the straight path several times to escape from the burning rays of the sun; and had, as often, seated himself in the grateful shade, to recruit his exhausted powers. The sun was setting when he reached the encampment.

Before introducing himself to his new hosts, he paused for some moments to examine their dwellings. The tents of the Bedouins extended, in the form of a horseshoe, over a smooth and slightly sloping space. Men, clothed in white bournous, with red turbans on their heads, came and went amongst the flocks of sheep; others, on horseback, with their long lances in their hands, kept watch over the camels that browsed, here and there, on the scanty herbage. Occasionally, a woman, whose whole person was concealed in her long veil, was seen returning from the neighbouring spring, bearing on her head a pitcher filled with water. The tramp of the horses, and the bleating of the sheep, were the only sounds that broke the deep silence of the desert.

The pastoral and tranquil appearance of the camp, made d'Harcourt for a moment forget all his fatigues, all the difficulties that awaited him, and he called to mind the lives of the patriarchs of other days, and of the ancient shepherd-kings. But these poetic images were soon put to flight by the sad realities of his position. Then the camel-skin tents appeared to him miserable sheds; the Bedouins, stupid and uncouth society; and he pictured to himself a menace or a scowl, in their most unmeaning glance or most indifferent gesture.

How was he to accost them? How should he understand them, or make himself intelligible in return? How engage their confidence or kindly feeling? The marabout had recommended him to present himself with rich offerings to some important chief of the tribe. Although the hermit had been inspired with this counsel by the hope of reaping the first fruits of it in his own person, d'Harcourt resolved on following his advice, as his own ingenuity could devise no more politic line of conduct. He remarked, in the centre of the camp, a tent more spacious than the rest, and surrounded by a more numerous flock of sheep and camels. The approach to it was filled with a crowd of Bedouins, apparently the chief men of the tribe.

Supposing this to be the tent of the sheik, he turned his steps in that direction; and as he drew near to it, a singular spectacle attracted his attention. The men whom he had lately seen grouped together, were now seated in a circle, in front of the tent. They all appeared to be young, and their bournous were newly washed; draped in these, they sat, motionless as statues. Only, from time to time, one amongst their number detached himself from the circle and advanced towards the entrance. There stood a figure, whose age and sex it was difficult to determine, so closely was it veiled, so wrapped and swathed in stuffs of every sort. Nevertheless, our traveller, from what he had

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read of the customs of the Arabs, presumed that it was some woman whom they were asking in marriage, from the number of salaams which each Bedouin lavished on her in his turn. Half-a-dozen had already presented themselves, making their offers and exhibiting their pretensions, without eliciting a favourable reply. The veiled beauty seemed very difficult to please.

At the moment when d'Harcourt approached this silent assembly, a tall old Arab, whose hood, thrown partly open, displayed his long white beard, came forth to meet him. His dignified bearing and noble appearance greatly struck the traveller, who advanced towards him with confidence, and felt his mind relieved from a load of apprehension. The old man asked him several questions, which he was unable to understand; and d'Harcourt replied by signs similar to those with which he had endeavoured to explain his position and his projects to the marabout of the desert.

The aged Bedouin appeared to understand his meaning, and signing to him to follow, led him into the midst of the circle, in front of the tent. At this sudden apparition of a stranger, the whole assembly was roused from its state of silent and impassive stillness. Several exclamations were heard, and murmurs of dissatisfaction passed from mouth to mouth; whilst many an angry eye scanned the presumptuous intruder from head to foot. D'Harcourt remarked, that the veiled lady, profiting by the general movement to raise a corner of her veil, had cast a rapid glance upon him, accompanied by a significant gesture.

"The first idea of the Bedouins, who desired to open communications with their new guest, was to summon the marabout of their tribe. He soon appeared, and the traveller addressed him in the same patois in which he had conversed with the hermit. Still bent upon his original project of offering presents to some noble chief, d'Harcourt inquired who was this personage, surrounded with so much of mystery and observance. The marabout replied that she was the widow of a sheik, who had fallen in a recent war; and, anxious to display at once his talent as a poet and his tact as a courtier, he commenced a hyberbolical eulogy of the widow, in a song of truly oriental character.

"Scarcely had the spring clothed the desert in her green and flowery robe, for five-and-twenty seasons, since Djidda had seen the light; her husband, struck down in the prime of his youth, had been recalled to paradise ere she had given him one pledge of their mutual love; but the brave sheik, who had died fighting for the honour of his tribe, would find no houri in the Eden of the prophet so lovely as his unforgotten Djidda. Her hair was yellow as the sands on the seashore, when gilded by the evening sun; her eyebrows shamed the arch of the rainbow, and the rose grew pale beside her lips; the whitest wool, ten times washed in the running stream, was less dazzling than her teeth. The stars hid themselves with envy when the raised lids displayed her radiant eyes; the jealous nightingale ceased his song as she went, at evening, singing the songs of her youth, to bathe her naked feet in the fountain."

This charming portrait excited the warm imagination of the tra-

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veller. He dared not raise the veil of the fair Djidda to assure himself whether the original corresponded with the description; but eager to present his offering, he selected from amongst his baggage whatever he judged most likely to gratify her tastes. He added several pieces of gold, together with a ring, which he took from his own hand, and laid the whole, with a profound reverence, at the feet of the young and beautiful widow.

She, then, without unveiling herself, took the ring, which she slid upon her finger, and uttered some words in the Arab tongue.

D'Harcourt replied with another low salaam, supposing that these words contained the expression of her thanks; but he soon perceived that they bore quite a different signification.

His proceedings towards Djedda constituted, according to the usages of the tribe, a proposal of marriage; and, whether it was that the widow really so interpreted them, or that a sudden passion for the young stranger had inspired her with the idea of involving him in an involuntary engagement, she had just declared that she accepted him as her husband, and called on Allah and the prophet to witness their mutual vows.

This announcement excited a complete revolution amongst the assembled spectators. Some were indignant, and even pushed the expression of their disapproval so far as to style him a "dog of a Christian." Others, less scrupulous, or carried away, perhaps, by the interest of a circumstance so novel, and by the good looks of the stranger, joyously applauded the choice of the young widow, and surrounded the fortunate suitor, whom they overwhelmed with congratulations and offers of hospitality. They contended who should have the honour and felicity of first receiving him beneath his tent.

D'Harcourt, who had anticipated a very different reception, was at first enchanted with these marks of good-will; but, as soon as he understood its motive, his joy and gratitude were converted into serious apprehensions; and quickly forgetting all the wonders which the poetic imagery of the marabout promised to Djidda's bridegroom, he hastened to protest against the terrible good fortune on which his new friends were felicitating him.

Unfortunately the Bedouins understood no more of his language than he did of theirs; and the chorus they together executed, was composed of strophes and antistropes, as discordant and unconnected as could well be imagined.

"Allah! Allah!" sang the Arabs, "the European and the Bedouine shall be united like two dates on the same stalk, like two branches on the same stem."

"You know not what you say," cried the traveller; "the widow of your sheik was dreaming when she supposed I made her an offer of marriage."

"Allah! Allah! The stranger shall be no more a stranger! He shall exchange the garments of his country for the bournous and the turban: he shall feed on galeke and pilau; he shall be our companion and our brother; like us, he shall pass his days beneath the sunshine, and his nights under the light of the stars, with his good horse between his legs, his lance at his side, and his gun on his shoulder."

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"But I know not your mode of life;—I have no wish to know it, good Bedouins! I ask but to journey as far as Tripoli under your protection, and from thence to return to France."

"Allah! Allah! the Christian and the daughter of the prophet shall drink from the same cup, sleep on the same mat, pray to the same God. The Christian shall crush his enemies on the battle-field, like the berries of Moka in a mortar; and the daughter of the prophet shall make for him, on his return, a girdle of her two arms, and a crown of the flowers of her loveliness; and their children shall fill their tent, as the lion's cubs people his den."

"But, my friends, I am an unbeliever, unworthy of the honours for which you destine me; I should sink beneath the weight of them ere a month had passed over my head! Go, tell your widow to reserve her hand for one of her own tribe; I seek not to be her husband!"

The Bedouins repeated, in a louder key:

"Allah! Allah! God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet; the European shall be the most beautiful among the sons of the desert; . . . . . and the widow shall put forth shoots beneath his caresses, like the palm-tree under the soft moons of spring!"

D'Harcourt, bewildered, and knowing not which way to turn, sought out, amidst the crowd, the widow and the marabout. But the one had re-entered her tent; the other had disappeared. He had no choice but to resign himself to his fate for the present, and to accept the proffered hospitality of the Arabs. The morrow was a day of rejoicing for the whole tribe, with the exception of a few discontented spirits.

D'Harcourt had passed a restless night upon his mat; and when at last, worn out by fatigue, he had fallen into a deep sleep, he was suddenly aroused by his hosts, who came to conduct him to the ceremony of the betrothal. He renewed his protestations, with the same ill success as on the preceding night; he had no resource but to march to the sacrifice, in the midst of these joyous executioners.

There remained but one hope for d'Harcourt; that he might fall in with the marabout, and explain to him the misunderstanding of which he was the victim. This hope proved a delusion. He found the marabout, it is true, before the tent of the widow; but he, either from being privy to Djidda's stratagem, or from a sincere conviction that the traveller had voluntarily engaged himself, looked upon his protest in the light of a perjury, and announced to him that, perjury being considered amongst the Arabs a crime of the deepest dye, he would immediately be impaled, if he delayed the fulfilment of his promise.

In vain did d'Harcourt object that he had intended nothing more than an act of simple politeness; that he had had no more idea of marrying the widow than of hanging himself;—the marabout was deaf to all his complaints, and gave him but a minute to make his choice between the Bedouine and the stake.

"Oh! Bergerac, Bergerac!" muttered the traveller, with impotent rage. And he chose the Bedouine.

"If she resembles the portrait the marabout drew of her yesterday," said he, with forced resignation, "better that than to be impaled."

He flattered himself that he should soon be enabled to appreciate

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the value of this consolation, in feasting his eyes upon the charms of Djidda. Here again he was disappointed.

When the young widow appeared, she was as closely wrapped up and veiled as on the preceding evening; and the marabout informed the impatient bridegroom that he would not be allowed to see the features of his wife until the marriage ceremony was entirely concluded.

A turban and bournous were now brought to the stranger, as a present from Djidda; and these were draped upon his head and body by the Bedouins. A mat of palm-leaves was stretched upon the ground, upon which the bride and bridegroom seated themselves, side by side, in presence of the chief men of the tribe. Then, as they were unable to whisper the mutual vows usual in such cases, the Bedouine supplied their place by long-drawn sighs, at the same time tenderly pressing the hand of her beloved, whilst he gave vent to his despair in maledictions, which she received as the impassioned words of love. In the meantime, the bystanders sang hymns in honour of the lovers, similar to those of the night before; and the marabout translated the most remarkable passages to d'Harcourt, in order that nothing might be wanting to the cruelty of the tortures he endured.

"The vine shall flourish," they repeated in chorus, "and shall bend beneath its perfumed clusters; the flower of the palm-tree shall be grafted on the branch of the palm-tree that grows beside it, and precious fruits shall bless their union."

When the songs ceased, Djidda leant towards the traveller, and addressed to him some words in Arabic, which seemed an expression of tenderness she could no longer restrain. The marabout hastened to explain them.

"Beautiful stranger," the widow said, "thou hast come to seek me from a far-distant land; Djidda will go to the end of the world to follow thee!"

The most poignant irony could not have cut the unfortunate lover of Madame Bergerac more deeply than did the first part of this phrase, and the second took away any lingering hope of escape that his credulity might have cherished.

When all these ceremonies were concluded, Djidda retired within her tent, and d'Harcourt returned to share the rejoicings of his hospitable entertainers. These rejoicings continued during three entire days; at the end of which the moment at last arrived when the stranger might lift the veil of his bride.

At daybreak on the third morning, the noblest females of the tribe came to seek Djidda in her tent, into which her betrothed was introduced in her place. They bathed the widow in the waters of their clearest spring, and then conducted her to the tent of the most important among their number. There, in secret conclave, they passed the day in adorning the bride with her richest garments, and most valuable ornaments. Her hair was combed, and perfumed, and plaited with care; her whole body was anointed with the precious essences extracted from the trees and plants of the desert; they sang the perfections of her betrothed; his youth greener than the first burgeons of the plane-tree, and his beauty more dazzling than the sun, when he rises above the eastern hills.

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When it was evening, they placed her upon a horse, and led her, all-adorned, and still veiled from head to foot, in front of the tent where d'Harcourt had remained shut up with the chief men of the tribe. The bridegroom instantly came forth to receive his bride. He was asked, as is the custom, at what price he had bought his wife; and replied, according to the marabout's instructions: "A wise and industrious wife is an acquisition beyond price." After this the men, who represented his relations, offered to the widow a beverage composed of milk and honey; this she drank, whilst her companions sang an epithalamium. Presently, she dismounted from her horse; a piece of pointed wood was presented to her, which she stuck into the ground, saying: "Even as this stake will not leave the spot where I have planted it, unless it be torn up, so will I never leave my husband, unless he drives me from his tent." Lastly, a flock of sheep was put under the charge of the bride, which she tended until the tent was ready to receive her. She then retired within it with her companions; they remained within it for some time; afterwards, the hour of repose having arrived, they lighted the lamp, which was to illuminate the bridal night, and the newly-married pair were left alone.

* * * * *

Two hours afterwards, whilst all the tribe slept, a man, out of breath, and panting with haste, might have been seen fleeing, as from some dreadful foe, and followed by a figure but half clothed in a robe of white. That man was Henri d'Harcourt, flying from his nuptial bliss, and pursued by his amorous spouse. He succeeded in eluding her pursuit, and took refuge in a solitary tent, which stood open before him. A Bedouine was keeping watch there, alone, and seated upon his mat. By a strange chance, on which he felicitated himself at the first moment, this man was the individual who had most violently opposed his marriage with the widow of the sheik. On seeing the Christian enter, he started to his feet, rushed towards him, and seizing him by the bournous, glared upon his face with a savage and ominous frown.

Surprised and terrified at such a reception, d'Harcourt quailed beneath the eye and the grasp of the Arab, unable to comprehend the motive of his rage, and dreading its effects; when the latter seized a lance, which stood at the entrance of the tent, and turned its point, menacingly, towards his breast. By this significant pantomime, the Bedouin gave our hero to understand that he had sworn his death, in expiation of the sacrifice of his marriage; and to set all doubts at rest, he raised the lance, and calling upon the name of the prophet, prepared to pass it through his body. The situation of the traveller was most critical. He was about to die for a marriage which had been forced upon him against his will, and he was unable to make his murderer understand that he was endeavouring to escape, by flight, from that marriage. He defended himself for some time against the Arab's lance, without succeeding in making his meaning intelligible; at last, and at the moment when the weapon was about to transfix him, terror gave such eloquence to his gestures, that the Bedouin paused, and a light seemed to break in upon his understanding.

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The traveller finished by explaining to him his project of flight; and putting some pieces of gold into his hands, he imitated the movements of a man mounting his horse and urging him to his speed. The African hesitated for some minutes, looking alternately at the pieces of gold, and at him who offered them. At last his mind was made up. He took a cord, and binding d'Harcourt tightly, secured him to one of the stakes to which the tent was fixed; he then went forth. Presently he returned with two horses; he placed the stranger upon one, and mounting the other himself, they both left the encampment at full gallop. They continued their flight at the same pace all night. When day broke, the Arab halted, pointed out to his breathless companion a hillock that was just visible in the vapory distance, signed to him to dismount, and seizing the bridle of the horse that had carried him, disappeared with the speed of lightning.

Some hours afterwards, d'Harcourt entered a Moorish village, where he bought a welcome by offering his gold to the men, whilst he took care to keep clear of any communication with the women. But what was the cause of the traveller's precipitate flight from the nuptial tent? It was this:

When d'Harcourt found himself alone with Djidda, he had begun with scanning her with his eyes for a few moments, without raising her veil; seeking to discover some of those perfections, so pompously enumerated by the marabout, and dreading, at the same time, lest he should be too soon disenchanted. But the only parts of her person yet visible were two eyes, still tolerably fine, which looked upon him with impassioned glances, through the apertures of her veil, and two tresses of hair of a doubtful colour, adorned with the pieces of gold which he had offered to the widow on the day of his arrival. As he could form no very accurate judgment of the whole from these imperfect specimens, he mustered courage to remove the veil. Hardly had he raised his hand to do so, when the Bedouine, who impatiently awaited the moment when she might display her beauty, and exhibit her graces, let fall the covering whose folds concealed her inner garments, and appeared in her blue tunic, and white drawers, with a red cap upon her head, and sandals on her feet. At this sight, d'Harcourt started with amazement, and almost fell backwards on the ground. In addition to hair of the most ardent red, in excellent keeping with her odious complexion, Djidda possessed a figure, the charms of which it was impossible to guess at, under the veil which had, up to this moment, concealed them. These charms were of such incredible dimensions, that the circumference of the Bedouine was fully equal to her altitude. Never could d'Harcourt have imagined an *embonpoint* so oriental. Madame d'Argentières would have appeared slim beside her! We need scarcely add, that the features and everything else were equally prepossessing with her figure; and that the natural attractions of the Bedouine were heightened by all the arts of female coquetry. For instance, beads of blue glass, of copper, and of tin, encircled her arms and legs. The extremities of her hands and feet were painted red. The outer part of her lips was died as black as ebony, to set off the whiteness of her teeth, which gave her mouth a striking resemblance to that of an ape. Above her eyebrows were

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drawn three circlets of blue, green, and yellow, which had probably furnished the image, in which the marabout had compared her eyebrows to the rainbow. The ground of this human Mosaic was impregnated with a certain gummy perfume, of so volatile a nature, that the nose of the traveller was not less affected than his eyes had been. To fill up the measure of his disappointment, his evil genius conjured up to the side of this painted and unctuous mass, the airy, radiant, and perfumed image of Madame Bergerac; so that, at the moment when the Bedouine cast into his arms all the beauties we have described, he was seized with a sudden giddiness, and his first thought was to make his escape from the tent. Such was the intrigue of which d'Harcourt became the victim amongst the Bedouins; and thus ends his sentimental journey.

After some weeks of misery spent in the states and town of Tripoli, d'Harcourt re-embarked, and returned at last to France.

Although there were circumstances, in his affair with Bergerac, that would have justified a deadly duel, or even an action at the *cour d'assises*, he thought he should show himself more a man of the world, by proving to his enemies, on his arrival at Nantes, that he knew how to profit by the lesson he had received. He went at once to Bergerac's hotel on the Fosse, and requested to be introduced without ceremony into the captain's drawing-room. There he found five persons assembled. The open countenance and noble figure of Bergerac seemed to have grown younger in the enjoyment of his domestic happiness. His wife was seated by his side, more beautiful and more charming than ever. In a cradle of white silk an infant was sleeping, its dreams of innocent delight running over in the smiles that parted its full lips. The mother-in-law, to whom the captain had presented a house, at three leagues' distance from Nantes, contemplated, with looks of ill-disguised envy, this picture of happiness, in which she had so small a share. Lastly, M. Ledru, ex-lieutenant of the Magnificent, and commanding that good ship since Bergerac's retirement, sympathised in the fulness of his heart with the felicity of him whom he still called his captain.

When the whole party had expressed their surprise at the sight of Albert Thorigny, they inquired how long he had been at Nantes.

"Only since yesterday," he replied, "and I leave it again to-morrow. I merely came to have the honour of paying my respects to you, and to acquit myself of a debt of two hundred Louis, which I have had the misfortune to lose without appeal.

"Now, Messieurs," added the narrator of the Café Anglais, "are you of opinion that the hero of this adventure is worthy to become a member of the Jockey Club?"

"He would hardly have deserved that honour, after allowing himself to be so outwitted," replied the president of the supper-table; "but he *does* deserve it for having sufficient *esprit* to tell the story himself."

The narrator, in fact, was no other than Albert Thorigny, who, having renounced all maritime love-adventures, occupies, at the present day, the first rank in Parisian fashion.

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MASTER PAUL WEDDERBURNE'S COURTSHIP.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

"Not a word more, Master Wedderburne, not a word more! I have listened too long to your smooth words and fair speeches. It is so that you men beguile poor women's hearts. I will not hear another word!" said Miss Katurah Crackenthorpe to Master Paul Wedderburne.

"Nay, but my dear lady, my sweet lady, a man must speak a word for the happiness of his whole life. Pray, hear me."

"Not another word, good Master Paul."

"Good now, Miss Katurah."

These "yeas" and "nays" were being exchanged between a lady of whom it might have been discourteously said that she had seen the best of her days, and a brisk-looking man, who had still the unspent riches of youth in his possession—by which we mean ardour, and energy, and hope, and courage, and that zest for enjoyment which manufactures the article out of home materials, without having recourse to foreign aid. The lady was sitting in a chair, covered over with tent-stitch, and cross-stitch, and all sorts of stitches; the gentleman was standing, lashing his boots with his silver-handled riding-whip. The lady was dressed in an amber-coloured brocaded gown, with a very short boddice, and open down the front, so as to display a blue silk petticoat, the bottom of which was quilted in innumerable devices of hearts, and diamonds, and stars, and true-lover's knots, and stood out over the circumference of a tolerably rotund hoop. A flounced apron, that had been operated upon by a great many needles, in thirty-nine different sorts of stitches, in a most elaborate pattern, was tied in front of the lady's apparel, and a neckerchief of the thinnest and the finest muslin laid in the most orthodox folds upon her neck: the sleeves were tight to the arm, but descended no lower than the elbow, from whence hung a pair of curiously plaited lace ruffs, which were met on the aforesaid arms by a pair of embroidered mits. But it was the lady's head which would have furnished the most striking picture of wonderment to modern eyes, her hair being powdered and drawn up over a high cushion, and surmounted by a small fly away cap, which, for the sake of security, was impaled on by some skewers of pins, about six inches long, with some very highly elaborated heads, being designed for both ornament and use. And passing from the lady's head to her feet, we must needs notice the shoes, with their heels six inches high behind, and their silver buckles, as large as a tea-saucer of those days, before. One of these so accoutred feet was resting on another specimen of needle-work, while her hand flirted and furled, and opened and shut, and wavered and wafted, a large silver-mounted fan, bedecked with a thousand Loves and Graces,, and besprinkled over with hearts, and darts, and flames, and altars, and Hymens. As for the gentleman who stood before her lashing his boots, he was dressed in a chocolate-coloured suit, with large, highly-polished, cut steel buttons, a broad-skirted coat, a long-

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waisted lapelled waistcoat, knee-breeches with silver buckles, lace round his neck and hands, his hair in wavy curls, and his beaver in his hand.

The room in which our party was assembled was one of those upright and down-straight sort of places in which nothing is left for the imagination. There were no recesses for cabinets or lovers; the walls were wainscotted and covered with most unfanciful paint; the windows were so large as not to leave a single unlit corner for mystery or a ghost; the chairs were of most obdurate mahogany, the tables of most unsociable breadth, so that it was impossible to lean across and convey a whisper; the carpet covered no more than the middle of the floor. Ah, the want of luxury in those days was very healthy indeed, both to mind and body.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is not to be supposed that Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe's own especial parlour was altogether destitute of the refinement of ornament. There stood upon the bright, stiff, four-sided table, at the further end of the apartment, a vase of Dresden china, that would have proved a perfect treasure had it survived to these modern days, and fallen into the hands of a Robins to point out its beauties to a few duchesses. We know not what may have chanced to this vase *now*, but *then* it stood upon that well-rubbed mahogany table, and was filled with a store of the richest roses that ever lived and died. There was, too, another ornament in that unsophisticated place, even one of those that were made as the world's highest adornments—what could this be but a woman?—a woman in her pure and undimmed days, when her face is as bright as her own heart and hopes. One of these playthings was standing leaning over the vase of flowers, her own face almost crushed in amongst them, and her cheek nearly as rich a red. She was one of those fresh-looking creatures whose features were more full of feeling than thought, and whose heart was richer in affections than her head in metaphysics. She was one of those who refresh us like a flower. She had not been tarnishing her beautiful lustre by dry studies, nor imprinting wrinkles on her own smooth brow by over thought. What had she to do with the sciences? What need she to care about logic? Enough for her to find gladness in every corner of her home, and every field and lane wherein she rambled! And then for writing—enough for Dinah Crackenthorpe that she could sign her name.

This pretty damsel of ours was, as we said, standing leaning over her roses, striving to hide her blushes among theirs. Her hair, simply circled by a blue ribbon, was falling in rich glossy curls over her shoulders. With the exception of this head-gear, her attire was similar in form to that of the elder lady, though different in material. Instead of the blue silk petticoat, she wore one, voluminous enough, of fine white dimity; her dress, open down the front like that of Mistress Katurah, was made of flowered muslin, of an enormous pattern and the brightest colours, and her apron, instead of being worked, was flounced. Her sleeve ruffs, also, were less elaborate, and her shoes not quite so high at the heels.

"Not a word more, Master Wedderburne," exclaimed Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe. "Not a word more!"

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"Nay, but my dear lady, my sweet lady, be not thus obdurate! Think if I were a suitor of your own!"

Mistress Katurah looked as if that might make all the difference in the world.

"And consider, dear lady, that you hold the happiness of my life in your hands. Pray use me generously."

"Ah, Master Wedderburne, it is with such honey-sweet speeches as these that you men beguile poor women's hearts," said the lady, giving her fan a flirt.

"The honest words that spring out of a loving heart must needs be loving too!" said Paul Wedderburne.

"Ah! men talk about their hearts," said the lady, "just as if they had any!"

"Nay, dear lady, you must have had many at your disposal."

"If men were to be believed, Master Paul."

"I will wager me, Mistress Katurah, that you have broken many a heart."

"Fie, Master Wedderburne, think you I could be so cruel?" said the lady, evidently much delighted with the supposition.

"Then be not so to me, dear madam."

"Ah, men are a faithless race!" said the lady.

"Alack that you should think so hardly of us!"

"Say anything, and mean nothing," said the lady.

"Ah, madam, we often mean more than we say."

"And often less, Master Wedderburne, too. Ah, you will vow and swear, and fume and fret, and rave till you make us do anything you would have us, like slaves and puppets."

"Good now, dear madam, it seems to me that we are the slaves, and you the tyrants."

"Ay, Master Paul, and so is it before the priest hath settled the matter, but as soon as the honeymoon is over, ay, even before the bride hath worn out her wedding slippers, she finds that she has changed places with her honey-sweet, and that she is the slave, and he the tyrant."

"Ah fie, dear lady!"

"Oh fie, Master Wedderburne."

"But sweet now, Mistress Katurah," said the gentleman," in making my propositions to Mistress Dinah, your dear niece, are you making objections to all my unfortunate sex, or to my poor self individually?"

"You are a faithless, flattering set, Master Wedderburne," said Mistress Katurah, shaking her head and her fan together.

"Of which I am the worst?" interrupted Wedderburne.

"If I must be honest, Master Wedderburne, for all your smooth speech, I fear me to entrust my dear gentle Dinah to you. I can see into a millstone as far as another, Master Paul, though I say it. I have some eyesight into character, though you may but think me a simple woman."

"I make little question that I have as many sins as my neighbours, but if dear Dinah can forgive them—" and the suitor glanced towards his mistress.

Dinah sent an answering look back to him from among the flowers,

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which said as plainly as looks could say, either that she did not know what his faults were, or else that she could forgive them very easily indeed.

"And then, putting mine own personal demerits out of the question," resumed Master Wedderburne expostulatorily, "I have a tolerable estate of mine own, a fair house, some good acres, and a pretty little rentroll, which my father, rest his soul, left me. I ask not of dear Dinah to diminish her comforts."

Dinah looked as if she were almost offended at any body thinking that she cared for comforts. Comforts are very unsentimental things when spoken of in the same breath as love.

"I gainsay not all these things," said Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe. "They say that you are the best match in the whole countryside, Master Wedderburne, and I gainsay it not; and moreover, all the maidens say that you are the comeliest, and the poor say that you are the most open-handed, and I gainsay it not;"—(Master Wedderburne bowed his loose locks, looked a little modest, and beat his boots with his riding-whip)—"but, for all that, Master Paul, you have a particular fault of your own which I fear me to name to you, but, since you press me—"

"Let me hear it, madam," said Wedderburne, prickling up.

"Were it not for the love that I bear the child, and she being naturally timid of heart—" continued Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe.

"Who hath been slandering me to you?" exclaimed Paul Wedderburne. "Let me only find him, and—"

"There it is!" said the lady, "that is just it. Master Paul, you be so over hot—so over ready with your anger—"

"Who would not be, to be maligned to you? But, now, only tell me who hath said this—who hath done this—"

"Nay, nay," said the lady, "you bear witness against yourself. You are in all the brawls in the country."

"I never seek a quarrel except men anger me, and then you would not have me turn a coward's back!"

"Last fair time you knocked two young farmers on the head—"

"Ay, but they were mocking a poor idiot boy, and goading him into frenzy."

"And on last Good Friday you cuffed three men and a woman, who were walking quietly along the streets."

"They were insulting the feeble steps of an old worn-out man, who, being a Roman Catholic, had kept too strict a fast, and was scarcely able to totter home—but I touched not the woman!—by my troth I laid not a finger on the woman!"

"You were likewise in a brawl with some old Jew."

"I did but save him from the pump."

"And you were seen travelling along with a low woman, ay, a tramper, on your horse behind you, and a dirty brat in front."

"The woman was fainting and the child starving by the road-side—I did but help them on where they might find food."

"And no longer back than the last first of April thou didst use thy riding-whip upon the shoulders of Sir Thomas Potbury's son and heir."

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"Good madam, whence have you rummaged up these tales? The varlet dared to make an April fool of our good old parish priest."

"Dear aunt," said Dinah, coming forward and throwing her arm around the neck of Mistress Katurah, "see you not, dear aunt, that in all these matters Master Paul has only been helping the weak and the aggrieved?"

"Thou wilt rumple my kerchief, child!" exclaimed Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe.

"Dearest Dinah," said the gentleman, "I thank thee for thy fair-judging kindness."

"And what hath a gentleman, living on his own estate, to do thrusting himself into all the vulgar rumpagious quarrels he can find? Why should he soil his fingers and his gentility by running into every riot he cometh anigh?"

"But good now, aunt, would you have him ride by and leave folks in their peril?"

"Dinah, girl, what know you of such matters? An we were living in an uncivilized country, the matter might be different, but here we have the beadle and the stocks too."

"But, dear aunt, would you have Master Paul stand by and let the mischief be done?"

"And why not? it would be punished after, and is not that the same thing?"

"Dear Dinah, I thank thee from my heart," said Paul Wedderburne.

"Thou art meddlesome and forward, girl!" exclaimed Aunt Katurah. "Dost thou come to plead for thy suitor, instead of leaving him to plead for thee? Get thee to thy embroidery!"

Dinah blushed a double dye, and withdrew to her flowers again, over which a few tears trickled, and a few sobs broke through the short silence.

We verily believe that no man who loved could see a tear dim the eye of his dear one and remain unmoved. Paul Wedderburne walked hastily up to where Dinah stood, and began to whisper the prettiest things he could devise in her ear. Doubtless they were very amusing, as she began to smile again very quickly; but they seemed to have quite a contrary effect upon Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe, who grew *dis*pleased in exactly the same proportion that her niece became pleased.

"Ay, ay," said Mistress Katurah rather spleenfully, "there are few women indeed whose heads can stand the strong drink of flattery! No wonder that men count us so weak and simple. Here will Master Wedderburne go away and say what a pliant thing thou art, niece Dinah, and that he can twist thee round his finger."

"Nay," said Wedderburne, "I was trying to bend her even now, and could not."

"Ah, it is well for thee that thou hast somebody to be wise in thy stead! Master Wedderburne, thou mayest see by these tears what a poor timid thing it is. One of thy boisterous passions and thy fighting fits would scatter her poor wits far and wide. Dinah must mate with some gentler spirit than thine, Master Wedderburne."

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"Once more, dear Mistress Katurah—"

"I will not hear thee! Once for all, we will have no brawlers in our quiet family. I love peace and good order. If men go wrong, leave them to the law, say I! What has a gentleman to do with cudgels, and whips, and fistycuffs? A man of breeding should not soil his fingers. Why, every time you took your wife abroad, you would be after trouncing the men who might look upon her, and if thou left her in thy dwelling alone, thou wouldst bring thyself back to affright her with two black eyes, and haply a broken head. Master Paul Wedderburne, I decline, once for all, and for evermore, the honour of your proposals. The family of the Crackenthorpes were never known to intermeddle in roystering and rioting with the plebeian puddling people—so not a word more, Master Paul Wedderburne, not a word more!"

The roses in the vase were faded, and the days that had been accomplishing their destruction had passed miserably enough in the mansion of Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe. True that they might not have perished quite so speedily had they been nourished with their *quantum sufficit* of fair water, but Dinah Crackenthorpe had supplied them with none from any source, saving and excepting from the fount of her own eyes, and that had flowed plentifully enough, but it certainly had not proved wholesome to the flowers; and poor Dinah was getting to look like them very fast, for if they hung their heads, she hung hers, and if they looked withered, she looked wan.

For our own parts, we must candidly acknowledge that we know it to be exceedingly uncomfortable to be in the same house with anybody labouring under the malady of love. Fevers and agues are not half so tiresome, since there are established modes of treating them, but nobody knows what to do or say with a patient in a love-sickness. Dinah did nothing but cry for three whole days after her aunt's rejection of the proposals of Master Paul Wedderburne, and, sooth to say, that Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe had no sinecure in her place of relationship. We know it is always the fashion to pity the poor insane in these cases, but, for our own particular part, we entirely confine our compassion to the keeper. O for the moping and the muttering, and the fuming and the fretting, and all the assailings up every avenue of reproach! O for the accusations of unfeelingness against those who love the truest and the best! O for the pullings at the heart-strings of fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers! We verily believe that love is but another name for selfishness.

As for poor Dinah Crackenthorpe, she was very bad indeed in the disorder: she cried until her eyes were red and her cheeks white, and sat so mopingly, and walked so dejectedly, that poor Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe was well nigh fretted and fumed out of her life, certainly out of the pleasure of her life, for the time being.

"Then you won't eat anything, niece Dinah?" said Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe, on the third night of these affairs.

"I can't, aunt Katurah."

"I'm tired of my life!" said aunt Katurah. "I'll go to bed!—any-

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where to get out of the way! Ay, this comes of having anything to do with brawlers! We lived peaceably and lovingly enough before this hot-headed, quarrelling, fighting, Master Paul Wedderburne came in our way, and now see what discord he hath let in among us! Well, mistress, if you are determined that you'll neither eat nor drink, and if you are bent upon being ill, you'd better go to bed too! As for me, I'm tired of my life! Susan, girl, light me to my chamber!"

"Master Wedderburne isn't hot-headed, and isn't quarrelsome, and does not love fighting, aunt Katurah! that he does not!" in tears and sobs stammered out niece Dinah.

"Oh, Mistress Dinah," interposed the waiting-maid, "no later agone than the last time Master Wedderburne was here, when he went away in such a heat, with his face as red as the fire, and all in a twitter with rage; he had hardly agone half way down the avenue afore he laid his riding-whip across Robert the clerk's shoulders."

"Thou art a tale-bearer and a slanderer!" exclaimed Dinah, turning angrily on the maid.

"And thou art over hot and hasty to say so!" interposed aunt Katurah. "Come, wench, good girl, let us hear."

"I did not think this of *thee!*" said Dinah reproachfully.

"Why thus it was, do you see, madam, it was this aways. As Master Wedderburne passed by, his face all of a heat, Robert the clerk says, says he, 'Ah, there goes the squire, just acoming from the frizzled-up old dame at the great house. The old maid's envious, so she won't alet him have his pretty sweetheart, acause she can't get one herself.' So at that Master Wedderburne turned him round, with a face redder than ever, and gave his riding-whip a sharp smack across Robert the clerk's shoulders, and said, says he, 'Take that for being impertinent to a lady that is as good as she is beautiful, and don't dare to take her name within your lips again!' says he."

"Well, and did he so!" said Mistress Katurah. "He hath, of a surety, some good points in him—but then he is such a brawler. Well, light me to my chamber, Susan. I've known the day when I had a dozen gallants tied to my apron-string at a time. What a pity that he should be so riotous—so ready with his whip—not but what sometimes people may deserve it—a frizzled old maid, indeed! Marry for that—but no matter, the world is a misjudging world!" And with these moral reflections Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe sailed off to her chamber, attended by Susan.

"Art sure that all is well barred and bolted, Susan?" asked Mistress Katurah.

"Safe and sound, madam.'"

"And is Ralph in?"

"He is already sound asleep in his chamber over the stable, madam."

"Then give me my posset, and put the night lamp in the chimney-corner, and draw me these curtains, Susan."

"A good night's rest to you, madam," said Susan, as she left the room.

"A frizzled old maid!" muttered Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe, as Susan closed the door.

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When Susan left the chamber of her old mistress, she went, as quickly as possible, into that of her young mistress.

"A tale-bearer and a slanderer, am I, Mistress Dinah?"

"No, no, good Susan, but you played upon me, and tried me over far."

"Didn't I make a nice tale of it? Didn't I?"

"And was it not true, Susan?"

"All true as gospel but the last speech that I put into the squire's mouth,—but wa'n't that the best of it all? But what he did say was this; he said, says he, 'Take that for being impertinent with the name of Mistress Dinah's aunt!' But didn't I hoax her up well? Didn't I now, Mistress Dinah?"

"Susan," said Dinah, drawing herself up proudly, "I must say to you as Master Wedderburne said, I cannot permit you to be impertinent with the name of my aunt."

Susan looked for a moment with indignation on Dinah's atrocious ingratitude, and then flounced towards the door. "Well, Mistress Dinah, you may manage your own love affairs yourself the next time! I'm not going to burn my fingers with other people's matters again, I warrant you! However, I'm not a going to peach! I'd scorn it! And there's a letter for you from the squire. You can read it or not as you please, or you can carry it to your aunt, just whichever you fancy. I don't suppose she's asleep yet. Or you can do as the squire asks you, and go and speak a few true-lovyer-like words to him. I've left the window open in the little oriel room, so you can just do as you please; and I do suppose that you'll please to go."

"Leave the room!" said Dinah, proudly; and Susan did so accordingly, clapping the door after her in no very amiable mood, and muttering to herself, "I wonder what the squire can see in her! I reckoned that at least she'd a given me as much as he did, because that women always pay best; but not a farthing! not a farthing! It's an imposition! She's quite cheated me out of that guinea! Cheated me out of my perquisites!"

Dinah Crackenthorpe had a fit of indignation when thus left to herself in her own chamber. What! to be associated in a vulgar intrigue with a commonplace chambermaid! forbid it all proper pride, all womanly self-respect! And how dared Master Wedderburne to send her a letter by such a channel? Why presume to compromise her with her own maid? How dared he do this! so altogether shameless and indelicate? She would not condescend to read his letter—no, not she!

So there it lay on her white frilled dimity covered toilette-table, with her own name upon it, "To Mistress Dinah Crackenthorpe," penned by his hand, his own well-beloved hand, and notwithstanding it looked her thus temptingly and coaxingly in the face, her determination held good for seventeen minutes and a half, at the end of which time she broke the seal and her resolution together, and read her first love letter with a trepidation and a beating of the heart all unknown before.

Of course there was half a page flaming enough to have burnt the

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paper, but as it concerned nobody but herself, and does not help on our tale, we skip all that until we come to a request that she would just be kind enough to walk down to the oriel window, as he, Paul Wedderburne, had something to propose to her, entreating her in her great amiableness and divinity and angelicalness, only just to save him from distraction.

"Doth he think so lightly of me," exclaimed Dinah Crackenthorpe, "as to fancy that I would hold speech with any man in the dead of the night, and clandestinely too! Nay, but, Master Wedderburne, you are too bold and too confident to count upon any maiden, who holdeth her own good name in repute, keeping assignations at a window! And truly, Master Wedderburne, you must have a mighty high value for yourself, and hold yourself in fair estimation, to dream that a maiden should come to you for the holding up of a finger! Truly Dinah Crackenthorpe shall teach you a lesson of humility, fair sir, so you may even measure your patience, and see how long it will hold out, looking for those who know better than to wait upon your beck!"

Paul Wedderburne crept cautiously up to the little oriel window, treading down a few loves of flowers, and doing no little despite to the rich blossoms which he was crushing beneath his remorseless boots. He found the oriel window slightly open, as had been promised by his confidant Susan the chambermaid, who was of course the plenipotentiary extraordinary, according to rule ever since the establishment of the office. He laid his ear upon the window frame and listened—not a sound broke upon the stillness of the night. He waited for a while, patiently and impatiently, alternately. Would she not come? Yes, it was impossible to refuse. What girl ever yet failed the hopes of a lover? Another half hour passed and no Dinah came. Perhaps Aunt Katurah was wakeful, and her niece dreaded her vigilance,—and so trailed lingeringly on another and another quarter, and still she came not. "Well," said Paul Wedderburne to himself, "I have reckoned beyond my mark. Dinah *will* not come. And yet I counted on her to a certainty, for this little tale-bearing chambermaid told me how the time had been passed in tears and trouble ever since her old maidish aunt gave me such a cavalierish dismissal. But I'll be even with the old dame some way or another one of these days, to a certainty! I'll give her a Rowland for her Oliver! What a ridiculous fancy to take into her head to think that I am a brawler and a riotous! I who am peace's self! If I do get into a little disturbance now and then, why it is never my own doing, and I always make my way out as fast as I can! And to make that a pretence for refusing me my pretty Dinah! It is monstrous! Well, I counted upon Dinah coming to me readily enough, but she will not! I see that she will not! It is abominably unkind of her! And yet had I any right to expect it? And, after all, should I have liked any girl the better for a wife who would come and meet a man at a window in the dark night? What should I say if I caught my sister at such a prank? Ay, ay, girls are willing enough to meet one half way at love-making, and glad am I, in spite of my disappointment, that Dinah is not one

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of them! I'll beg her pardon to-morrow for presuming to ask her to do anything that would have discredited herself. Ay, I see that she is worth all my heart, and I'll have her yet, in spite of all the aunt Katurahs in the world!"

Paul Wedderburne turned to decamp, but some lingering attraction made him give one last look and one more listening. He leant his head upon the casement of the open window and paused: all was silent; but while he gazed, the faint dull ray of some feeble light broke upon the obscurity into which he was looking. Paul Wedderburne's heart beat quick. Dinah was coming after all. A feeling of disappointment stole over him at the thought. Involuntarily she sank in his estimation. He gazed and listened: it was now late, for he had lingered long in a lover-like way: he saw the light moving at intervals, and sometimes stationary. What could it be? Surely it was Dinah, whose heart was failing her, and who could neither resolve to come to him nor yet let it alone, and who was thus flitting about in uncertainty and irresolution. He waited, and still the light moved to and fro—but still Dinah came not. Wedderburne grew impatient. If Dinah were really thus wandering about in the middle of the night for so long a time, when would her irresolution end? If she could not resolve to come to him, why did she not return to her chamber? and why that restless light? As these thoughts passed across his mind, another came in their train. It was not, it could not be Dinah! And if not Dinah, then who could it be? Why, of course, some evil. Evil, and he standing by! Quick as the thought, Wedderburne clambered noiselessly in at the open casement. He was now in the little oriel, out of which he passed into the dining-room—the doors were all open, and he could see packages all ready, evidently to be carried off. Every drawer was ransacked, and a sackful of the old family plate was waiting for immediate decampment. Paul Wedderburne glided on—not a pulse of fear beat through his manly heart—he reached the entrance to the hall—this, too, was strewed with various packages—and there stood a tall muscular man with a crape over his face, evidently left to watch the entrance whilst his associates were completing their pillage. Wedderburne lost no time in consideration. He sprang upon the man, fastened his grasp upon his throat, and brought him headlong to the floor. The man gasped and struggled, but his writhings were futile. Our hero crammed his handkerchief into the ruffian's mouth, and dragging a cover from a side-table, rolled him over and over in it until he was thoroughly pinioned and incapable either of motion or utterance, finishing his package with a cord, evidently belonging to the gang. All this had been but the work of a minute, but that minute seemed an age to Wedderburne, for he was trembling for Dinah's safety in the hands of robbers, and he had no sooner accomplished this energetic action than he rushed up the hall-stairs, to see what danger was threatening above.

Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe's posset had not been efficacious in sending her to sleep. "A frizzled old maid!" what a bitter injury lay in those words. She who had had offers from—she could not tell

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who! After all, a riding-whip was a very handy weapon, and Master Paul Wedderburne knew how to use it at the right time. True enough she saw now that there were some offences that could not so well be punished by law as by a more summary process, such, for instance, as calling her "a frizzled old maid." The words would not let her sleep; she turned and turned upon her pillow, and when at last she subsided into slumber, it was to dream of being called ungracious names, and to fancy that she saw Master Paul Wedderburne, like some *preux chevalier* of old, avenging her with a riding-whip, having a very richly chased silver handle; though by some curious complexity of sleeping ideas, belonging solely to the philosophy of sleep, she fancied that it was her own silver chased posset-cup, out of which she took her nightly draught, that had in some not-understandable-way been transformed into the handle of Master Paul's riding-whip.

But whatever incongruity there might be in Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe's sleeping ideas, her first waking ones were to the full as extraordinary. Fancying in her sleep that she had been seized by the shoulder by some furious wild beast, she woke in great terror to find herself in the grasp of a giant man, who shook her so roughly as nearly to dislocate her fragile limbs, exclaiming as he did so, "Come, old lady, open your eyes, you're wanted!"

Poor Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe opened her mouth as well as her eyes to scream, but the sound was arrested by the sight of another horrible looking ruffian, who was holding a pistol to her head on the other side. "You'd best not," said he.

"Come, no nonsense!" said the gentleman on the right hand.

"We sha'n't stand it!" said the gentleman on the left.

"Gentlemen! dear, sweet, good, kind gentlemen!" ejaculated poor Mistress Katurah.

"None of that nonsense! your keys, old woman!"

"O, spare my life!" exclaimed the lady.

"We don't want your life, if you'll only be quiet. We only want your money."

"But if you won't be reasonable and make haste—" said the other, and he cocked his pistol.

Mistress Katurah fell back upon her pillow in an agony of fear, as well she might, and trembled from head to foot. She gasped for breath, but speech was denied her: articulation was impossible: her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"You be picking up," said the first, "and I'll bring the old woman to her senses."

Which order being perfectly consistent with his own inclinations, the gentleman in question immediately began to make a collection of those things which struck him as being most agreeable to his fancy. The first of these was Mistress Katurah's posset-cup, the rings which were lying on her dressing-table, her large jewel-set gold-cased watch, its massive chain, and sundry other little affairs which assimilated with his taste, and for which he appeared to have quite a predilection.

Meanwhile the gentleman on guard proceeded with his division of duty.

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"Now, old lady, your keys."

Poor Mistress Katurah could only gasp.

"Where do you keep your money?"

Another gasp.

"It 's of no use playing dumby, 'cause we shall have ways and means of making you find your tongue."

Another guttural gasp.

"Hand us over your pockets! What, you won't! and you won't speak! Why, you perverse old thing! Then it 's your own fault if you are killed! Now, once more, will you or won't you? will you or won't you?" and the ruffian pointed the pistol at her. "Now then!"

Poor Mistress Katurah felt a rattling in her throat—a guttural sound broke out—her eyes were glazing—terror was depriving her of every power, of every faculty—her limbs quivered—her brain reeled—the bed shook under her—there stood the midnight robber, the muzzle of his pistol pointed at her head—she would gladly have given her whole inheritance, but speech was lost to her—when suddenly her senses seemed to rally—her dim eyes saw—a shriek of wild joy escaped from her parched throat—at the sound her assailant turned hastily round, just in time to receive more fully and more effectively a blow like that of a sledge hammer, given with the most hearty good will, with all the condensed force of the whole muscular body, and dealt out to him from the strong arm of Master Paul Wedderburne.

The man rolled heavily and senselessly, first on to the bed and then on to the floor. Another shriek followed from Mistress Katurah. His companion in rapine turned hastily round—he pointed his pistol at Paul Wedderburne—Mistress Katurah shrieked again—things that require much telling are acted in a moment—shriek followed shriek. Paul saw the muzzle of the pistol aimed at himself, and with the celerity of lightning-like courage, without a moment's pause or consideration, threw himself headlong on the ruffian—then came a deadly grapple—the pistol went off in the fierce struggle—that was no child's play that gladiatorial strife for life or death—desperation on the one side, and determination on the other—a good cause and a bad one, almost equally powerful in their operation on the mind, counterposing each other—the two strong men were firmly writhing for life—it was an interval of horror—the shrieks of the affrighted woman, as she lay in her richly draperied bed upon her soft cushions of bodily ease and her bed of down, and her linen of fair white fabric, and her silk coverlet, the insensate comfort of her couch, contrasting strangely with the horrible struggle that was raging within a yard of her soft pillow—her shrieks, we say, rang fearfully through the old walls of her hitherto peaceful dwelling—and there in that fierce grapple, swaying backwards and forwards in their terrible contention, was that fearful man and Paul Wedderburne—O! what a time of intense anxiety was that to poor Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe!—it was but a minute or so in its duration, and yet it seemed an hour; for time is sometimes measured by what it contains rather than by its own extent—and then the ruffian was lying on the floor, his face black, his eyes starting from their sockets, Paul Wedderburne's knee upon his breast, and his hand upon his throat.

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In this little interval, Mistress Katurah's fearful shrieks and the startling report of the pistol, had aroused the house, and Dinah Crackenthorpe came rushing into her aunt's chamber. A glance showed her the one midnight plunderer senseless on the floor, and the other almost crushed beneath Paul Wedderburne's weight. "Dinah, dear Dinah," said Wedderburne, "fear nothing, there is nothing to fear; but if you are able, find your waiting-man, that he may aid me in securing these villains. But frighten not thyself, dearest, all is safe." Susan and two or three women servants had now gathered to the spot, and Ralph was soon added to their number; and while Dinah held her poor terrified aunt in her arms, and endeavoured to sooth and reassure her, Wedderburne and Ralph conveyed the ruffians, one after another, into a large dark cellar, where they were to be kept in reservation till the morrow.

The moment Paul Wedderburne had despatched these arrangements, he returned to aid Dinah in her endeavours to compose and speak peace to Mistress Katurah. At sight of him the poor lady threw her thin arms round his manly neck, and twitching him convulsively, exclaimed, "O, Paul Wedderburne, Paul Wedderburne, I should have been dead if it had not been for you!"

But excitements will subside let them be as violent as any whirlwind, and morrows will come whatever may happen to-day. In spite of all the tumult and turmoil of that disastrous night, the sun shone as cheerily as ever in the morning, the birds were singing as blithely, and the flowers smelling as sweetly, as if nothing in the world had happened to Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe. Doubtless there were signs of disorder in her usually neat old maid-like dwelling and around it, especially under a certain oriel window, but all these things were being remedied as quickly as possible, and Mistress Katurah herself was sitting in her own peculiar chair, dressed in her usual morning attire, of Marseilles petticoat as thick as any modern counterpane, large flowered chintz gown open down the front, flounced apron, stiffly starched handkerchief, and high crowned cap. But if the external disorder were thus smoothed away, the inward one was by no means cured. Poor Mistress Katurah trembled and shook like an aspen leaf; her lips were white, her face yellow, and her eyes wild and half glazed.

"Dearest aunt, compose yourself," said Dinah. "It is over! there is nothing now to fear."

"O, Dinah, I still feel that horrible man's grasp upon my shoulder, and see his terrible eyes glaring upon me in the dead of the night, with the pistol at my head!"

"But you are safe, and all is well now."

"And those awful men have escaped?"

"Ralph forgot that the cellar-window was barred in the inside, and that it was easy for them to open it; and Master Paul did not know that the cellar had a window."

"How should he?"

"It was all Ralph's fault."

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"They will come back again in the dead of the night."

"No, dear aunt."

"I *know* they will! I know they will come back and murder me! And there will be no Paul Wedderburne to save me!"

"You see, Aunt Katurah, it is of use to have a strong arm and courage to use it sometimes."

"O, Dinah!"

"Though you did call him a brawler, and quarrelsome, and riotous——"

"O, Dinah, did I?"

"And said that it was better to wait for the law. What was the justice for?"

"O, where should I have been now if Master Wedderburne had taken me at my word! O, Dinah, if he had got killed last night!"

"O, Aunt Katurah, don't think of such a thing!" said Dinah, with a shudder.

"Nobody but him would have ventured into such a nest of vipers!"

"He is so courageous!" said Dinah, with pride.

"Ay, he hath a brave heart and a strong arm!"

"He fears nothing!" said Dinah.

"Two men with pistols in their hands, and he without even his riding-whip," responded Aunt Katurah.

"O, Dinah, courage is a noble thing in a man! But hast thou given Master Wedderburne his breakfast? Hast thou seen that all was well served as ought to be for *him?* Didst send him in the brawn and the marmalade?"

"Dear Aunt, he hath ham and salmon."

"O, Dinah, thou shouldst not have set him out a niggardly table! Go and amend it."

"Dear aunt, Master Wedderburne hath finished his meal, and waiteth to know if you will admit him."

"Waiteth! and dost thou keep him waiting? he who saved thy aunt's poor life! Nay, Dinah, I thought better of thee! My poor knees tremble so or I would seek him myself."

"He is here," said Dinah, and as she spoke Paul Wedderburne entered the room, and walked straight up to where Aunt Katurah was sitting in her needlework-covered chair, with Dinah leaning on its arm. As he approached, he held out a hand to each, and Dinah's little fingers speedily found their way within one of them, but did not speedily find their way out again, while Mistress Katurah clasped the other in a fond and affectionate pressure.

"O, Master Wedderburne, what do we not owe you! O, brave and kind heart, how shall we be thankful enough!"

"Tut! tut! dear madam, not a word!" said Paul.

"I owe my life unto you! I owe my life unto you, Master Paul!"

"A trifle, dear madam, a trifle! more than repaid by the pleasure. I came to see if I could be of any farther use to you before I take my leave. I have used the freedom of sending over your man-servant Ralph to fetch my mare and riding-whip."

"Mare!—riding-whip!—leave!"—ejaculated Mistress Katurah Crackenthorpe.

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"Dear madam, I am fearful of intruding."

"Intruding! O, Master Paul, will you leave us to be murdered? Will you forsake us?"

"Dear lady——"

"I thought you had some liking for Dinah."

Paul pressed the little soft fingers which he held in his left hand, and looked at their owner.

"I know that I did not behave so handsomely to you as I ought, but can you change in a day?"

"O, not in a life long!" said Paul.

"Then you shall marry her! will you?"

"*Will I*—dear lady—Dear Dinah!" and this time both right hand and left gave a squeeze.

"Only you must let me live with you! You must let me live with you! You must take care of me, dear Paul! You must not leave me to be murdered. Will you?"

"*Will I*, dear lady!"

"And you shall be married to-morrow! Will you?"

"*Will I!*" exclaimed Paul Wedderburne, and he both kissed and pressed the hands of the two ladies on the right hand and the left—— "AH, WILL I!"

PURITY AMIDST TEMPTATIONS.

As there are shells in yonder hoary deep
  Have caught a rose-tint from the orb of light,
  All delicately shadow'd o'er, despite
The slimy things and terrible, that keep
Dark dwellings there, and in corruption steep
  The hues they may not tarnish; so, my bright
  And pure of soul—though all around is night,
Thy thoughts, thy will, in beams of brightness sleep.
Sin, ignorance, and squalor, have not stain'd
  The sacred shrine of peace within thy soul;
Temptation's barbed arrows, thickly rain'd
  On thy mail'd breast, have fall'n and left no scar,
  No speck behind; thy virtue, like a star,
Comes spotless from the clouds athwart its beams that roll.

W. T.

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THE HAPPPIEST HOUR OF MY LIFE!

BY MRS. ABDY.

"'WHERE is happiness?' asks one learned Pundit, and Echo answers 'Where?' 'What is happiness?' demands another, and a matter-of-fact hearer forthwith takes down the first volume of Johnson's Dictionary, looks out the word, and announces that 'Happiness is a state in which all the desires are satisfied,' a decision which, inasmuch as nobody was ever yet satisfied in all their requisitions, leaves the difficulty precisely where it stood before. There is no rule, however, without an exception. Happiness may be caught, although it may not be caged: I am qualified to dogmatise on the subject from personal experience. Happiness is a bird of paradise, and I once threw salt upon its tail, and detained it with me for the space of an entire hour,—I enjoyed just sixty minutes of perfect felicity!"

"Did you, indeed, sir? I conclude that was during the hour when you made your proposals, and were accepted."

"Not at all, my dear madam, that hour was anything but satisfactory; it was thirty years ago, and yet I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had very imprudently fallen in love with my dear Octavia, who, as her name denotes, was the eighth child of her honoured parents. I was balancing myself on the lowest step of the ladder of the law, and she was the independent possessor of one thousand pounds in the stock then bearing the name of the Navy Five Per Cents; alas! five per cent. for one's capital is now 'the light of other days.' Our prospects were dreary enough, however, notwithstanding the light of Octavia's fifty pounds a year; her father, mother, two brothers, and five sisters, frowned annihilation on me whenever I approached her; and my own mother, my only surviving parent, indulged herself in daily sarcasms on my total want not only of prudence but of good taste in my selection of a partner for life. My mother was unluckily acquainted with three sisters, each of whom was the fortunate possessor of twenty thousand pounds; they were plain and ill-tempered, and the youngest was ten years my senior; but she was unremittingly anxious to obtain one of them for a daughter-in-law;—they were Graces in her estimation, and she thought it very hard that they should be chronicled as Furies in mine! It was with much difficulty that I ever contrived to exchange a few words with Octavia; when the relatives on both sides are agreed in wishing to separate a young couple, it is astonishing how very roughly they contrive to make 'the course of true love' run. At length 'we met, 'twas in a crowd,' in a fashionable squeeze of two hundred people. I contrived to get seated with Octavia in a recess; an open window was behind us, the air blew coldly and sharply, I shut it down, and in a moment a panting fat chaperon in a crimson turban, resolutely advanced and opened it, professing herself thoroughly discontented with the modicum of air attainable through the agency of her ivory fan, and eulogising the advantages of fresh breezes, on the authority of some fashionable

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medical writer of the day. There sat Octavia, the delicate interesting Octavia, exposed to the imminent risk of colds, coughs, and tooth-aches, and vainly endeavouring to make an etherial gauze scarf do the duty of a warm ample shawl. I thought of Kirke White's description of the advances of consumption—

> 'In the chilling night air drest,
> I will creep into her breast.'

but I also thought of the old proverb, that 'opportunity once lost is never to be regained;' I offered, and was accepted, the wind blowing every moment more and more keenly, and the dancers sweeping close to us in their evolutions. Octavia's elder sister, on the opposite side of the room, sat looking at her much as the elder sister of Cinderella might have beheld her envied junior in the act of fitting on the glass slipper; and about twenty yards from us, the most disagreeable and most determined of the co-heiresses to whom I have already alluded, scrutinized us through her eye-glass, evidently taking note of our glances, attitudes, and whispers, for the particular edification and enlightenment of my mother on the following morning. Add to this, that I had no prospect of marrying with prudence for at least ten years, and judge if the hour in which the chosen of my heart 'blushed a sweet consent,' was one of unmingled happiness."

"Certainly not; and did you really wait ten years?"

"No, we did not; engagements are never very pleasant things, and ours was rendered peculiarly uncomfortable to us by our respective relations. At length, finding all our endeavours vain to break down the barrier of poverty, we resolved on springing over it. I had a legacy of a few hundred pounds in the first year of our engagement from a distant relation; I now betook myself to the study of all the advertisements of cheap furniture in the newspapers; they were not, as now, professedly addressed, 'To Persons about to Marry,' but they were the same in substance. I engaged a small neat house, furnished it with economical prettiness, and married my dear Octavia in a twelvemonth after I had first proposed to her."

"Now I understand very well that the happiest hour of your life was that of your marriage;—including, of course, the drive to the church and home again."

"Far from it, my dear madam, it was a very tedious and uncomfortable hour: I went to church in a carriage with Octavia's mother and two of her sisters, all drowned in tears, sparing of speech, and redolent of *eau de Cologne*. I felt that I performed my part very awkwardly, my voice was scarcely audible in the responses, and I twice dropped the ring on the ground. I was deprived of the resource of twirling my hat, and I had a confused impression that the youngest of the bridesmaids was laughing at me. To render the matter more provoking, my bride was a model of self-possession, elegance, and propriety; spoke in a silvery full-toned voice, wore her orange blossoms, blonde, and white satin, with inimitable grace, and went through the ceremony with as much composure, as if, to use an expression of Theodore Hook's, 'she had been married every morning for the preceding six weeks!' I returned in a chariot with my bride and her

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uncle, who was also her trustee, who gave me the best advice about the most expedient manner of managing 'a *very* small income,' and impressed upon me to lose no time in effecting an insurance on my life for the benefit of my probable family, devoting the interest of Octavia's money to the purpose."

"I will venture one more guess,—the happiest hour of your life was that in which your first-born boy was presented to you."

"Not at all; I had begun before his birth to find out some of the disadvantages of poverty; as a single man, I had been enabled to feel 'content with a little,' but I now said with Doctor Syntax,

'This is the cause of all my trouble,
My income will not carry double!'

I could not flatter myself that my first-born boy was one of those fortunate people alluded to by Hood, who

'Come into the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished!'

On the contrary, he was born with an unmistakeable wooden ladle in his mouth; I could not even consider him heir to the cheap chairs and tables which I had bought of the advertising upholsterer, for I did not know how soon they might be seized for arrears of rent. Besides, my ideas of baby beauty were founded on my reminiscences of the pink and white cheeks and curling hair of a wax doll, and I was too much disappointed at the appearance of my son to be disposed to receive with becoming credulity the assurances of the nurse that he was 'the exact image of myself;'—no, that hour was certainly not a particularly felicitous one."

"I never give more than three guesses respecting a riddle or charade, therefore must beg that you will at once tell me the secret of your mysterious hour of happiness,—did it leave no traces behind it?"

"Not one; it all vanished at the end of the hour."

"Ah! now, I know what you mean; you were under the influence of opium."

"No, indeed, the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater' were not then written, and there were no teetotallers at that time, so opium was not at all in general requisition; I will, however, disclose the mystery to you without further delay, that is, when I have mentioned a few preliminary circumstances of my situation. My family increased; my third child was born in the fifth year of our marriage, my clients were few, my mother's income I knew barely met her expenses, and that of my father-in-law was quite insufficient for the multitudinous wants and wishes of himself, his lady, and their seven children. Octavia was all that I could wish her; amiable, patient, uncomplaining; I could almost have desired that she should sometimes have reproached me for the heart-wearing penury to which I had reduced her. I should not then have felt such bitter repining at the sight of one so lovely and accomplished burying her charms and talents in obscurity, and bending the whole of her fine abilities to the practice of painful and minute economies;—do you not feel for our situation?"

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"Very much; I cannot conceive how you came by your hour of happiness!"

"Seven years after our marriage, my Octavia fell into a delicate state of health; sea-air was prescribed for her, freedom from care, cheerful society, and airings in an open carriage; how easily do medical men run off these phrases, never seeming to consider that there can be any difficulty in fulfilling their requisitions. I had long ago sent in an account to a tardy client; I wrote to him again, candidly telling him of my poverty, and the illness of Octavia; he was not devoid of feeling; he instantly replied to my letter. He had just, he said, been foolish enough to exhaust his purse in the purchase of a lottery-ticket; he enclosed me the ticket, which I might dispose of for a sum equal to about half the amount owing to me, and the remainder he promised speedily to remit to me. The moment I became the possessor of this lottery-ticket, the thought struck me that perhaps a rich mine of gold lay within it. I could not persuade myself to dispose of it, nor did I mention its existence to Octavia; I was fearful that her cool and steady judgment would disapprove of my conduct in relinquishing my "bird in the hand" for the two who were not even "in the bush," but only fluttering in the regions of imagination: the lottery was to begin drawing in a week; my suspense could not endure long. I locked the ticket safely in my secretaire, and the number was securely impressed upon my memory; we had no scientific Polish Majors at that time, to give us an artificial memory for getting up puzzling combinations of figures; but the combination in question was not at all puzzling, the number was twelve hundred; and I repeated it over and over to myself, as if it were some cabalistic incantation which was to conduct me to ease and affluence. A week passed; it was the first day of the lottery-drawing, and it was a particularly untoward day at home; 'everything went wrong.' I dare say all family men will enter into the meaning of that phrase! My poor Octavia was more than usually feeble, languid, and hectic; and immediately after breakfast, our maid of all-work, (for in those days we did not employ the refined term of 'general servant,') gave warning, allured by the better wages and more abundantly supplied table proffered to her by a thriving tradesman's wife in the neighbourhood. Now, Dorothy was not without faults, but we had reason to think that those faults were fewer than generally fall to the share of over-tasked under-paid maids of all-work; besides, she had lived with us five years; we knew her faults and recommendations, and lacked courage to investigate those of a stranger. The two elder children were also in a singularly irritable state of temper on that unfortunate morning, and the baby, who usually slept all day, and cried all night, seemed resolved to depart from its usual routine, and to cry through all the twenty-four hours. The refractory maid of all-work sent us up a peculiarly ill-cooked dinner; and my poor wife informed me, with evident sorrow, that the price of bread had again risen. Alas! alas! that a creature formed to dazzle all eyes and win all hearts, sing scientific canzonets, and discuss poetry and philosophy, should be reduced to the doleful necessity of knowing or caring that the quartern loaf costs a halfpenny more one week than another! After our sorry repast, I

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prepared to take a walk. I had just got ready the draft of a will for a client who resided at Spring Gardens, and I was to attend, by appointment, to submit it to his inspection. In my way I passed down Cornhill; a crowd was collected at Bish's door. 'News has just come from Guildhall,' exclaimed one of them to a friend who had not been able to get near the window, 'that the thirty thousand has been drawn,—the number is twelve hundred!' I pressed forward with so much energy, that every one instinctively gave way to me; it was indeed so; the figures were written in a gigantic hand, and displayed in the window; the ink was not yet dry; I was the enviable possessor of thirty thousand pounds!"

"And did your hour of happiness then begin?"

"Not immediately; eminent dramatists have declared, that when the theatre rang with plaudits at their genius, their sensations were those rather of nervousness and faintness than of triumph and exultation; and one of them defined his feeling as that of 'coming near enough to Fame to clutch it!' Now I suddenly came near enough to Fortune to clutch her, and at first I seemed to droop and tremble at the close approximation. I did not, as you may suppose it likely I should do, call a coach, drive home, and communicate my success to my wife and family; I felt dizzy with excess of joy. I could not for the world have shared it at that moment with any one; I knew that the ticket was in perfect safety, and I resolved to delay my return till my spirits were calmed down to a tolerable degree of sobriety. I disengaged myself from the crowd, 'made no sign' to indicate that I was the happy owner of the paraded thirty thousand, and I bent my steps to my original destination, Spring Gardens, walking lightly and gaily through places which every-day people would call Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Ludgate Hill, but which to me appeared to be select portions of the most delightful districts of fairy-land. How can I describe to you the ecstatic thoughts in which I revelled, the dazzling visions I conjured up, the phantoms of future bliss which hovered round me? My beloved Octavia was to enjoy an exquisite marine villa at Hastings till her health was restored, and afterwards a tasteful boudoir, a new grand pianoforte, a set of pearls from Hamlet's, (then the fashionable jeweller,) and a beautiful little phaeton, drawn by two cream-coloured ponies. I was immediately to procure an efficient nursery-staff, and eventually, my daughters were to be educated by an all-accomplished governess, and my son to be sent for tuition to a clerical friend, who took a limited number of pupils on terms of *un*limited expense: my dinners were to make Dr. Kitchener jealous; my library was to be filled with the best authors, and my cellars stocked with the best wines; my house was to be at the west end of the town, and I was to have a sweet little cottage at Richmond."

"And did you think you could do all that with thirty thousand pounds, sir?"

"Yes, indeed I did, my dear madam, and much more also I had never had any but a very small income to manage, and having discovered that even that poor pittance could procure for myself and family the 'meat, clothes, and fire,' which Pope declares to be all that riches can give

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to us, I naturally enough fell into the error of concluding that incalculable and interminable enjoyments and luxuries were to be procured by a handsome fortune. I reached Spring Gardens in this delightful state of mind and spirits, feeling that my happiness was glowing in my cheeks, and laughing out at my eyes; and the very footman who opened my client's door looked at me with astonishment, as if he had seen some strange transformation in me. And had I not undergone a transformation? I was no longer the spirit-broken, pressed-down, poor man; the wand of Harlequin, that converts a hut into a palace, had never wrought a more wonderful metamorphosis than had taken place in my situation; past drudgery, future misgivings, were no longer in existence; a brilliant perspective of happiness for me and mine stretched itself before me in clear and shining radiance. My client entered, and looked over the draft of the will; he suggested a few alterations; he had seven thousand pounds to leave to his wife and family. I inwardly pitied him for having so small a sum for their provision; how short a time ago should I have thought it a large one! A book, having the appearance of a pamphlet, lay on the table before me; I mechanically opened it, and found that it contained the list of subscribers to a celebrated public charity. 'This is well,' I thought; 'it is fit that when I receive such unexpected bounties myself, I should think of the need of others: I will become a life-subscriber, not only to this charity, but to many others; nor will I permit public liberality to supersede private benevolence; my ear shall be open to the complaints of honest poverty, and my hand ready to relieve them.' My client was too much occupied with the study of his will to perceive anything unusual in my manner; he returned the draft to me, begged that it might be formally executed, and I took my departure. My thoughts in returning were just the same as they had been in going, and literally dwelt upon

'Gold, gold, nothing but gold.'

These golden reveries, however, were not so low and sordid in my case as in that of many persons, because I may safely say that I valued the goods of wealth for others more than for myself, and my satisfaction developed itself in feelings of unutterable kindliness and complacency towards the whole of the human race.

"A brother lawyer passed me in his neat chariot—I no longer looked on him with envy. 'Poor fellow!' I thought, 'he is obliged to work hard for his comforts; I shall immediately relinquish my profession, I will recommend him to two or three of my best clients.' I greeted several common acquaintances with the most earnest warmth, inquiring after the health of their wives and children as if my existence depended upon a favourable reply. I could not have been more universally cordial had I intended standing for the county! A stripling met me whom I had deservedly sent to Coventry for his extreme impertinence to me; he seemed undecided whether to bow or not; I settled his scruples by a friendly recognition, and a warm shake of the hand; he seemed gratified, and no doubt eulogised my forgiving temper—alas! if my ticket had not been drawn a prize, I should have encountered him with a bent brow, and a scornful curve of the lip!

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All whom I had previously disliked and disapproved had a share in my kindly feelings. My wife's sisters had repeatedly wounded and displeased me, but I now resolved to give them turquoise necklaces, and invite them to carpet-dances; even Dorothy became an innoxious maid of all-work to me—she had been quite right in wishing to remove herself—she would not have been a fitting member of our new establishment. I next met an old gentleman, a distant relation.

"'How happy you seem, he said.

"'How happy I *am*,' I replied. 'I may say with Hamlet, 'Seem, I know not seems!'

"'Well this is as it should be,' replied the old gentleman, gazing on me with admiration. 'Your spirits are not hurt by a slender income, nay, I dare say you are far happier than if you had a large one—riches, as the poet says, are—'

"But I was in no mood to listen to what any poet said in depreciation of riches, and, pleading haste, I passed rapidly on, enjoying the thick-coming tide of pleasant fancies, which as yet I felt disinclined to share with mortal being. Again I reached Cornhill. I looked at my watch; exactly an hour had elapsed since I was last there; a crowd was still around the windows of Bish, and again I pressed through it, wishing to feast my eyes a second time on the announcement of my triumph, just as the miser gazes, again and again, on the bank note with whose value he is already thoroughly acquainted. Amazement! horror! Was I under the influence of witchcraft now, or had I been the sport of its spell an hour ago? The number of the fortunate ticket was clearly 1210! I rushed into the shop, and in hoarse tremulous accents inquired into the meaning of the change.

"'It was quite a mistake, sir,' replied the man behind the counter, in provokingly cool and courteous accents; 'it was sent off to us from Guildhall in a great hurry, and the person who wrote it down made it 1200, instead of 1210; but we rectified the mistake the moment we received the proper information.'

"'Is number 1200 drawn?' I gaspingly ejaculated.

"'Yes, sir and it is a blank.'

"And so ended my hour of happiness!"

"And what did you do?—drop down in a swoon?"

"No; I certainly dropped down from the regions of imagination on the rough shingles of reality, and might have said with Apollo in Kane O'Hara's Midas, 'A pretty dacent tumble!' but I considered that we cannot be said to lose what we have never had, and, above all, that no invectives or repinings could restore to me the beautiful phantasmagoria which had vanished from my 'mind's eye.' I walked home, my glances bestowed on the ground, and my 'sweet fancies' replaced by bitter ones."

"And then you disclosed all that had passed to your wife, I suppose?"

"By no means; I resolved not to disclose it to a creature. Octavia, I felt, would sympathise with me too much, and the rest of the world too little. I could not brook the idea that my fleeting dream of happiness should be related by some officious quizzer to a laughing circle, prefaced with the observation, 'Have you heard of the terrible blunder

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our poor friend fell into the other day?' I entered the house calm and dejected, and found all its inhabitants much as I had left them, except that Dorothy's brow was a shade more sulky, the voices of the children were pitched in a somewhat higher key, and poor Octavia was mending for me an already thrice-mended pair of gloves. O! how like Abou Hassan I felt, when he awakened in his own home after his short experience of the grandeur and magnificence of regal power!"

"How sad! how mortifying! How very much I pity you!"

"Do not waste your pity upon me, fair lady; I believe you would have had much more reason to pity me had I really become the possessor of these thirty thousand pounds. In my hour of happiness I only thought of the enjoyments of riches; I should soon have been made to feel its troubles, anxieties, and responsibilities. I then knew nothing of the management of money; I should have attempted to make my thirty thousand pounds do the work of a sum of four times its magnitude, and should probably, in a small way, have run the career of Mr. Burton Danvers, the hero of your favourite story in 'Sayings and Doings.' To return, however, to my narrative.—My evening at home was not so melancholy as you may surmise: about ten o'clock, a sharp ring was heard at the door; for a moment I was wild enough to imagine that my number, after all, had proved to be the right one, and that the lottery office had sent a special messenger to inform me of it. But I quickly reflected that they could have no clue to my name and residence, as the ticket had been purchased by another person. The messenger, however, was a welcome one. The young man who had sent me the lottery ticket in part of his account, was not yet so hardened in the ways of the world as to feel quite easy in squandering in revelry and luxury the money which was really and painfully wanted by those to whom he lawfully owed it. He had been touched by my representation of my wife's illness, had raised the remaining twenty pounds due to me, and now forwarded it to my house. O! with what playful contempt should I have beheld it, had I regarded it in the light of a drop of water coming to mix with the boundless ocean of thirty thousand pounds! Perhaps I should even have tossed it, as a valedictory gift, to 'speed the parting' Dorothy; but now it was received with real rapture and gratitude. The next day I took Octavia and our children to Hastings—not to an 'exquisite marine villa,' but to an obscure lodging, from which the sea was distinctly visible to an extremely clear-sighted person, who did not mind running a little risk of falling out of an upper window in the attempt to feast their eyes upon it; but, thanks to Providence, Octavia returned home in two months, restored to health, and I was enabled to give my undivided thoughts and time to the duties of my profession. A difficult cause was to be tried respecting the rightful heirship to an estate—the person who claimed it was thought to do so on inadequate grounds. He put his cause into my hands, he requested me to examine and compare sundry papers and documents; it was evident to me, after perusing them, that others of more importance were in existence. I urged him to a diligent search; it was attended with success, and the cause was gained. His gratitude was unbounded, and he forced upon me a remuneration for my assistance

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far beyond my expectations; but I drew a more solid advantage from the trial; my name became known; I was sought out by new clients; business poured in upon me, and profit also, in due proportion. I have been a prosperous man, and my private property now amounts to a a larger sum than my suppositious lottery prize, while I have a lucrative profession which occupies my time satisfactorily, and I hope usefully, and adds to my power of relieving the necessities of others, as well as of bestowing the goods of education and fortune on my family. All is for the best. I have enjoyed but once an hour of overwhelming happiness, but I have enjoyed many years of true and calm content I have won my way to fortune step by step, and truly grateful do I feel that I have won it by the assistance of Coke and Blackstone, rather than by that of Bish and Canter, even although to their unconscious agency I owe the delightful delusion of "The Happiest Hour of my Life!"

OH! MY HEART IS SAD FOR ARABY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I LANGUISH in exile far over the seas;
I long for the breath of my own mountain breeze,
Where I danced to the tabor, or threw the jereed,
And outstripp'd the wild winds on my gallant black steed:
Oh! my heart is sad for Araby!

When the sun sinks to rest and the night-shadows fall,
No more shall I hear the muezzin's sweet call;
Nor gaze on that cot, by the light of the moon,
Far dearer to me than the wealth of Karoon:
Oh! my heart is sad for Araby!

Oh how I rejoiced with my Zara to roam!
Through the green palmy shades of our wild mountain home,
In "the footsteps of Alla," that oasis green,
Where I was sole monarch, and she was my queen!
Oh! my heart is sad for Araby!

I languish in exile,—I die far away,
From the friends and the scenes of my life's early day;
But they still rise before me all fragrant and fair;
Oh! my heart is still with them, my soul is still there,—
In my loved, my long-lost Araby!

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ODDS AND ENDS.[1]

BY M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

No. III.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT AT EU.

"FRANCE friend with England! What becomes of me?" Such would seem to have been the first reflection of the opposition press in Paris, on hearing of the Queen of England's intended visit to the Royal Family of France at the Château d'Eu. All its alarms, all its misrepresentations, all its impertinences, when translated from Baraguoin into English, amount to nothing more than this: Should the friendly feelings and mutual good understanding, which we dread to anticipate at Eu, become general between the two nations, our occupation were but a worn-out trade. And as conscientious Trinculo says, there were not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Accordingly, the opposition papers, of all shades and opinions, began to sound the toscin of alarm, to rouse the slumbering people from their careless security, and to warn the king and his ministers—Υς Αδκναν*—of the dangerous designs entertained by the Head and Front of perfidious Albion; who would abuse his simple confidence, inveigle him to sign a treaty of commerce during the *abandon* of a gipsy party; or into an engagement to assist in replacing Espartero in the Regency of Spain, between the acts of one of Arnal's vaudevilles. Their idea of this redoubtable young lady, of three-and-twenty, must bear a striking resemblance to Mr. Solomon Pell's vision of the Lord Chancellor. They see her Majesty always in robes of state, with the great seal depending from her châtelaine, supported on either side by a patent inkhorn, and a metallic pen, ready at all times to dot down a treaty, and affix to it her sign manual, so often as she has the good fortune to encounter a foolish old gentleman of seventy, or thereabouts, whose foreign or home policy is so vacillating as to be swayed by half an hour's conversation with a Lady young enough to be his grandchild.

That they should entertain some misgivings with regard to Spain is conceivable enough. They have worked themselves into the conviction that the Star of France is in the ascendant, and that British influence is thoroughly undermined in the Peninsula. They have so long accustomed themselves to glory in the nefarious designs which they conceive to be the natural policy of France towards that country, that they are readily inclined to suspect and fear that England would fain cut in, and take a hand at this precious game.

[1] Continued from p. 163.

* A Greek proverb, which may be thus paraphrased, in French: Gros Jean vent en rémontrer à son curé. In English, by the still more homely adage: Teach your granny to suck eggs!

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Many of their ideas, no doubt, are derived from a gentleman, formerly one of themselves, who now holds the important and responsible situation of consul at Barcelona; where he seems to regard himself rather in the light of a moderator between the different parties in Spain, than of a superintendent of French commerce at a foreign port, and the mere medium of communication between that commerce and the municipal authorities of the place. There is no quarrel into which he does not thrust himself; no stone does he leave unturned to attain an ephemeral notoriety; and, to a certain extent, he has succeeded: he has sung his own praises, in paragraph after paragraph of telegraphic despatches, until ministers have promoted him to be a commander of the Legion of Honour; for what reason, heaven only knows, unless it be as a sop to that sulky Cerberus, the opposition press—legitimate, dynastic, and republican. By the way, this parcel-editor of the radical *Commerce* has somewhat relaxed from the severity of his republican ideas, since his appointment to *la petite diplomatic*, and the receipt of his new decoration. La roture, dans sa personne, à dégénérée en gentilhommerie; he has taken a fancy to the noble prefix *de*, before his name. We hear of nothing but Mons. *de* Lesseps quà, Mons. *de* Lesseps là; he is as much in request as Figaro; and our own consul, who performs his duties quietly and unostentatiously, and has probably done as much and suffered more than this Factotum di Barcelona, sinks into utter insignificance beside him.

There is something quite amusing in the naïveté with which some of these journals assume the most barefaced and gratuitous fictions, and proceed to reason upon them, as though they were undoubted facts. There was a curious instance of this sort, the other day, in an article in *La Presse*. The writer asserted, that the head of the foreign office, in London, had been obliged to recal Mr. Aston from Madrid, in consequence of excessive imprudence on his part, by which British interests and influence had been seriously compromised. Now, I happen to know, although I have not the honour to be personally acquainted with our late minister in Spain, that for nearly three years he has been anxious to be relieved from his irksome post, and that nothing but a sense of public duty induced him to remain there. Pouron qu'on crie dans les rues: "Voici la censure de M. Arnauld: voici la condamnation des Jansénistes," les Jésuites auront leur compte. *La Presse* will easily know how to apply these words; and I would entreat it to bear in mind another sentence of Blaise Pascal: La calomnie est inutile, si elle n'est jointe à une grande réputation de sincérité. Un médisant ne peut réussir, s'il n'est en estime d'abhorrer la médisance, comme un crime dont il est incapable.

Again, with regard to that other bugbear of the journalists of the opposition, the treaty of commerce, namely, which was to be carried by a coup-de-main; they will find, by referring to the July number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, that the subject is perfectly understood, and its importance justly estimated, by a writer of very different stamp from themselves, but as fully alive to the interests of France as they can be. In this article, M. Foncade says:

"There are, in England, two sorts of capital: the one, bound up with the country, consisting of landed estates and funded property;

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the other, unshackled and floating, consisting of the capital accumulated in trade, which has no ties of country, but seeks employment wherever profit calls it. Now, whilst England, in consequence of her illogical financial system, touches with a light and tender hand the revenues of the former, she weighs down the latter with the heaviest portion of the public charges. The consequence is, that this capital has been embarked in commercial enterprises. Independently of the part which it has taken in foreign loans, it has now appeared as a competitor for the construction of railways in France. Would it be politic, in other manufacturing nations, to create new sources of profit for England, and thus to strengthen the tottering supports on which her trade rests, when, by maintaining the present system, by skilfully employing the advantages they possess, they have it in their power to second and give activity to a transplantation of capital, already commenced on a considerable scale?" He then makes a pointed allusion to a similar déplacement of floating wealth, in Holland, during the seventeenth century, to which her decline as a commercial nation is to be ascribed, and concludes thus: "In 1830, Mr. Huskisson caught the alarm for England, in witnessing the effects of that déplacement, the origin of which he had seen, and whose consequences he calculated. He was well aware that the commercial supremacy of his country depended on that accumulation of floating capital, which for many years had so constantly and so prodigiously increased." In short, on either side of the Channel, it seems to be the opinion of those who have had most opportunity for inquiring into the subject, that the idea of a commercial treaty between the two countries is perfectly visionary and utopian.

In the mean time, the Queen of Great Britain has arrived at the Château d'Eu,

> ——— "Within the girdle of whose walls,
> Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder."

In spite of the jealous warnings of his irresponsible advisers, the King has frankly said, "Here's my hand;" and his Royal Guest replied, with equal sincerity, "And mine, with my heart in it!" All this is gall and wormwood to the patriots. Furious with rage, they forget, for a moment, the characteristic politeness and gallantry of their country, and threaten a Lady and a Queen with the insults of an indignant National Guard, should she venture to extend her journey as far as Paris. The hint is too significant to be neglected. The capital, with its thousand beauties and attractions, its Boulevards, its Tuileries, its Place Louis XV.; Versailles, with all its glories, past and present, must remain a sealed book to the Royal Visitor. No matter; what is deferred is not always lost: the sulky Cerberus may be in a more propitious mood on some future occasion; besides, as Rabelais says: Qui au soir ne laisse leuvin, ia ne fera au matin leuer paste.

Thus, then, after four days of royal hospitality, the Queen's visit to France is brought to a premature close; and let the press rave as it will, the chief result of the meeting—in addition, let us hope, to new

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and kindly feelings, reciprocally indulged between the two august families—will be, that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will appear, at his next lévée, decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

No. IV.

THE STONE OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The month of August is an eventful one in the annals of Boulogne. In 1804, this town was the scene of the most imposing spectacle that France had witnessed since the Field of the Cloth of Gold; second to that only in pomp and brilliancy of decoration, the general distribution to the army of the Stars of the Legion of Honour far exceeded it in real, inartificial magnificence.

This order, so famous, subsequently, throughout Europe, was first instituted on the 19th May, 1802, three months previous to Buonaparte's elevation to the dignity of consul for life. Considerable difference of opinion existed with regard to the propriety of an institution so greatly at variance with the doctrine of equality, on which the whole fabric of the republic was based.

Bertier, says Thibaudeau, in his "Mémoires inédits du Consulat," declared, in council, his disapproval of these distinctions, which he characterised as "the baubles of monarchy."

"I defy you," answered the first consul, "to instance any republic, ancient or modern, in which distinctions had no place. You call them baubles. Be it so! But it is by baubles that men are governed. I might hesitate to speak thus frankly in the Tribune, but, in a council of sages and statesmen, I may venture to declare the truth without reserve. I do not believe that the French people love liberty and equality. Their nature is not changed by ten years of revolution; they have but one feeling common to them all—the love of honour. This feeling must be ministered to; we must feed it with decorations. Everything has been destroyed; it is our task to build up again. A government, it is true, exists among us; its hand is strong;—but all the rest of the nation, what is it? A shifting sand. We have, in the midst of us, privileged orders, with interests and principles clearly defined. They know what it is they seek. But we are scattered; we have no system, no union, no rallying-point. As long as I am here, I will be answerable for the maintainance of the republic; but we must provide for the future. Do you fancy that the republic rests on a firm foundation? If so, you are strangely deceived. To effect this is in our power; but it is not yet, nor will it ever be done, until the soil of France is consolidated by having masses of granite imbedded deep beneath its surface."*

Thus did Buonaparte give the first evidence of his determination to establish a system of government totally opposed to that which it had been the object of the revolution to found, and which the new state of society required! Here was his first step on the path which ultimately led him to the sacrifice of those new institutions and original

* Mignet. Hist. de la Revolution Française.

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principles on the maintenance of which his greatness and fame in reality depended. This false step once taken, his descent was rapid. Two years had hardly elapsed before he procured a *senatus consultum*, by which he was proclaimed Emperor of the French. The hero of his age and country condescended to become the servile imitator of "the herd of legitimate sovereigns:" and what was his reward?—the court of the parvenu emperor, with its low-born chamberlains, and vulgar canaille of pages and valets, was the scorn and laughing-stock of the ancient dynasties of Europe. He had abandoned a reality to catch at a vain shadow. "That a man like Buonaparte," exclaims Courier energetically, "a soldier, a leader of armies, the greatest captain the world has produced, should be tickled by being called—majesty!—by being *sire*, when he might be Buonaparte still! He aspires to degrade himself!"

Before the decree passed the senate, the generals commanding divisions were instructed to sound the opinions of the army upon the new change about to take place in the government of France. Paul Louis Courier was at that time employed in Italy, in one of the corps of occupation, with the rank of chef-d'escadron of artillery. One of his letters on this subject, from which are taken the words I have quoted above, is so remarkable, that I cannot refrain from giving it more at length.

"Plaisance, —— May, 1804.

"We have just created an emperor, and I have had some hand in the business. The circumstances are as follow. This morning, D'Anthouard called us together, and told us what we were to deliberate upon, in as few words as possible, without either preamble or peroration. 'An emperor or a republic—which will you have?' Just as one would say, boiled or fried, white soup or brown? His address concluded, there we sat in a circle, gazing on each other's faces. 'Gentlemen, which are you for?' Not a word; we were tongue-tied. This lasted for a quarter of an hour or more, and was becoming embarrassing both for D'Anthouard and the rest of us, when Maire, a young lieutenant, whom you may remember, got up and said: 'If he wishes to be emperor, let him be so, in God's name; but if you ask my opinion, I think he had better leave it alone.' 'Explain yourself,' said the colonel, 'in one word—yes or no.' 'Well, then, no,' replies Maire. So far so good. Renewed silence. Again we examined each other's countenances, like strangers meeting for the first time. I believe we should be at it still, had I not taken up the cudgels. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'it strikes me, with all due deference, that this is no business of ours. If the nation want an emperor, is it for us to baulk their wishes?' This argument was so strong, so clear, so *ad rem*, so—anything you like, that I carried the whole assembly along with me. Never was orator more successful. All rose, signed, and returned to their game of billiards. Maire said to me, 'You speak like Cicero, commandant, that I allow; but may I venture to ask why you are so anxious that he should be emperor?' 'That we might be rid of the matter and finish our game. Would you have us remain there all day? And you, why were you so much opposed to it?' 'I don't

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know,' said he; 'perhaps I thought he was fit for better things.' Such was the lieutenant's reflection on the subject—not unworthy of a wiser head. En effet, que signifie, dis moi—un homme comme lui, Buonaparte, soldat, chef d'armée, le prémier capitaine du monde, vouloir qu'on l'appelle majesté? Etre Buonaparte et se faire sire! Il aspire à descendre! But no, he thinks to rise by placing himself on a level with kings. He loves a title better than a name. Poor man! his mind is unequal to his fortune. Cæsar, of old, understood the matter differently; but he, again, was a man of another stamp. He assumed no worn-out title, but created, in his own name, a title superior to that of king."

In the mean time, Napoleon, regardless alike of Lieutenant Maire's opposition and of Commandant Courier's contemptuous acquiescence, assumes the imperial mantle. The Legion of Honour is remodelled, and a new form given to the oath imposed upon the knights at their admission into the order. They no longer swear, on their honour, to devote themselves to the service of the republic, to combat by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, the reproduction of those titles and distinctions which are the attributes of the feudal system;—their new oath attaches them to the service of the empire and the defence of the Emperor. That Emperor, as Bourrienne pithily remarks, takes precedence now of the republic and its laws; and this is no mere formula, but an undoubted reality. They still swear, it is true, to maintain the principle of liberty and equality, but they do *so* at the very moment when all the titles and all the distinctions of monarchy have been revived and re-established.

The inauguration of the Legion of Honour, when these preliminaries were arranged, took place in the Church of the Invalids, on the fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. Strange, that ten years of revolution should have produced such a result. Napoleon was right in saying that the nature of the French people was unchanged by passing through that ordeal; it had fused the spirit of Versailles into the nation at large. Paris had become its *oil-de-bœuf*. Thither did all France hasten to play the courtier, to solicit places—to sacrifice their independence. If the gentleman of the days of Louis XVI., noble by descent, had patience to bow, and fawn, and repeat untiringly, "*J'attendrai*," Buonaparte's gentleman, noble by creation, might surely condescend to grumble out his ill-used "*J'attendrons*." The two may shake hands and embrace,—compeers and court friends.*

Soon after the conclusion of this important ceremony, the Emperor repaired to the head quarters of the grand army, at Boulogne, and there, on the fifteenth of August, the anniversary of his tutelary saint, a spectacle of the grandest and most imposing kind took place. Marshal Soult received orders to assemble the whole of the troops in the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, nearly eighty thousand strong, on the slopes of the vast natural amphitheatre situated on the western face of the hill, on which the tower of Cæsar is placed, lying immediately to the eastward of the harbour of the first of these towns. The im-

* Pamphlet des Pamphlets.

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mense body of soldiers were arranged in the form of the rays of a circle, emanating from the throne; the cavalry and artillery, stationed on the outer extremity, formed the exterior band of that magnificent array; beyond them, a countless multitude of spectators covered the slope to the very summit of the hill. The bands of all the regiments of the army, placed on the right and left of the throne, were ready to rend the air with the sounds of military music. At noon precisely, the Emperor ascended the throne, amidst a general salute from all the batteries, and a flourish of trumpets unheard since the days of the Romans. Immediately before him was the buckler of Francis I., while the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed were contained in the helmet of the Chevalier Bayard.*

Here, then, and thus, encircled by the rainbow flag of France, greeted by the acclamations of an uncounted host, arose that Star of the Brave which was to guide its millions, in arms for *honneur et patrie*, to the plains of Austerlitz, the burning Kremlin, the blood-stained Beresina, the battle of nations around the walls of Leipsig, the fatal field of Waterloo. Alas! that Freedom should have so mistaken her mission! Alas! that a gallant people, misled by a successful tyrant, should have offered up their best and bravest, a holocaust on the shrine of his selfish and insatiable ambition; that, wearing his chains, they should have fought and bled in the vain enterprise to fix his heavy yoke on the neck of a sternly-defiant world!

France has twice too well been taught
The moral lesson, dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water
In imperial seas of slaughter!

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is passed when swords subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renewed;
Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

* Alison. Hist. of Enrope, v. 215.

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Not far from Terlinethun, between that village and the sea-shore, is placed a simple block of marble, occupying the spot on which Napoleon's throne was erected. It bears the following inscriptions.

On the face :

XXVII
THERMIDOR
AN
XII.

On the reverse :

DISTRIBUTION SOLENNELLE
DE LA DECORATION DE LA LEGION D'HONNEUR
15 AOUT. 1804.

No. V.

THE ARMIES OF ENGLAND—FOR ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

Some plasterers were at work, a few days since, on the top of the house in which I lodge, and, by my landlord's invitation, I went with him on the roof to admire the view of Capécure and the valley of the Liane;—"Une vue," to use his own words, "telle que Genève et Boulogne seuls peuvent offrir à l'amateur du pittoresque." I echoed his—magnifique—superbe—with all the sympathy my conscience would permit; but, in my heart, I could not but think that he did injustice to the prettiness of his native town, in comparing the hills on which we looked, and the little river that flowed at their base, with Lake Leman and the Monarch of Mountains. Turning in the opposite direction, he pointed out to me, through an opening between two stacks of chimneys, an exceedingly partial view of the sea, on which he descanted with much animation, recalling the days when the Grande Armée occupied the heights on either side of the town, and the flotilla, destined to invade and subdue England, crowded the harbour and the roads. "Ah! monsieur," he concluded, "l'Angleterre a échappé bel;—si l'on avait connu la vapeur à cette époque, elle était subjugue *infailliblement*." It would have been useless to remind him that England is not without resources in that arm of the service, as the numerous steamers, all English, which ply between Boulogne and the opposite shore, might have shown him, were he not blinded to the fact by national enthusiasm; so I was satisfied to congratulate both him and myself that the two people seemed inclined, in our day, to rest their claims to admiration on some better and more useful ground than their superiority in the art of cutting each others' throat.

By incredible exertions Buonaparte had rendered the port of Boulogne capable of containing two thousand vessels of various descriptions, and the five camps of Boulogne, Montreuil, St. Omer, Dunkirk, and Ostend, each commanded by a marshal of France, contained a force amounting to at least a hundred and fifty thousand men. Every resource that ingenuity and charlatanism could suggest, was employed to keep alive and heighten the ardour of the troops. Skilful in pro-

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fiting by the slightest effects of chance, as auguring favourably for the Emperor's fortune, some vestiges of a Roman camp, discovered in the neighbourhood of the Tour d'Ordre, where his tent was erected, were held up to the army by his courtiers as evident proofs that the Cæsar of the French occupied the very camp which had been traced of old by the Cæsar of the Romans to menace Britain; medals of William the Conqueror, found in excavating other trenches, and probably, as Bourrienne suggests, brought thither in order that they might be dug up with greater certainty, furnished evidence to the most incredulous that Napoleon's arms were to be equally successful in the subjugation of England, and a medal of his own was struck, in anticipation of the result, on which France, under the figure of a strong man, is represented in the act of throwing Great Britain, in the shape of a merman with two tails, into his native element. There is, in the Boulogne Museum, an example of this medal, which may hereafter prove a stumbling-block to the learned in numismatics, and throw doubt upon the accuracy of the historians of the present age. Heaven only knows the controversies to which it may give rise.

"This is the proper place," says Bourrienne once more, "to recount a singular species of trickery to which the Emperor had recourse, and which contributed powerfully to sustain the enthusiasm of his soldiers. He would say to one of his aides-de-camp, 'Learn from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has in his ranks any man who has particularly distinguished himself, who has served in the campaigns of Italy or of Egypt; make yourself acquainted with his name, his department, and the position of his family; and let me know accurately to what company he belongs, and what is his number in the line.' On the next review day, Buonaparte recognised his man at a glance, and, as he passed along the line, stopped, spoke to him by his name, and cried, 'Ah! ah! we have met again at last; you are a brave fellow, I have not forgotten you at Aboukir. How is your worthy old father? What! have you not received the cross? Here, I fasten it on your breast with my own hands!' Enraptured at this, the soldiers whispered together, 'The Emperor knows us all, he knows our families, he knows where we have served.' This cross was a powerful instrument in the hands of a man who united in his own person the dignity of the Emperor with the dazzling reputation of the greatest general of the age. Napoleon calculated that he had conferred about twenty-five thousand decorations of the Legion of Honour; and the desire to obtain it, he said, increased till it became a kind of mania. After the battle of Wagram, he sent it to the Archduke Charles, and, by a refinement of compliment peculiar to himself, he sent him merely the silver cross which was worn by the private soldiers.*

The camps in which the soldiers were lodged during their long sojourn on the shores of the channel were distinguished by an admirable system of organization. They were laid out, according to the usual form, in squares, intersected by streets. These field barracks were extremely healthy; the soldiers' beds, raised two feet above the ground, were composed of straw, on which their camp blankets were laid; the utmost care was taken to observe cleanliness in every part of the establishment.

* La Cases, ii. 271.

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Constant employment was the true secret both of their good health and docile habits. Neither soldiers nor officers were allowed to remain for any time in idleness; when not employed in military evolutions, they were continually engaged either in raising or strengthening the field-works on the different points along the coast. The various corps and divisions vied with each other in works of utility and recreation: they even went so far as to engage in undertakings of pure ornament; they formed agreeable esplanades in front of their barracks, laid out gardens,

> And, in the horrid bramble's room,
> Bade careless groups of roses bloom.

In a word, the aspect of nature was sensibly improved, in the midst of that immense military population.*

There has existed much difference of opinion as to whether Napoleon ever seriously contemplated the invasion of England. It has been conjectured by many that all these preparations were merely intended to lull Europe into security, and to divert the attention of England from his real objects. His own words, as reported by Las Cases—if, indeed, his words are to be trusted, and are faithfully given—settle the question beyond all possibility of doubt.

"It was supposed," he said, "that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships, and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our squadrons were to return suddenly, and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coast. I should have had seventy or eighty French and Spanish vessels in the channel, and I calculated on continuing master of it for two months. Three or four thousand small boats were to be ready at a given signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing, as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate on having to fight but one pitched battle, the result of which could not be doubtful, and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not allow of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies, come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magic words—liberty and equality!"

Far from being alarmed at this formidable demonstration of force, England prepared herself for resistance, with an energy becoming her ancient rank in Europe, and far surpassing in its efforts any extent of military preparations before heard of in her history. The crimes and horrors of the Revolution, followed by the military usurpations of France, had united all parties in the common cause, and roused an

* Alison, v. 310. Dumas xii. 25, 26.

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unanimous resolution to resist her aggressions. In the multitudes who now thronged the standard of their country, were to be seen men of all ranks and descriptions, from the prince of the blood to the labourer of the soil. The merchant left his counting-house, the lawyer his briefs; the farmer paused in the labours of husbandry, the artisan in the toils of his handicraft: the nobleman hurried from the scene of dissipation or amusement, the country gentleman placed himself at the head of his tenantry. Everywhere were to be seen uniforms, squadrons, battalions; the clang of artillery was heard in the streets, the trampling of cavalry resounded in the fields. Instead of the peasant reposing at sunset in front of his cottage, he was to be seen hurrying, with his musket on his shoulder, to the rallying point of his village; instead of the nobleman wasting his youth in the ignoble pleasures of the metropolis, he was to be found inhaling a nobler spirit in the ranks of his rural dependents. In October, the King reviewed, in Hyde Park, sixty battalions of volunteers, amounting to twenty-seven thousand men, besides fifteen thousand cavalry, all equipped at their own expense, and in a remarkable state of efficiency. The total number of yeomanry and volunteer corps in Great Britain, was calculated at three hundred and eighty thousand. When the war broke out, one hundred thousand seamen, and twelve thousand marines, had been voted for the naval service, and seventy-five ships of the line, with two hundred and seventy frigates and vessels of inferior class, were put in commission. In 1804, the number afloat was four hundred and seventy-three, including eighty-three of the line; and eighty, including twenty-three of the line, were in a few months far advanced on the stocks. In the general tumult, even the voice of faction was stilled; the heart burnings and divisions on the origin of the war were forgotten: the Whigs stood beside the Tories in the ranks of the volunteers; from being a war of opinion, the contest had become one of nations, and excepting in a few inveterate leaders of party, one feeling seemed to animate and pervade the whole British empire. Mr. Sheridan, with that independent and patriotic spirit which ever distinguished him, at the close of the session made an eloquent speech on moving the thanks of Parliament to the volunteers and yeomanry, for the zeal and alacrity with which they had come forward in defence of their country; and thunders of applause shook the house when he declared it to be the unalterable resolution, not less of the legislature than of the government, that no proposal for peace should be entertained, whilst a single French soldier had footing on British ground.*

Such, then, is the attitude of the two contending parties;—on the one side haughty menace, on the other resolute defiance. The French Hercules has not yet grasped in his irresistible hug the Lychas of two tails; England, rebellious against the obvious intentions of nature, refuses to become an appendage to France,—an Isle of Oberon, on a larger scale;—vapour has not, as yet, power to ensure her subjugation.

What remains to be done? The Emperor's raison démonstrative has failed: disappointed and justly indignant, he must break up his camp, and seek, in other lands, the laurels which rugged Albion

* W. Scott's Hist. of Nap. v. 85. Alison, v. 157, 175, &c.

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denies him. The line of march is formed, the baffled despot is at its head: a monument remains behind, significant enough of the event. It is a column, offered by the army to its chief, surmounted by a statue of that chief, turning his back upon his enterprise.

OH, GUARD HER AS A TREASURE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

GUARD, O guard her as a treasure,
She has given her heart to thee,
And her love's unbounded measure
Will through life thy solace be;
It was no slight thing to sever
From the home of earlier youth,
And to trust her faith for ever
To thy constancy and truth.

If the gift be worth thy keeping,
She will never mourn the day,
She will ne'er with woe or weeping,
Grieve she gave her heart away;
And 'tis thine the flow'r to cherish
Whose germ of life's with thee,
For with cold neglect 'twill perish,
That would else thy blessing be.

It is willed by Heaven—in season
The tempter may come near;
And the test of truth and reason
Is when dangers most appear;
In that hour—thy heart assailing,
Should forbidden passions thrill;
Be thy love for her prevailing,
And thou shalt be happy still.

Leamington Spa.

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TALES OF A TOURIST.—No. 3.[1]

THE MARCHIONESS OF ARGEVILLIERS.

ALL the shutters of all the windows of the saloon à l'Italienne were closed; an obscurity almost complete reigned throughout the vast apartment, where the ear caught nothing save the monotonous tick of the large ormolu clock on the chimney-piece. The Marchioness of Argevilliers was reposing on a chaise longue, her eyes closed, her hands clasped on her bosom. There was a certain stiffness in her attitude, accompanied by slight shudders now and then, that betrayed the wakefulness of the soul amidst the body's apparent slumber; agonizing thoughts flitted across her pale brow, similar to those dark clouds, which in stormy weather obscure the face of heaven, and then as rapidly are gone; she had been praying, too, for her chaplet of mother of pearl was twisted round one of her arms.

"Madame," said Genevieve, gently approaching her, "the reverend Father Athanasius requests permission to speak with you."

"Father Athanasius!" cried the marchioness, with an abrupt movement; "he wants perhaps some alms for the poor: let him enter, and give me my purse, Genevieve."

The monk advanced, led by the femme de chambre; his eyes could distinguish nothing in the obscurity of the vast apartment; he came on tiptoe, and sat down by Madame D'Argevilliers, and said without seeing her: "God be with you, Madame la Marquise! Has your residence in the country been as salutary as I hoped?"

"Yes, reverend father, I feel quite well, and intend remaining here some time."

"And yet, madame, you must not confine yourself to absolute solitude; isolation is the fruitful cause of most of the soul's maladies; none but saints could live in the desert. I reproach myself for not having sooner come to visit you; but the obligations of my high and holy profession leave me so little leisure! Constantly the sick to confess, the unhappy to console. People of the world have always time to satisfy their wishes; but there's not a moment's repose for him who devotes himself to the succour of the wretched or the poor."

"The wretched! the poor!" interrupted the marchioness; "they say that God loves them, and that they find grace in his eyes rather than the rich. I'll give you some money for them, reverend father. I have resolved to consecrate the greatest part of my property to good works. God will perchance accept them from me! We must not forget the care of our salvation even when we are so far (apparently) from death."

As she finished these words, Genevieve opened a window shutter; daylight instantly penetrated into the saloon, and a bright ray of the noonday sun fell upon the marchioness's features. What a spectacle!

[1] Continued from page 72.

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She was of a livid paleness, faint greenish tints lurked about her wan, thin lips, and, but for the gloomy fire that glared in her hollow and deep-sunken eyes, she might have been taken for a corpse. There was a something in her aspect positively frightful. Her illness, in robbing her of her delicate complexion, her youthful beauty, had furrowed still deeper the wrinkle that separated the eyebrows, and laid every bone in the forehead hideously bare; there was a something of the lion's physiognomy in that once lovely head, around which fell, in rich but neglected masses, ringlets of bright auburn. Father Athanasius was seized with alarm at sight of a change so sudden and so frightful.

"Jesus, mon Dieu!" he cried, "you seem very ill, Madame la Marquise; you must have suffered terribly!"

"I have been a little unwell certainly these last few days," she coldly replied; "and Genevieve has made me keep my bed. I am better now—I am well."

"Resignation to the will of God is the only remedy for the pains of this life; he wills not that the affliction which has fallen upon you should render you indifferent to the care of your health. You must see your physicians, Madame la Marquise."

She shook her head, and giving the monk the purse which Genevieve had just brought, said to him:

"This is for the poor: ask their prayers for me. Do not spare these alms, reverend father; every time the occasion to do a good work shall present itself, come to me; the poor are the members of Jesus Christ, and we work out our salvation in relieving their wants."

After so Christian a discourse, Father Athanasius judged that Madame D'Argevilliers possessed her reason in all its plenitude, but that her life was wasting away in an affliction, that must be consoled and distracted by the practice of good works. Providence seemed to point out to him an infallible source of aid to poor Catherine, and he said piously:

"If your charity will come to my assistance, madame, it will save the life of an unhappy young girl ——."

The marchioness raised her head to listen.

"I speak of a fearful crime, a terrible event, which perhaps you have not yet heard of," resumed the monk; "heavy calamities have befallen one of the most respectable families of the Bourgeoisie of Aix, that of Loubet: Claire Loubet has been assassinated, and they accuse her sister Catherine of the horrid deed."

The marchioness sank back upon herself; her head fell heavily on the downy cushion; never did she once move hand or limb whilst the monk related, without omitting the least detail, the discovery of the crime, and the terrible accusation that weighed on the devoted head of Catherine Loubet.

The marchioness never uttered a word throughout the long and horrid recital; her eyes, half open, seemed glazed and senseless; her hands, pressed together till the nails pierced the almost fleshless palms, ...t down with superhuman force the frenzied throbbing of her breast, ...drops of cold sweat stood bead-like on her bony temples, whose

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arteries beat with convulsive violence; but her attitude remained the while, calm, impassible, peaceful. Wonderful effort of mind over matter, she gave no outward sign of the inward agony!

"Well, madame," said the monk, in finishing his lugubrious relation, "will your all-powerful credit come to the help of this poor girl? She is innocent; you would believe it as I do, could you but see her in her prison: she is tranquil, resigned; her sentiments are those of a saint, and yet there are proofs against her, which will seem palpable to human justice; she will be condemned if she is tried before Jacques Loubet can fly to her assistance and defence. He alone of all the world knows the real assassin; he alone can tell the truth; and for that purpose, in order to give him time to do so, her trial must be put off; if that be done, Catherine is saved;—will you save her, madame?"

The marchioness raised her head; that terrible situation restored her in a moment all her presence of mind, all the clearness of her judgment, all her unshaken firmness of will.

"Yes, father," said she with force, "yes; but the means you propose are uncertain, perhaps impossible. Where are you sure of finding Jacques Loubet? Will he ever return? His head is at stake—no—no—it is not his testimony that will save Catherine Loubet. Let her confess, and I answer for her life with my own—with my own, mark me, father! should escape prove impossible, I'd obtain letters of grace."

"By that means life is saved, madame, but honour——!"

"Putting off the trial would save neither."

"Seigneur mon Dieu! come to the poor innocent one's aid!" cried the monk, in consternation.

There was a long silence. The marchioness, her eyes fixed, her head leant on her hand, seemed to have fallen back into her former state of moral annihilation; you would have said she had forgotten the presence of Father Athanasius. At length he arose, saying:

"I'll return to-morrow, Madame la Marquise, when I have informed Catherine Loubet of what your charity proposes to do for her."

Madame D'Argevilliers only answered by a sign of the head. Just as he was going out, the monk retraced his steps; the state in which he left the marchioness inspired him with much anxiety, and his piety but saw one means of promptly remedying it.

"Daughter," said he with simplicity, it is now a long time since you confessed; perhaps your soul stands in need of spiritual succour, and you know what efficacious consolation is found at the tribunal of penitence."

Madame D'Argevilliers shuddered, and replied in a trembling voice: "I will confess myself one of these days, father; I must first make a solemn examination of conscience."

Genevieve was waiting in the antichamber.

"Well, reverend father," she said, "what think you of the situation of Madame la Marquise? She has spoken at length on seeing you!"

"She seemed to me perfectly sane in mind, though greatly reduced and changed by illness."

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" Must I, notwithstanding her orders, let monsieur the first president, and the physicians, know her state?"

" Wait till to-morrow, Genevieve, I should like to see her again first."

Towards evening, Madame D'Argevilliers had her chaise longue placed before a window that looked on the garden. The day had been very hot; but the breeze that arose at sunset blew gratefully at intervals, and rustled 'midst the tall mulberry-trees of the terrace. The flowers, which blow so lovelily beneath the warm sun of the south, exhaled on all sides the sweetest odours; the double-jasmin, the heliotrope, the flame-coloured carnation, (that rarest and most scented of all,) bowed their balmy petals at the whispering breath of the cool zephyr. There is a something in the calm of a lovely night, in the vague harmonies that rise to heaven along the calmly sleeping waters, beneath the silent foliage, a mysterious influence that for the while enchants the most profound sorrow, that stills to sleep fear and even remorse, that true vulture of Prometheus; Madame D'Argevilliers felt its sweet influence: leaning far out of the open window, she turned her feverish and wasted cheek to the grateful breeze, and drank in with a feeling of forgotten pleasure its intoxicating and mingled perfumes. For one moment thought was extinct within her; for one moment she became as it were isolated from the past and future; she rested awhile from the worse than scorpion stinging recollections that were killing her; the criminal slept on the rack. A deep sigh escaped from her loaded breast—she yielded unresisting to the brief respite, to the momentary, at least negative, ease, which the torture even grants the tortured. She stretched out her wasted arms, her head bowed in complete repose, and she murmured low:

" Lovely, lovely night!"

But the avenger was there—the whip of serpents was upraised to fall with agony more poignant on the quivering, sinking, poor, deserted, justly devoted soul—for " there is no peace saith my God for the wicked!"

Genevieve, seeing her thus motionless, and to all appearance better than she had been for many a weary day, shaded the lamp, and retired to a distant seat. Every door was open; there was not a soul in the antichamber; the domestics had leave to enjoy the splendid evening at the neighbouring farmer's, about fifty roods from the Pavilion.

Profound silence reigned throughout the saloon; the rays of the lamp fell obliquely on the marble pavement in lozenges of black and white; the fresco painted figures on the walls stood out like shadowy phantoms from each projecting pannel; a faint and soothing murmur rose from without upon the pleased ear; 'twas the wind and waters flowing 'neath the foliage. O! 'twas paradise itself, and—*the serpent was there!*

Suddenly the form of a man arose like a shadow on the door of the saloon. Genevieve sprang up with a movement of alarm, and instantly cried—" Who's there?"

'Twas the advocate Loubet.

His disordered dress, his unshaven beard, his dusty shoes, gave

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him all the appearance of a robber or mendicant; his worn features, tanned with the sun, seemed ten years older with fatigue and distress of mind. He advanced, without saying a word, to the side of the chaise longue. The marchioness remained motionless; her hair stood erect on her head; she felt as if a hand of iron had seized her by the throat. At the end of a moment she said, "Leave us, Genevieve."

The advocate went to shut the door; then he returned to Madame D'Argevilliers, his arms crossed on his breast, his look gloomy and terrible. Painfully she arose, and passing both hands round her head, as if to shield it from attack, she said,

"You come to denounce me! But there are no proofs. Who will believe you?"

"No one; and I know it. Therefore is it not you but myself I come to deliver up, for I—I—also have a murder on my conscience! I slew your lover, madame—I slew Hector De Lausac! His blood, and nothing but his blood, could cleanse your outraged honour, as I weakly thought! Miserable fool that I was! I loved you, adored you as a woman—chaste, pure, distinguished for her virtue above all others of her sex! and you are in fact a monster of licentiousness and cruelty!"

She fell back, faintly murmuring,

"Loubet, have pity on me! speak to me not with insult, however deserved; with menace, however just! My crime was an involuntary one, and I would give, aye gladly, my fortune, my life, my all, except my reputation, to expiate its guilt. Ah! you believe me not, I see—well, you have reason.

"No," he replied, turning away his eyes. "It costs nothing to add falsehood to adultery and murder. But enough—I go to give my life a ransom for that of the pure, the innocent, young girl, whom your horrible crime would send to the scaffold. Blessed be God, that in his mercy brought the fearful tidings to my ear! I might not else have returned in time."

"Catherine shall not die; her life is safe, whatever be the event of her trial. I will furnish her with means to escape—and later still she shall have letters of grace."

"Letters of grace! They do away with the punishment, 'tis true; but the dishonour! the infamy! No—no—a striking, a conclusive, justification is what must save the innocent head of Catherine! I am come to devote myself for her. The homicide shall have the chastisement due to the assassin; 'tis the decree of God's justice, madame. It spares you now; but later on you must appear at his tribunal. Remember you the stains of blood which smeared your arm the eve of St. John? They will appear against you there! Tremble, woman!

The marchioness instinctively hid her arms beneath her mantelet of white satin, and replied in a hollow, broken voice,

"God will, perhaps, take pity on me, Jacques Loubet; but, should he condemn, the torments of hell can never sure be more agonizing than those I now endure in this life. My conscience is my executioner, and God punishes me by the death of him I so madly loved. Your hands are also stained with that blood, for which I would with joy have given my own. Lausac now sleeps in the cold grave!

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Never—no, never shall I see him more! That noble, handsome face is nothing but a hideous skeleton now, and I—I yet live, yet breathe—live to be eaten, night and day, by never-ceasing anguish; a bed of fire were a bed of roses to the couch my own hand has sprinkled with sharp thorns. Ah! you may say 'tis just; and so it is, most just; but oh! the agony, the agony I feel—'A wounded conscience who can bear?'"

She wept bitterly as she uttered these words, the despairing outbreak of a heart wrung with grief and shame.

The advocate looked on with pitiless eye.

"You loved him fondly, then—that man who was so faithless, so openly careless of retaining your criminal affection!" said the advocate, with crushing contempt. "But he loved you no longer, madam; another toy possesed his selfish heart."

She pressed her hands convulsively together; those cruel words awakened once again within her breast fierce sentiments of jealousy and vengeance.

"You must make me your confession now," continued the advocate sternly; "you must tell me the whole truth. The murder was premeditated, was it not? You went to M. De Lausac's garden for the sole purpose of killing your rival?"

"No, no," interrupted she—"I swear it before God, who hears me! No! I thought I was the only woman that had ever entered there when I stumbled on 'la belle Loubette.'"

She stopped short—the name seemed to convulse her throat—her lips quivered voiceless.

"Go on!" said the advocate imperiously.

"Well, then; she recognised, insulted me; dared to descend to menace; my secret, my reputation, were in her hands—hers! The wretched girl told me, with mocking laughter, that by the morning every soul should hear of our rencontre; she would expose me, did she say—tear off my mask. Horror! the Marchioness of Argevilliers—the pious, virtuous marchioness—at the same rendezvous as 'la belle Loubette!' I grew sick with dread, then mad with shame; an evil spirit entered my heart—a sharp knife happened to lie within my reach—the fatal thought flashed on my whirling brain—I seized it—Loubette shrieked for help—I know not—I—I cannot tell how—I was mad—for the time mad—her cries infuriated me—I struck—struck—and again—and again—I cannot tell how oft; when the mist rolled from my eyes and brain, she was dead, and the bloody knife in my hand;—thus did I slay her—pity me!"

The marchioness ceased; voice and respiration both failed her; she carried her handkerchief to her mouth, and instantly drew it back, filled with froth and blood. The advocate, seized with profound horror, turned away his head.

"Ever since that fatal day," resumed the marchioness, in a plaintive voice, "I have never once closed my eyes! What a constant scene of terror, what a long-continued torture has my life been! I trust—oh! I trust it will not be long ere it be spent! But oh! what will become of me in the next? My God, my God, have mercy on me, a sinner! '*Miserere mei, Domine!*'"

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She struck her breast with low wailings.

"May he pardon us all our manifold sins!" said Jacques Loubet, with sombre resignation. "May my punishment expiate your crime! To-morrow I shall have taken Catherine's place. Poor angel! she will remain alone, without support in the world—what will become of her? what man wish to make her his wife? what religious community receive her into its bosom? Every one will shrink from contact with the near relation of a man publicly broken on the wheel!"

Madame d'Argevilliers fell on her knees, crying, with frantic terror,

"Jacques Loubet, you will not persist in this heroic sacrifice—you will denounce me!"

"No, no," he replied bitterly—"you forget I have no proofs! As I go to the scaffold, madame la marquise, I shall salute from afar the door of your hotel;—will you not be there, to assure yourself that death has rid you of the only witness who could say, Louise D'Argevilliers, the noble widow of one of the king's *mestre de camps*, killed 'la belle Loubette' with a knife!"

The marchioness hid her head in the luxurious cushions, uttering deep groans, and made a faint sign to the advocate to leave her. Then he seized her by the arm, and whispered hoarsely in her ear,

"I go to prison, to the scaffold, in your place, madame, therefore hear and heed my last words—if you wish to obtain the forgiveness of God, fail not, the day of your death, to clear the memory of the unhappy Jacques Loubet!"

At that period, the forms of justice were expeditious in criminal matters. The trial of the advocate Loubet was not likely to be long delayed: he had surrendered himself a prisoner, and his confession rendered the rest of the affair a mere matter of form, whose fatal issue could be doubtful to none. The strange incidents of this domestic drama had caused a profound sensation throughout the town of Aix. The day of the trial, from early morning the avenues of the Palais de Justice were thronged with all the idle and curious (always the greater part of the population of any place). Marius Magis paced the square before the courts, surrounded by a numerous troop of eager auditors. It was not without something like regret that he saw himself deprived of the important part, which the confession of Master Loubet compelled him to resign, and play only second best in this new procedure, wherein his testimony could neither condemn nor save any person. 'Twas really cruel; but his ingenious spirit fastened on a supposition that met with some credence from the public.

"Messieurs," said he to about twenty attorneys and counsel collected round him, "I persist in believing that Jacques Loubet is an heroic victim to his affection—he devotes himself to save Catherine's life. What else, I only ask you, is the meaning of that circumstance which he could not explain, and which I deposed to so clearly, so positively? Who was that female I saw come out of the garden where the crime was committed, and take refuge in the house of the Loubets? He told me her name himself; the discovery was rather singular, and I told many of you of the circumstance at the time. And that mitten too? Messieurs, a man must be totally unaccustomed to criminal trials not to see clearly through this attempted blind. To

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sum the matter shortly up—Catherine Loubet committed the crime for which she was incarcerated, everything was in a train to avenge offended justice, when the advocate, through a devotedness without example, rushes in to suffer in her stead. The facts are most weak and inconclusive against him, and I don't hesitate to say his non-culpability is clear to a demonstration. And yet he'll be condemned on his own confession: but the truth will come out, some fine day, and, instead of one trial, we shall see two. Don't forget my words, messieurs, when what I say takes place;—it wouldn't at all surprise me that, when too late, though not very far off perhaps, the memory of poor Advocate Loubet will be wholly cleared, and justice at last done him and me!"

A murmur of approbation greeted the close of this *charitable* tirade. Marius Magis, delighted with a result so triumphant, resumed thus:

"Nor have I told you all yet, messieurs. I have become acquainted with some details that I have hitherto thought it right to keep to myself, but, amongst friends, you know—"

A general burst of "Oh, of course! of course!" and the circle drew still closer; every eye brightened, every mouth stood open.

"A day or two ago,"—(it was only that very hour)—"I saw the peasant at whose house, on the other side of the Duranee, the Advocate Loubet stopped to rest for a while;—he's a good kind of fellow enough, and an old client of the Loubets; he told me how it was the advocate heard the news of Catherine's being in prison. It seems, about eight days ago, a travelling hawker passed through the neighbouring village, and told it to some of the labourers, who told it to their master, who, of course, informed his guest. Well, as soon as the advocate heard, he turned deadly pale, and my informant thought he would have dropped. He declared he must instantly set out, and kept crying, like one out of his senses, 'I'll save her! I'll save her!—she shall not die!—my life for hers!' and a hundred other such strange speeches. Now, gentlemen, in my humble opinion, had the advocate been really guilty—"

A great stir at the door of the Palais de Justice cut short Marius Magis's luminous speech; every one ran in that direction. The long-expected sentence was about to be publicly pronounced. The basochien cared not to enter with the vulgar crowd into the small and confined space called the Judgment Hall, where those who were best off were posted on their neighbour's shoulders; he preferred enjoying the fresh air under the trees. About a dozen cadets were grouped around him, to hear once more all the full, true, and particular account of the proceedings taken against Catherine Loubet.

After the lapse of near a quarter of an hour, the rush of feet and a confused murmur of voices announced the rising of the court. The cadet Beauregard was the first to issue from beneath the heavy portal, followed by a noisy and excited crowd.

"Condemned unanimously!" he cried—"condemned to death! They say it 'll be to-morrow."

On hearing these words, Marius Magis raised his hands to heaven, and paced rapidly to and fro in the place with angry gesticulations.

"They shall not stop my mouth," he exclaimed. "I'll bear wit-

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ness far and wide that I saw the advocate Loubet on this very spot the whole of St. John's eve; he was applauding the successful feats of the brave Basoche, poor man! He's innocent, I persist, wholly innocent, and there goes the guilty one!"

With these words he pointed out Catherine, who was approaching by the little Rue du Portalet, accompanied by Father Athanasius, on her way to see the prisoner. The poor girl was deadly pale and depressed; she heard not the angry murmurs that rose around, the menaces that followed her; her whole thoughts were the advocate's, and she might have been stoned alive without her once turning her head.

The monk, in alarm, encircled her with one of his arms, and with the other gently put aside the excited crowd, saying,

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! In the name of God!"

"What is the matter?" asked Catherine, stopped by the increasing tumult.

Then a single loud voice rose strong and clear from close beside her:

"Justice! justice! The advocate is innocent! here is the real culprit!"

Father Athanasius hurried Catherine into the prison, whose formidable door was instantly closed upon them, leaving the howling crowd without.

The advocate had just heard his sentence of death; he had immediately asked to see his confessor and Catherine; he had free liberty to do both—the law granted that last consolation to the condemned man.

The young girl threw herself on her knees before Jacques Loubet, and seized his hands. Father Athanasius, all pale and troubled, said, in a low voice,

"They have been hooting her without; Marius Magis has stirred up the cadets to insult, almost to violence; they all say you are innocent, and threatened poor Catherine here with retributive vengeance as we passed through them."

"Poor injured girl!" cried the advocate sorrowfully, clasping her in his arms, "shall I then be denied the blessing of having saved her life? Catherine, bow with submission to God's will! Entreat him for my soul's salvation—fear not to do me that last best act of charity, for I fain would not quit this world without telling you, for your consolation, that I am as innocent as yourself of the crime whereof you were accused, and for which I am now condemned!"

"You should have left me to die then!" interrupted she with vehemence. "O cruel kindness! Jacques, they, your judges, have believed your own self-accusing word, but I—I never believed you—no, not for a moment!"

The monk, struck with dolorous surprise, exclaimed,

"Innocent! Then you confessed the crime only to save this poor injured child! You innocent also! Can it be possible? Who, then, is the guilty one?"

"I'll tell you anon in confession, father," replied Jacques Loubet

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calmly. "When I have said my last farewell to Catherine, my small remains of time shall then be yours."

He turned to the young girl, and spoke to her placidly and long, one hand passed through and gently playing with the ringlets of her long and silky hair. She listened to him kneeling, her hands clasped, her eyes cast down, as though at the feet of God. The monk gazed on a silent and a prayerful spectator. 'Twas a moving picture!

For a short sweet moment he held her childlike form pressed to his manly bosom, saying,

"Catherine, farewell! we must now part! Part!—Oh sad word! but your presence robs me of my courage—near thee, I cannot but regret the loss of life. Ah, we might have been so happy!—so very happy! Well, all that God does is very good; I deserve to lose the treasure whose price I once so blindly undervalued! Oh, if the past could be recalled!—only recalled!"

Did a tear sparkle in his eye?

At these words she raised her head; a flash of joy lighted up her fond gaze; a sudden smile danced on her pallid features, and she murmured soft and low,

"I shall die too! Fear not, I shall rejoin thee above, dearest, or ever the year be past. In death as in life am I not thy betrothed?"

Jacques Loubet printed a passionate kiss on her pure brow—another—and another—then confiding her to the monk's open arms, he said with forced calmness,

"And now farewell earth, and welcome heaven! Father, remove that poor, suffering angel, and then return—we must be alone, in order that I may prepare to die as befits a Christian and a man!"

The advocate was no fanatic, no superstitious devotee, but his faith was simple and profound. His confession was unstudied, sincere, and unreserved; he told the whole truth before he asked for Father Athanasius's absolution.

The monk listened to him with profound attention; tears coursed rapidly down his wrinkled cheeks; he joined his hands together with an astonishment full of horror and pity. When he had heard all, he gave Jacques Loubet the absolution in articulo mortis.

"My son," said he afterwards, "I am now going to entreat a respite for you."

"Alas! for what good end, father?"

"Should Providence in its inscrutable decrees but grant us a day, nay, an hour, a delay so short may yet suffice to bring a guilty soul to repentance. The secret of your confession is sacred; but I go to watch over the remorse of that unhappy woman; her life is fast expiring under the weight of bodily, and, as I now clearly perceive, mental suffering, that deadliest evil of the two. Farewell, my son, and hope!"

The advocate shook his head sadly.

"My sacrifice must be accomplished," said he, "I am without hope. Her proud spirit will never bend itself to confession."

Father Athanasius obtained a reprieve of three days. The moment he was assured of it, he hastened to the pavilion. Half way there he

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saw a litter approaching him, surrounded by a large concourse of mounted attendants; the first president's carriage followed immediately behind; the domestics were on foot. Father Athanasius trembled on recognising their black livery; he feared lest Madame d'Argevilliers should be already dead. The mournful procession advanced slowly; four men carried the litter; the First President was in the carriage. He stopped it on seeing the monk by the way-side bareheaded and breathless.

"Get up, reverend father," said he, putting his head out of the window; "I am bringing Madame la Marquise d'Argevilliers back to town: she is as ill as she can be, and I was just going to send for you. Get up," he added, as one of the servants opened the door and let down the steps, "we have plenty of room here."

Father Athanasius entered the carriage, and, on a sign of the first president's, took his seat by his side. The cavalcade proceeded on its melancholy journey. Intense, scorchingly intense, was the heat, not a breath of wind could be felt; it was stifling, it was overwhelming; not a cloud shaded the fiery vault of heaven; the rays of the noontide sun fell full and pitilessly on the wearied cortége; profound silence reigned throughout the vast champaigns that stretched away on either side; the grasshopper alone chirrupped in the motionless underwood.

"What a Thebaïd!" cried the monk; "Monsieur the first President, this excessive heat is enough to kill Madame la Marquise by the way!"

"God forbid! It was absolutely necessary to have her removed; in the state she is, how could I ever leave her at the pavilion? Her chamber there is far too small to receive visitors; to-morrow morning, nay, this very day, as soon as her extreme danger is known, we shall have all the town calling. I shall send to solicit the forty hours' prayer for her; the church owes it to a person so eminent from her rank and virtues."

An hour after, the marchioness was laid on the vast bed in her vaster chamber hung with black velvet; gloomy was it, very gloomy, beneath the sombre curtains, above which towered a lofty ivory crucifix, having on either side a crystal vessel for holy water, and a silver reliquary. Five or six ladies formed a circle round the plume-crowned bed, and conversed in a low voice. Father Athanasius and Genevieve kept constant watch beside the pillow of the marchioness, who herself lay with her face turned to the wall. Not a word did she speak, not a groan did she utter—'twas all sad silence, save the sound of her unequal breathing, and at times a dry, hollow cough! Dreadful is the death-bed of the wicked!

At length the monk said in a low voice, "You suffer severely, daughter; take courage, however, the mercy of God is great; he sends me to your assistance, if it is his gracious will that you pass through the valley of the shadow of death—will you not soon receive those blessed strengtheners of the departing soul, the sacraments of holy church?"

The marchioness answered not a word; then he renewed his question two or three times, and she ended by saying to him with

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impatience, " There is time yet, reverend father,—to-morrow!—to-morrow!"

" When you please, daughter," was his meek reply, " I leave you no more."

Genevieve, bathed in tears, led the monk to an adjoining closet: " Madame is evidently dying," said she; " the physicians have declared that in their opinion she has not two days to live; every moment she may give up the ghost in our arms, and yet she has not made her confession! And one, too, that has lived so holy a life!"

" God grant she may not die the death of the reprobate!"

Genevieve crossed herself.

" Reverend father," said she, " 'tis that last visit of Advocate Loubet's that has cost Madame la Marquise her life; he seems to have bewitched her—I'm sure he's a dreadful man—they do say that he's to be broken on the wheel for the horrid crimes he's confessed; but if they were to burn him alive, it would be a just judgment of God!"

" Peace, Genevieve, peace! you blaspheme," interrupted the monk;" and he returned to his place by the marchioness's bed-head.

What puerile and vain demonstrations were ostentatiously exhibited around that couch of death! The chamber was like a mortuary-chapel, whither the crowd hurried to take a momentary peep, to gratify a morbid curiosity, and then away. The whole nobility of the town was received with every exact and formal ceremony, which the brain of the First President could rake up from the dust of forgotten precedents.

The marchioness was surrounded by all the lugubrious pomp which the catholic religion lavishes on the dying. Hallowed tapers burnt night and day around her: the relics of St. Mitre and St. Magdalen were brought to her bed-side; an altar was erected in her room for the recital of prayers; she was to die in ceremony as she had lived, in order to afford a last example of the grandeur and piety of her illustrious house; her father-in-law took a pride in rendering so edifying an end as public as possible. Madame d'Argevilliers had no children, no near relatives, no other family, in fine, than that of her deceased husband; not one person of all those, amidst whom she had occupied a place so high and envied, really regretted her approaching end. The physicians had already condemned her case as incurable. Living still, she figured as a corpse amidst the unceasing round of those mournful practices of devotion; the terrible sufferings of her last moments were unheeded in the minutiæ of the long and wearisome ceremonies that were so pitilessly gone through. Motionless, impassible, she bore it all, endured that terrible spectacle, those inhuman formalities. Extended on her bed, her eyes closed, her hands clasped, she never spoke a word, but let them do around her as they would. It seemed as though the faculties of her soul were utterly extinguished, and that life only flickered in the socket to expire with every moment's flight. However, once, but once in the middle of the night, the marchioness opened her eyes, and threw around her a look both clear and animated—there was life yet—but in another moment, swift as the lightning's flash, the eye grew dull again, closed, and she

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fell back once more into her state of moral annihilation and physical immobility.

Father Athanasius never left her side; incessantly did he exhort her, and await in horrible anxiety a word, a gesture, that might give promise of awakened penitence—but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, save at times a faint moan or a slight shuddering of the suffering frame. The good man felt his painful position acutely—great was his charge indeed. He had a soul to save from eternal death, and a body from temporal!

The last night, two priests were saying the prayers for the dying in the marchioness's chamber; her women sat watching round her bed; Father Athanasius, on his knees behind the curtains, was mechanically murmuring the Miserere; his eyes closed in spite of himself, and he dozed involuntarily, overcome by his continued fatigues. The tapers that burnt on the chimney-piece threw their pale reflections on the whole sad scene; the windows had been thrown open—for the air was heavy and hot with incense—it was mild and balmy without—the first rays of the coming dawn were lighting up the face of heaven, blue and cloudless—the morning breeze blew fresh and grateful amidst the venerable elms of the Place des Prêcheurs.

Geneviève rose and arranged the silken coverlid, that had slipped down the bed, and, as she did so, putting out her hand, with timid touch felt the marchioness's feet; they were icy cold, and already insensible. The same instant Madame d'Argevilliers made a convulsive movement—torrents of blood burst from her lips—she writhed her arms.

"God! she is dying!" cried Genevieve; "give her the crucifix to kiss!—Quick—quick!"

Suddenly the marchioness sprang up to a sitting posture—her eyes opened—she stretched out her arms—and said, with frantic vehemence and in a voice fearfully hoarse and broken by the dread death-rattle, "I am dying! I am dying! I must confess! Haste! haste!—Monsieur the First President—bring him here in a moment—a moment—Notaries too—witnesses—O God!—witnesses! I must have them—must have them—must—call every one in—let none stay behind—none—time presses—Quick—O my God!—my God—grant me yet a moment—but one more!"

"Witnesses! yes, witnesses!" cried Father Athanasius, equally excited: "Daughter, take courage—blessed, O blessed be God!—there is yet time—speak—relieve your conscience!"

The marchioness's women had in the meantime run to the door, calling for help; some one hastened to awake the First President; in a moment all the household were astir. Father Athanasius continued to exhort Madame d'Argevilliers, and every moment presented the crucifix to her to kiss.

"Daughter," said he, "courage and proceed! Trample the flesh underfoot—welcome the salutary thorns that strew the way to life eternal. Follow the path that God in his infinite mercy is now showing you to reach his presence. Blessed be his holy name!"

Did the marchioness murmur "Amen?" Yes; her proud spirit was for ever broken.

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After the lapse of a few minutes the First President hurried into the chamber of death, followed by all the members of his household and several strangers, for the cries had attracted the notice of people without. Fear blanched every inquiring visage.

"A notary—a notary!" repeated the marchioness with vehemence, "some one to write down, legally to record, my last, solemn words—quick—time presses!"

A grave man in black stepped forward, and stood ready with his materials to execute her wish.

"Is it for your last will, madame?" asked the First President, regarding his expiring daughter-in-law with iron coldness; "if so, you forget you have nothing to leave—you have but a life estate in your property."

"No; it is my last confession—I call you all to witness it, and that I am in sound mind—Remember!"

She turned towards the monk, and added, in unfaltering accents, amidst the profoundest silence of all present,

"Father, I declare before you, and all who now hear me, that Jacques Loubet is not guilty of the crime for which he is condemned to die—It was I who killed 'la belle Loubette!'"

A cry of horror burst from every mouth: Father Athanasius extended his hand over the bowed head of Madame d'Argevilliers, and pronounced the formula of absolution.

"Daughter," he cried, with pious joy, "your repentance saves a guilty soul and an innocent life; yet a few hours and it had been too late. Bless God!"

She fell back, and in a voice so feeble that the monk though bent low over her could scarce distinguish the words, faintly murmured,

"I could not speak before the hour of my death! Blessed be God! it is at length come!"

We cannot conclude this sad but "ower true" tale of human passion and human guilt better than in the words of our immortal bard:

> "Who by repentance is not satisfied,
> Is nor of heaven nor earth!"

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SONG IX.

SING ME TO MY SLUMBERS!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

" That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SING me to my slumbers;
With those melting numbers
Sooth my troubled breast:
Let thy gentle finger
O'er the sweet chords linger
Till I sink to rest:
Oh! may dreams of pleasure
Spring from that sweet measure,
Bringing all I treasure
Back again to sight!
Looks for which I languish,
Tones that sooth my anguish,
Steal upon my night!

Early days are *fleetest*,
But they are the *sweetest*
Heart can ever know;
Golden rays of glory
Crown their fairy story,
All is summer glow.
Late and early meeting,
Household faces greeting,
Keep the heart still beating
True to *Nature's* tone;
Till the *world* has spoken,—
" Let home's spell be broken!"
Then the charm is gone.*

What can worldlings offer,
Let them heap the coffer
Full of shining gold;
Ah! not all their treasure
Fills the golden measure
Loving hearts enfold.
World, thy visor covers
Hollow friends and lovers;
Man too soon discovers
Early friends are best:
Sing me to my slumbers,
With those melting numbers,
Sing me to my rest!

* This song was written to the music of a melancholy Irish air, which is admirably suited for, and sounds most beautifully with three voices.

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THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XVII.

A short warning,—and a far journey.

So soon as the gentle stranger perceived the damosel to have regained sight and sense, he began to address her; but so utterly abashed and astonished was she at his presence, that she could understand naught, save that he spake somewhat of affiance and safety, and in the sweetest voice she had ever heard.

"Dearest lady," said Gillian, who discerned her perplexity, "it is this noble lord, who, with help of God and Mary mother, hath wrought all our deliverance from those cruel spoilers."

May Avis at this raised herself up, and essayed to speak her thankfulness; but tears were as yet more plenteous with her than words; whereupon the knight, courteously entreating her to think of her own health and repose alone at the present, and they could speak of other matters hereafter, withdrew to his people in the court, leaving Gillian to relate all that had befallen. Nor was she more willing to do this, than her young lady was eager to hear her.

Gillian, when she first escaped from the lodge, as has been told, ran on, closely pursued by that young felon in the damosel attire; who, maugre his light finger and tuneful voice, had made small account of her life if he had caught her. But in the very moment when breath and limb were on the point to fail, she espied, to her great joy, not far below the brow of the little hill, a company of horsemen pacing on in fair array toward them—a sight that moved the villain at once to turn back and give warning to his mates of the rescue that was coming. And well was his need; for the young knight who rode foremost of this goodly train, no sooner learned from Gille, as he drew nigher, the fearful strait they were in at the lodge, than he struck the spurs into his steed and galloped away to their aid, crying his war cry, and followed by all his people. Nevertheless, when they got there, they found that those caitiffs within had so strongly secured themselves from all sudden assaults by dint of bolts and bars, that all there might have been spoiled and murdered whilst the newcomers were seeking entrance, if it had not been for Gauchet.

The cunning knave had not been long of recovering from the blow that struck him down; but finding their adversaries the strongest, (for his downfall had been followed by the running out of two more from a shed in the court-yard, whither they had crept whilst he went in for the wine,) he judged that his own safety, of which he took most heed, should be little advanced by showing himself a living man, so had lain still and stark, without so much as moving or winking, on the place where he had fallen. But no sooner heard he the noise of the horses without, than espying his time, he suddenly leaped up, and swinging back bolt, bar, and gate in a twinkling, the knight and his

[1] Continued from p. 102.

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squires rushed in, and found at the stair-foot those ribalds in act to bear away the damosel. These they assailed and vanquished without delay; slaying Jankin, who had played the juggler, and two other on the spot; but Anselm, who was bear, had got him clean off, by some of his subtle devices, none knew how, in the midst of the fray. With him had likewise escaped the damosel page, thanks to his woman's weed; but the stranger knight, on better knowledge of his doings, had sent some of his folk in pursuit—as also to make search for the reeve, and bear tidings to the lord prior of what had befallen; freely proffering himself to abide where he was, with the rest, until some better guard should be appointed for the lady and her household by that noble prelate. Of the name and business of this gentle young knight, Gillian could tell no more than that he was from France, and of high degree in his own country; and that he was journeying, when he met with her, toward the Priory of Charlewode, there purposing to lodge for that night.

Madam Pauncefort, of whose hap her niece next inquired, was in life and unharmed above; though piteously bewailing her coffer, which the thieves had discovered in that very moment when Anselm had his hands fast griped about her throat, with design to strangle her—and bearing it down, had broken in the lid, and parted the gold amongst them. Of this, the lion's part had been seized by Anselm, in whose fellowship it was departed; and Gauchet having spoiled the slain, as his lawful booty, of their share—it chanced that one way and another, there was little enow of her treasure that returned to the keeping of that worthy wife.

Again and again did the damosel Avis laud and thank her faithful Gille, with many tears and kisses, for her ready thought and courage, which had been the means of rescuing them, one and all, from this deadly peril; nor less in her heart thanked she heaven and that gallant young knight, who had come thus fortunately to her aid. But further discourse on this theme was speedily staid by news of Reeve Bernard that was brought from Charlewode, where his plight had been first made known by his faithful dog. For the creature, albeit himself sorely maimed with the hurts he had taken in defence of his master, had yet made his way to the convent gate, and by his piteous looks and howling drawn some of the lay folk to the place in the woods where lay the good yeoman—whom they had taken up, badly, but as they well trusted, not mortally hurt, and carried with them to the cell to be healed and tended by their fermerer, Sir Eustace.

Scantly were these tidings told, ere the trampling of steeds and the gingling of the bridle-bells at distance along the heath, gave note of the coming of the Lord Gilbert; who, despite the cold and the fast falling darkness, had ridden on the spur, to do fitting courtesy to the stranger knight, and make inquiry touching this new outrage; having already commanded a hot pursuit upon the villains that had escaped, in hope to rid the country of them at once. And truly the damosel and Gillian soon discerned, by his greeting to the guest, whom he incontinently saluted by the name of the Lord Count of Beaucaire, that this last was as high of birth and place as his looks and bearing had first spoken him. Also learned they, that he had passed over to

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England a space before to visit his near kinsman the Grand Prior of the Knights Hospitallers at London; and thence had travelled northward with letters and messages for the Duchess of Ireland from her sister, Madam de Bar—from which last journey he was even now returning, with intent by the way to wait on the Lord Gilbert Nevil, who had been known, in former time, to the deceased count, his father.

Gracious and courtly speech passed there in abundance between these two great lords; the noble prelate failing not to add to his welcome such hearty thanks for the service done by the French knight toward the damosel his ward, as showed that he held her in no small account. Neither disdained he to bestow a kindly word of comfort on the maiden; bidding her be of good cheer, and fear no further harms, since the priory steward himself, with a half dozen stout varlets, should remain for her guard at the lodge so long as she might tarry there. Then commanding the court and buildings about it to be cleared of the slain, and all things set in order, he rode forward to the convent with the French lord and his train, promising to see and speak further with the damosel Avis in the morning.

The morning came—and the little maiden, who betwixt the thoughts of her past danger, and of the handsome young knight her deliverer, had slept little enow that night, found yet another theme for her musings, when her lord, at prime, rode over from the cell, and alighting, desired to hold some private talk with her in the chamber above; for he staid but to inquire touching her health, and next to give her assurance that all went well with Reeve Bernard—ere he bade her make ready herself and Gillian by sunrise of the morrow, for a long and distant voyage; even beyond the sea into France.

May Avis of late had, certes, found but little to love or grieve after in her own home and country, and, after the fashion of the young, she had also felt many an earnest longing for travel and adventure; yet could she not hear this sudden command to array her for a strange country—for how long time she knew not—without a changed cheek, and a sickness at her heart; which the good prelate perceiving, made haste to comfort her.

"So God help me, my poor child," he said, "as I would right gladly have bestowed thee after a better manner, did the time but consent thereunto! But things in England look sad and drearily, maiden—yea, and must yet wax worse ere they are amended; and specially is this present season perilous for a lone maiden like thyself, without friend or upholder save an aged monk. Wherefore, after heedful and long deliberation within myself, I have in sooth concluded to send thee where thou shalt be in any case assured of a young and prudent guardian, and who must be to thee in my stead whenever I am called away; one whose rule, as I deem, shall not be displeasing to thee, thine ancient friend and teacher, the youth John."

In good sooth the cheeks of the maiden here waxed as red as they had been pale erewhile; but her lord not espying, or in any case not noting her confusion, went on thus with his discourse.

"Thou bearest in mind, damosel, that the poor boy, when he departed hence in pain and sickness, passed over seas to make proof of

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the healing virtues of certain hot springs in the Bourbonnois; where, thou wilt joy to learn, that not only found he a cure for his ills, but by good hap he met, amongst those afflicted like himself, a worthy and rich lady of Clermont in Auvergne; who was moved by her own forlorn estate, and his gentle and virtuous carriage, to bestow on him in wedlock a goodly dower; on which he hath since dwelt with her in much content and prosperity, bearing him well and wisely in all things—with the love and reverence of his own people, and the favour of the Count Dauphin, his sovereign."

Little had the damosel looked for such tidings as these of her old playfellow! That he, whom she had so long thought of but as a stoled and choistered friar, was yet free to walk the world like other folk, had been of itself a marvel in her eyes well nigh beyond belief—but yet more to find him, despite his homely and most unknightly aspect, the free choice of a noble lady, the favourite of a great prince, and the lord of a worshipful household, so utterly confounded her, that she stood like one entranced before that gracious lord, who thus continued—

"Such then, maiden, being the present estate of thine early friend, (whom we must henceforth call Sir John des Perelles, in virtue of his knighthood, as also from the lands of the lady his spouse,)—when on the loss of thy Manor Place I considered how to dispose of thee, it seemed to me that I could desire no better than to commit thee in due season to the care of him and his lady, then newly wedded, might I but gain thereunto the consent of this last. Which being right graciously accorded, at my earliest request, there remained but to provide needful array and attendance for thy voyage beyond seas; and this I had resolved to delay no longer than until Whitsuntide, when it pleased Providence to send thee as at this time a friend such as I dreamed not of. I speak of the noble French knight, who came yestereven so fortunately to thy rescue; and who, hearing from me of thy late evil and hapless plight, and my purpose to send thee into Auvergne, hath been moved, partly by his generous pity for thyself, partly by love of Sir John, to whom he is familiarly known, freely to proffer thee his guidance and fellowship to Harfleur—or as much further as may suffice to give thee into the charge of those that are sent to meet thee. Wherefore hold thyself in readiness to set forth toward London by sunrise of to-morrow, together with thy trusty Gillian, in the company of this courteous knight—by name, the Lord Guy of Beaucaire."

"In very sooth, damosel," he said, in answer to her blushes, which he guessed were called up by the thought of voyaging in such company—"in very sooth I would gladly have ordered matters in more seemly wise, by giving thee for fellow voyager an ancient lady in the stead of a young lord. But all that I may to amend thine annoy I will, by sending with thee so far as the sea both Gerveis and a grave and sober ecclesiastic from the cell, who shall have charge of all thy matters by the way, without care or costage to Sir Guy and his people; as also shall they purvey for thee fitting lodging and entertainment at all places whereby lies thy journey. For thine attendance over seas, fear not that thou shalt long lack guide or guard from the

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lady of Perelles, to whom I sped a trusty messenger at dawn, with order to ride night and day for Auvergne, and give notice of thy coming. Meanwhile, affie thyself wholly, so long as thou remainest in his company, to the noble count who hath thee in charge. Young though he be, and of the court to boot, yet one more gentle and honourable, and full of all fair and knightly conditions, thou shouldst not easily find. Receive, therefore, readily and thankfully, such courtesy as he may vouchsafe thee by the way; for truly he hath the power in some sort to befriend thee, and, if I deem not much amiss, thereunto he will also. Of the ancient friend to whom thou journeyest will I not speak, since his worth hath long been known to us all—save to bid thee walk in all matters by his counsel, as freely and fearlessly as it were mine own. Yet desire I not that thou shouldst continue to make abode with him and his lady, if fair and fitting occasion arise to better thy fortune. Thou art skilled in many things that seldom are betaught to thy sex, and such knowledge may now greatly profit thee in life. But wheresoever thou goest, to whomsoever thou joinest thyself, bear heedfully about with thee, Avisa, this counsel, which thine aged lord bestows on thee as the most precious fruit of three score years, spent in court and camp, as well as in cloister—over all things to hold thee fast by truth and honesty! as, of a surety, whatsoever else may seem to prevail by the way, these, and these alone, shall overcome at the end."

"Yet a word more, touching one whom I well know thy kindly nature will not suffer thee to pass over—thine aunt, maiden. Of her must thou now take thy leave, her presence and countenance being no longer needful to thee; though I had designed, for thy greater comfort, to pray her bear thee company so far as Hampton; but it seems she hath fallen sick with the fear and tumult of yesterday, and may not leave her bed to set forth on a journey thus speedily. But trouble not thyself for her estate in time to come, since it shall be my care either to sustain her here, in plenty and security, until thy return, or dismiss her at her own will, with all courtesy and fair guerdon for her service."

"Now must I to horse, maiden, and that anon, for the time consenteth not to my longer tarriance from the convent, and from the company of the noble count, my guest there."

From that time until the hour appointed for their setting forth next day, the damosel Avis lacked not full occupation for both hands and thoughts, and hard were it to tell whether her meditations had in them more of joy or sorrow.

Though no earthly thing could better please her than to hear of the welfare and advancement of John Ashtoft—though more trusty and gentle guardianship than his she could not desire—and though, thanks to the providing of her gracious lord, neither peril nor hardship awaited her in the journey—yet she looked not to their meeting as blithely as she had once thought to have done; for either his new dignity, or some other cause—what that was she could not well divine—made him seem to her well nigh a stranger. At length she bethought her that this strangeness could spring only from her fear of his lady.

Now, concerning this last, and what manner of person she might

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be, May Avis truly pondered and marvelled more than on aught beside; it being, as she said to herself, but reasonable to desire some knowledge touching the conditions of one on whose favour she must soon wholly depend. But, sooth to speak, she wondered far less if this lady of Perelles were meek and gentle, than young and fair; and more than all, whether the knight her spouse set as great store by her as simple John Ashtoft from the cell had once been wont to do by the damosel of Malthorpe. And with that a sigh came well nigh to her lips, though she valiantly drove it back, and, clearing her throat, began to sing in a low voice; but the tune only called to her mind when and where she had last sung it to him, who in those days loved better to listen to her than to the nightingale; and straightway her song ceasing, she fell back to her former musings, which speedily brought her round to the same conclusion. One thing, through all, she firmly resolved in her own mind—that, since it was now too late to entreat his pardon for her folly and arrogance, however earnestly she might desire it, she would strive without ceasing to prove to him, by a humble carriage and discreet behaviour, that she was come to the knowledge of her own place and degree, and to abye patiently in time to come whatever hap or usage might betide her.

When morning came, and she was about to depart, there was but little time spent in leave-taking, either of the place, which had been to her for so many months no better than a prison, or of her kinswoman, Madam Joyce, who was so wholly in despair for the misadventure of her coffer, that she would neither look up nor speak, not even to bid her niece God speed. Alone the damosel desired to see and bid farewell to her old yeoman, Gauchet; but when she called for the varlet, he was nowhere to be found, high or low, throughout the house. May Avis was grieved thereat, for she had a greater liking for Sir Gauchet than for many who might have better deserved her grace, as well for old usage, as for his stedfast loyalty to her service at the time she was despoiled of her estate; but she was hindered from making further inquiry after him by the coming of that reverend monk who was to bear her company, and who had ridden over betimes to say an early mass for them; and this last was scantly ended ere the Lord Gilbert, who had tarried but the performance of the same at the convent, rode forward also to the lodge, in company of the French knight and his people, to bestow a parting benison on the damosel his ward.

It was a sorrowful sight that parting, betwixt the gracious prelate and the maiden to whom he had been for so long time little less than a father, neither of the twain knowing of a surety if it might ever be their hap in life to meet again; and when he solemnly laid his hand upon her head, and prayed God bless and keep her to her journey's end, and finally bring her to bliss both here and hereafter—if she could have noted aught through the tears that dimmed her own sight, she might have beheld drops of tenderness and compassion in the benign eyes that looked down on her.

Nor was the kindness of that worthy lord shown by looks and words alone; for, when they came to the gate where the French knight was already awaiting them in the saddle, the damosel found arrayed for her

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use, in the stead of her own small gennet, a tall goodly mule, trained to pace easily, from the Lord Prior's own stables, together with another for Gillian, and horses to carry their mails—the whole being in charge of two sturdy varlets, who, with the old monk and Gerveis, were to wait upon her until they came to Hampton.

The Lord Gilbert, when he saw them all to horse and in readiness to ride forward, took courteous leave of Sir Guy, and then turned his rein towards Charlwode cell; but no sooner had he done this, than May Avis, who with her people kept a stone's cast behind the retinue of the count, saw suddenly beside her bridle, hood in hand, the apparition of Sir Gauchet.

Right fain of the meeting, she held out her hand to the old man, with a parting gift of bright gold floreins, which he took readily enow. But when she would further have bid him a hasty farewell and God speed, he drew back without speaking, and vanished—though not without nodding and winking upon her in so strange and meaning a fashion, that, sad as she was of spirit at that tide, she could not wholly refrain from laughing.

Whither he had betaken him she had not the time either to espy or inquire, since in that moment she beheld the Lord Guy himself at her side, who prayed her and the worthy monk so graciously to grant him their company in the front, that truly there was no denying so gentle a request; and they all set forward accordingly, the damosel riding in seemly guise between the other two, where she had opportunity to note, more fully than heretofore, both the aspect and figure of this noble stranger.

He was of twenty-two years of age, or thereabout; of goodly stature, though not of the very tallest; and so slender and light of frame, that it was marvellous how he sustained the weight of the habergeon wherein he rode. Yet moved he, whether afoot or in saddle, as freely and easily as if he had borne about him but a silken vest, and ruled his bay courser with so gallant a grace as far outwent Messire Piers Bradeston, with whom, as the only young and handsome bachelor she had before seen, May Avis was fain to compare him. And although in freshness of hue and comeliness of feature the false-hearted squire might be thought to have the advantage, yet few were they who could look on the manly countenance and noble mien of the Lord Guy, his high and knightly bearing, his eye, black and bright as that of an eagle, and the rich red that was blent on his cheek with the clear brown tint of his country, and not deem him as far before the other in favour as in degree, or fail to know him for that which in truth he was—the very flower and paragon of French chivalry.

This gallant count rode on a good and nimble courser of the stout Norman blood—such as is ever ready alike for chase, or course, or journey—and was clad in a light kirtle of silk under his hauberk; on his head was a black cap, with a jewel of gold in the front, and his helm, which, together with his harness, was of plain blue steel, was borne after by his page. Next followed his two squires, also in mail and steelcap, who should have borne his lance and shield; but at this time he rode not in such martial array, there being no open war in those parts—but only in such wary guise as might keep off

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the bands of thieves who were to be met with everywhere in those evil days. Further were there in his retinue three sturdy yeomen, well harnessed with sword and buckler, to sort and attend the beasts. All the rout were provided alike with strong and fair horses and palfreys, showing freely their beauty of shape and limb, in that they were little burdened with housings and such like gear, which do honour alone to the riches and vanity of the rider, whilst they hide and mar the fair proportions of the steed.

After this manner paced they forth easily, a brave and well appointed company, in fine and pleasant weather; for though the spring was yet young, the double-faced traitor March had on that morning turned the smiling side of his visage earthward, and the tender leaves were beginning to bud, and the ground to give out its fresh herbage, and the early flowers to start open, like affection at the breath of false seeming, only to be killed and withered in an hour.

It was not in nature for one so fain of the fresh air and spring season as May Avis—and who, moreover, had never yet journeyed a half-score of miles from the Manor Place—thus to ride in safety and gentle fellowship over that green woodland country, without feeling her spirits wax lighter with every step. Nor was her contentment in anywise allayed by the amiable discourse of the young lord beside her; though soothly it little resembled the soft speeches of Messire Bradeston.

For a while, perceiving her bashfulness; he forbore to pain her with his talk—which he bestowed on the old monk her guardian; but this last, albeit the worthiest and most devout of men and friars, having neither knowledge of the things of this world, nor learning save in convent legends and miracles, was fain to refer the Lord Guy on all other matters to the damosel Avis, who was thus constrained, little by little, to join in their discourse, until her fear wholly vanished by discerning how willingly and heedfully the stranger hearkened to all she was pleased to utter.

"Now by my fay, lady," he said, when they had thus ridden on for a space together, "but that I was in some sort warned thereof before by my Lord of Charlewode, I had much marvelled to find in so young a maiden such store of clerkly gifts as may shame, not only dames and damosels, but knighthood and monkhood to boot."

"In sooth, my lord," she replied, "for this, as for all else, am I beholden to the gracious compassion of my noble Lord of Charlewode—who, well knowing that I must lack the knowledge of such things as maidens of higher degree are wont to learn, vouchsafed me in their place reading and penmanship."

"Yea, and a fair and noble exchange, damosel!" answered the knight, "and one that shall do you good service, as I deem, hereafter. Methinks the noble lord we left this morning, may justly make account of so apt and diligent a scholar."

"Nay, God and our lady forbid," she said quickly, "that one of so high and great estate should ever have demeaned himself to the teaching of such as I am!—though scantly less am I bound to thank him, in that he suffered those whom he much affected to give me such learning as they were also moved by their own goodness to bestow."

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"Say you so, damosel? Then by my life hath your scholarship been gotten, in part at least, by aid of that worthy gentleman Sir John des Perelles; of whose nurture, both in learning and all else that beseemeth his knightly estate, the convent of Charlewode may well vaunt itself."

"It was in very deed, my lord, the noble gentleman you speak of, who was pleased in my childhood to instruct me, both in that little I know, and also in other things, wherein my ability kept not pace with his gracious purpose," answered the damosel, inly sighing as she spoke.

"Montjoye! now do I deem you right fortunate, gentle lady," quoth the Lord Guy, "both in the teaching and wardship of one who in so short space hath gained the love and praise of all—from the princely Count Dauphin, who stablishes no weighty affair without his counsel, down to the poor thralls, who hold him for little less than their patron saint, so quietly and securely do they live under his prudent governance—a sight that may well rejoice the eyes of that good lady, whose discernment hath wrought them so great advantage."

May Avis here had good hope to gain some tidings touching this lady of Perelles, who, strange to say, ran even more in her thoughts than did the knight her spouse—though not for her life could she call up courage to inquire concerning her—and haply her desire had been then fulfilled, but that in that very moment they entered the town of Bedford, where they were to refresh their beasts. And when they were again mounted and on their way, the French lord, espying some building that brought to his mind another such in his own native land of Provence, began to speak thereof; going on from point to point, to describe that fair sunny land, with its olive groves, and bowers of myrtle and orange, and bright blue sea, until she was transported thither in fantasy. Then passed he on to the neighbouring province of Bèarn, where he had been fostered up from his childhood in the court of that mighty prince, Count Gaston of Foix, of happy memory—whither the most gallant knights and worthy clerks were wont to make repair from all parts, so that it was a very school for chivalry and gentle breeding. And certes, this young count had not failed worthily to profit thereby; being well taught and skilled in all such things as were there held in repute; and especially in the joyous science, and the poetry of the minstrels and troubadours of his own gay Provence; beguiling the way with more than one lay and romaunt, which he rehearsed so gracefully, yet with so tender and true a feeling, that the maiden guessed him not only for a lover of song and verse, but for a poet himself.

But it was not always of such light and peaceful lore that this perfect young knight would discourse; for besides what he had heard in his early youth at Orthès, amongst those concerned therein, of former feats of arms done in those long and famous wars of Aquitaine and Castile, he had himself served for a while, both under the Duke of Bourbon in Africa, and in the wars in Bretagne, betwixt the Duke and the Constable of France; and could well and eloquently describe what he had seen—though so little was he given to set forth his own exploits, that to hear him you would think he had been but a mere idle gazer on other men's actions.

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After this manner journeyed they on for two whole days, without mishap or adventure of any kind—being both over many in number and martial in aspect, to fear the assaults of robbers; resting by night in the religious houses of the towns they passed through, (to all which the Lord Gilbert had sent such letters as might ensure them fair welcome,) and travelling slowly by day, which, in the pleasant season, and yet more pleasant talk of the French knight, May Avis found not once too long.

But shortly after the third noon was past, they began to ascend a high hill, covered more and more thickly with trees as they drew nigh the summit; until when they had gained the very crown, they descried the whole southern side overgrown with a thick forest for a mile or two below; and under this lay a fair champaigne country, overspread with meadows and vergers, and thriving villages scattered about therein; which last were set yet closer and thicker as they were built nigher to the bank of a broad and mighty river that lay beyond all. At sight of this great water, the damosel, who had hitherto beheld no grander stream than the Nene and the Ouse on her journey, was beginning to marvel if they had come at unawares upon the sea itself; when the friar, who rode alway on her left hand, suddenly broke silence, saying, "Lo, yonder London, damosel!—and the great river Thames!"

Looking to the eastward as he pointed, she descried a mighty length of high walls—with towers set therein from space to space—encompassing a great city that lay along the river, within which were many churches and convents, with divers other buildings, tall and stately to look on; whilst all without the walls, for a wide space, might be seen religious houses, or fair dwellings of great lords and barons, standing in the midst of spacious gardens, all joining one to the other, and stretching out westward as far as two large villages hard by the water's edge. Of these, the furthermost might be plainly discerned, even at that distance, to contain some right royal edifices; and especially one, with lofty towers and pinnacles, of so great magnificence, that the maiden, so soon as her eyes lighted thereon, earnestly inquired what name it might bear.

"It is soothly the Church of the great Benedictine abbey at Westminster that you behold," said the monk; "the second in dignity within this realm of England; wherein reposeth, amongst yet more precious relics of saints and confessors, the dust of kings and princes, God assoile their souls! The thorpe next thereunto on this side, is cleped Charing, wherein standeth a goodly cross, builded, as were many others in divers places, in memory of the virtuous Lady Eleanora of Castile, sometime queen to King Edward I., who passed thence to her burial in the abbey hard by. That small hamlet, scantly a bowshot therefrom, is hight Saint Martin's, and the larger one lying amongst the trees, northerly from both, Saint Giles in the Fields. Then at distance across the country eastward lyeth the village of Holbourne, which may be known by the fair river running thereby into the Thames—along whose bank I roamed many a summer day in my childhood, to see the fishes leap, and the folk come and go by the ferry-boat. Next see you, damosel, that wide open space, with a

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goodly building in the midst, close within the walls on this side? It is the convent and church of the Franciscan monks, the which soothly, albeit first founded by a simple burgess of London, one Ewin by his name, hath since that time counted queens and princes amongst its benefactors. And short space beyond, turn your eye, I pray, on that large fair edifice looking over the spires and pinnacles of all the rest; for there standeth the great church of Poule's, which for dignity and spaciousness hath no fellow in England, save only at York and Westminster. Yea, and what may seem to you more marvellous, there is yet another church builded under it within the very earth, of such seemly proportions and rich adornment, as you shall not easily find again whether above the ground or below it.

"Look now on the broad green plot, without London walls on this side, northward of the Franciscans' convent. There lieth the Smiths' field, the place whereon are wont to be holden all royal shows and pageants, joust and tourney and such like; of the which it were fitter for this noble lord to discourse, than for a religious like myself. And near adjoining, behold that great and stately pile, the fortalice of the Knights Hospitallers, which verily hath scantly its equal amongst the royal palaces; and assuredly such magnificence of house and array well beseemeth that noble order, whose grand master hath place over every baron temporal in England. Lastly, damosel, may you discern, not a stone's cast northward from the Priory of Saint John, the convent of the Benedictine nuns, (endowed in time past by the same good man, God give his soul rest! that first founded the Hospitallers' house beside,)—whose noble ladies are one and all, of kindred to none meaner than earl or baron—of the which, boots it not to speak further, being the place where endeth our day's journey."

By that time the monk had ceased his talk, they had ridden half way down the hill, to a place where the trees suffered them no longer to descry the city below; so they hastened forward as fast as they might, for the ways were broken and perilous, and hindered them to make much speed, until they had passed the wood, and gained the open champaign below; when they saw, but short space before them without the city walls, the lofty towers of the Priory of Saint John; and hard by, lying as it were under their shelter, the house of the Benedictine ladies, standing to the northward of every other building.

When they were come over against the gateway of this last, the Lord of Beaucaire took courteous leave of the damosel, and praying her there to rest and refresh herself until the day after the morrow, it being now the afternoon of Saturday, he spurred his steed and galloped on for Saint John's, where he designed to tarry for the time they remained in London; whilst May Avis and Gillian, under the governance of the good monk, entered the nunnery, whither that gracious prelate her lord had not failed to send letters on her behalf by the hand of those who had charge of her.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Sea—The Mist—The Chace—The Wreck.

The eastern sky began to be streaked with faint hues of gold and crimson, and the village cocks from Holbourne to Fynesbury to answer one another across the fields with merry throats, on that following Monday, as the damosel Avis, who had found her Sunday pass but drearily in the stately and solemn presence of those high and lofty ladies, stood with Gillian at the small grated window of the portress's chamber, over the gateway of the Benedictine convent, watching with eager eyes the long line of walls belonging to the house of the Knights Hospitallers, now depicted against the clear sky, with the tall towers and portal rising high in the midst. But long time she had not thus tarried ere she espied, turning the corner of the nearest wall, the good friar and Gerveis, with the mules in their company; and thereupon bidding farewell, with guerdon and many thanks, to the ancient portress, she ran down and out at the wicket, as gleefully as one just escaped from a prison, and scantly awaited the aid of Gerveis to get to her saddle; wherein she was not firmly seated, ere the Lord Guy, harnessed and arrayed for the journey, rode gallantly forward to his place at her bridle rein, giving her a courteous good-morrow; and anon they set forward once more on their voyage.

The maiden had hoped and wished that their way might be through the midst of that great and goodly city of London, for she greatly longed to behold all those things whereof she had heard from Madam Joyce—both Chepe, where the royal ridings and processions were wont to pass, whilst the conduits were running with wine in honour thereof—and the great Tower of London, and Baynard's Castle, with the other royal palaces—and, above all, that famous bridge, built like a goodly street over the water, with the dwellings on either hand of the rich burgesses, which marvellous tale she scantly knew how to credit, now that she had beheld the width of this mighty river. But, in place of all this, the company at once turned their steeds westward, and, without even entering the city gates, rode along the foot of the hill they had descended two days before, until they came to the thorpe of Saint Giles, standing in the open country, whence they looked down for a space on the broad river, with Charing and the other villages scattered about on the bank, and presently lost sight, amidst trees and hedges, of all save the towers of that great abbey of Saint Benedict at Westminster.

They went on their way, crossing the Thames by a fair bridge at Staines, toward Basingstoke, where they were to lodge that night—the French lord travelling but slowly, in courtesy to the damosel and the worthy monk, who were wholly new to such long and distant travel, and somewhat overtoiled with the length and roughness of the way; though, surely, if such weariness might have been beguiled by gay and pleasant company, small cause should they have had for complaint with the Lord of Beaucaire for fellow-voyager; who, moved partly by his natural gentilesse, partly by the sprightly humour of his

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country, failed not to entertain them with his discourse as before; this time rehearsing unto them the royal state and magnificence of the palace at Eltham, whither he had ridden the day before, in the company of his kinsman, the grand prior of Saint John's, to do his obeisance to King Richard—describing the court, and the great lords and ladies there, so well and pleasantly, that it seemed to the damosel to have them before her eyes, though somewhat she marvelled, in her simplicity, that he named not amongst them the Lady de Hacquingay, who, doubtless, was one of the fairest and gayest of the whole.

After a while, the Lord Guy left the court of England, and went on to speak of that of France, whereof he had full acquaintance, being himself of the household of that royal prince the Duke of Berry, elder uncle to the king, and evermore present at the brave shows and pageants that went on, day by day, in the summer time, in the good city of Paris, as well as the winter feastings, the masquings and dancings, that were wont to be held at the Hotel Saint Pol, by King Charles and his brother, the gay young Duke of Orleans, who loved such revels better than weightier matters of state. Also he told them—that is to say, the damosel, for the monk, deeming such worldly talk unmeet for churchman's ears, rode along silently, meditating on the rule of Saint Austin—of Queen Isabeau, whose beauty was without peer in Christendom; and the Lady Valentine, of Milan, wedded to the Duke of Orleans, who for fairness yielded to the queen alone, and for grace and sprightliness to none; and the noble Duchess of Burgundy, who held in her own right the rich earldom of Flanders; and the wise young Duchess of Berry, of whom no living wight had ever yet spoken one word in disparagement; with many more, whom he commended, some for their beauty of face or shape, some for their virtuous and discreet behaviour, some for their worthy ancestry—insomuch that there was not one for whom he found not word of praise of some sort.

Now the damosel Avis, though she was well nigh cured of her fantasy for knights and courtly gallants, and had scantly presumed, in her worst days of folly, to hope or desire for herself the love and service of such bachelor as the noble young count beside her, yet longed earnestly to know if these were yet vowed to any fair lady of his own degree; and the rather as she had noted, from their first meeting, that he wore always on his right arm a scarf of azure silk, broidered over with silver, which she well knew, from her romances, could be only a favour from his lady-love. Howbeit, he divided his praises and courtesies so equally to all, and spoke so fairly and courteously of each, that she gained therefrom no light on the matter.

In such discourse rode they on together for another two days' space, the country and weather continuing no less agreeable than before, until, towards noon of the second, they entered those pleasant forest glades lying near Winchester, whence the poor Saxon thralls were, in former time, so cruelly driven out, to give place to the beasts of chace, by King William Rufus—whose disobedience and impiety to holy church, and the miserable end whereby his wickedness was punished on that very spot, the good friar was even now rehearsing to them from his monkish legends, when May Avis, who soothly listened not

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to his tales as heedfully as she had done to those of the Lord Guy, perceived athwart the trees, which there grew further apart, a countryman, who was creeping stealthily on from one thicket to another, as if he desired not to be seen of them.

At first sight, suspecting him for a robber, who but watched his time to set upon them with his mates, she was about to point him out to the knight; but speedily calling to mind the place and tide, and, above all, their own number and array, she concluded that the man was rather afraid for himself than devising mischief against any there. And, accordingly, so it proved, as he soon made his way into the thick underwood, and she saw him not again between that and Winchester, where they arrived safely in short space after, and tarried some few hours, to refresh themselves and their horses.

That afternoon they rode forward once more, travelling easily, since they were now within a half score miles of Hampton—the way lying through the same forest country, with grassy glades and tufted groves, green leaves sprouting and small birds singing on every side, both time and distance speeding away so quickly and joyously as they ambled along, that, long ere the maiden deemed the half of their journey to have been accomplished, they found the wood wax thinner, and the trees smaller (and one and all stooping their heads toward them as if at the passing of a great wind, albeit the weather was altogether calm, at which both she and Gillian much marvelled) until, at last, they came upon an open level space, such as might well have sufficed for the lists at jousts or tourney, on the bank of a river yet broader and mightier than the Thames.

Scantly had May Avis cast her eyes around, than she was aware of a man striding hastily over the greensward some way before them, whom she knew at first sight for the same that had seemed to waylay them in the morning. He had plainly no better will than before to be noted of any present, for he sank down and vanished on the opposite side of the green in that very moment when she had left watching him to look over the further shore of the river, upon a long narrow line shining like silver in the sun beyond, which the Lord Guy pointed out to her for the great sea between France and England.

So strange and wonderful did the sight appear to her, even when beheld in this far-off fashion, that she could have stood for hours to gaze thereon. But to this the time consented not; so they went on their way to Hampton, where they had no sooner alighted at the hostelry than they had tidings of a large ship lying in the haven, laden with merchandize for Harfleur and Saint Malo, the master whereof purposed, God willing, to sail with the morning's tide. In this vessel, which was well arrayed and of goodly burthen, the French lord resolved to embark, and thereupon agreed with the mariner without more ado; but since "The Flower of Hampton," as their ship was named, by reason of the freight she carried, might not take the horses, he concluded to hire beside a bark of the common sort, that might carry both beasts and mails, with some of his people in charge thereof; which being all finally agreed and ordered, and the whole company warned of the master to be in readiness with the flood tide by two hours before prime of the morrow, the damosel betook herself with

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Gillian to her own chamber—it ill beseeming her maidenly condition to tarry longer than needs must alone with the guests at a public hostelry.

So soon as the morning light began to peep, knight and damosel, squire and yeoman, horse and mail, were all afoot, and gathered together at the haven where lay their ship, awaiting only the word to go on board. But ill may I depict to you the wonder and terror both of May Avis and her faithful Gille, new as they were to the sea and its fashions, when (the whole being now embarked, after hasty leave-taking of the good monk and Gerveis) the order was given by the master mariner to heave up the anchor and loose the sail. For then arose there so mighty a cry and clamour all about, with rattling of the cordage, and creaking and straining of the mast, together with the running to and fro in all parts of the seamen, who shouted and whooped continually—that verily it seemed to both as if the very sides of the ship were rending asunder, and they were all about to drown without remedy; and feet and eyesight failing at the same time, with the unwonted motion, one and both fell on their knees beside the mast, silently commending their souls to heaven, nor could they be prevailed with to look up by all the courteous assurances and prayers of the knight.

Nevertheless, after matters had continued thus for a space, and behold they were yet alive, whilst the cries and confusion were much abated, and the vessel began to heave and sink by turns after an orderly manner, as she threw the waters high above her prow on either hand, they began to take courage; until the damosel Avis at last adventured to rise and look over the ship's side, when they were even now sailing out from the land before a strong wind, all that was visible of the shore being one tall cliff lying north and east of them, whose sides looked as if painted in strange fantastic hues of yellow and red, whilst all around were the mighty waves of the broad and open sea, rolling and tumbling, east and west, as far as they might discern.

At sight of these huge hills of water, that seemed as if they were pursuing with design to overwhelm them, May Avis shrank back without daring to cast on them a second look—though somewhat comforted in that first to have caught a sight of their companion, the bark that bore the horses, sailing scantly an arrowflight off—as also to hear the master vowing to Saint Thomas of Kent that, with such prosperous wind to speed them, they should see Harfleur, please God, by early prime of the morrow.

So sailed they on for the greater part of that day, drawing nigher and nigher the coasts of France, as the shipmen assured them, at every moment; but toward evening their fortune changed, by the rising of so foul a mist all over the sea that they no longer knew which way to steer; for hardly might they see the further end of their own ship, whilst the stars that should have guided their course were one and all hidden in the thick vapour, which obscured all things, both above and around. They had with them good and hardy mariners, and, for master, a wise and experienced shipman of Hythe, one who could reckon tides and streams, and con harbours and havens, with any wight from Dover even to Dartmouth; yet durst he not adventure,

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in such uncertain season, upon the rocks and sands that lie on either shore of the river's mouth below Harfleur; so that they had no help for it save to continue sailing up and down for that night where they were, and command those in the smaller craft to do the like, both crews striving, by continual shouting and ringing of bells, to make their place known, so as to escape alike hurtling together in the dark, or else departing company.

But all their care and pains availed nought against this last mishap; for it was but little after midnight by their computation, when they ceased to hear the voices and other sounds from their companions as clearly as they had hitherto done; and when they strove to amend the evil they but increased it, until they ended by losing them altogether; which misadventure not only renewed all the fears of the women, but caused no small annoy to the knight, who dreaded the stranding of the horses on that rough coast, through the unskilfulness of those with them. Meanwhile the master mariner, noting the dismay of the damosel, essayed to comfort her after his own manner.

"Now by my crown, lady," he said, "good cause have we shipmen, who sail year by year on the high seas, to be afraid rather of overmuch company than of the lack thereof; most of all, at such season as this present, when these water thieves are ready to swarm out like hornets, from their holes and rocks, upon a ship that hath lost her course in the mist."

"Holy Mary!—how say you, worthy sir?" cried the damosel, well nigh breathless with affright.

"Nay, lady, fear not any such at this tide," quickly answered the knight, who had marked the quavering of her voice. "Soothly those wretched caitiffs of whom the good mariner speaks, though ready for any villainy toward helpless chapmen and merchants, yet lack numbers and valour alike to assail a half dozen of men-at-arms, such as we have here arrayed. Though certes, had we sought to cross the seas further south, some cause had there been for dread; since we had then sailed in the teeth of those fierce and hardy robbers, that haunt the rocks and havens of Bretaigne in their great war-ships, and spoil and slay all that they meet with. But fear is there none of these for us, hereabout. How sayest thou, master mariner?—The Sweeper of the Seas, as he vauntingly calls himself, sails not often northward of the point of Penmark, or the isles at furthest?"

"Nay, God in heaven forbid, Sir Knight!" answered the shipman, in a voice so inward and fearful, as caused the maiden's very flesh to creep as she listened. "Better were it to meet with the sharpest rock from this to Bayonne, in the foulest night, than with *him*!"

"By Saint Denis of France, thou art in the right!" answered the Lord Guy. "Yet well I trust these seas shall be wholly rid of him ere long; since the duke, having of late made his submission to our lord the king, shall be bound to withhold all harbourage from outlaws in time to come."

"By Saint George of Hampton," said the mariner, "it behoved him so to have done long agone, by reason of his peace with England. Truly, King Charles of France hath been less offended therein than our King Richard; by the token, that where there sails one ship from

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the harbours of Normandy or Saintonge, there ply a score, in hourly jeopardy of that villain, between the ports of England and Guienne, at all seasons."

"Hath aught been heard of the robber on the high seas since mid-winter?" asked the knight.

"By cocksbones, the thief errant is one that men may more readily feel than hear of; inasmuch as those that fall into his hand, shall never come back to tell of their entertainment. In good sooth, Sir Knight, we can but reckon the ships and mariners lacking from our harbours westward, at the year's end, and count them alike for the prey of the deep sea, and yet more pitiless Sansloy."

"God assoile them!" said the French lord solemnly—to which all present answered with a hearty Amen! and then a silence followed for a space, as they sat, the damosel and Gillian beside the mast, and the Lord Guy with the master shipman over against them; the ship the while floating here and there upon the sea, now wholly still and smooth as glass.

After this manner watched they for an hour and more, when there came to them through that thick mist a faint shimmer of light from the moon, now at the full—and the mariner, fearing to oversail their haven in the night, concluded without delay to put about, and make for the eastward; with which design he arose, and went to his mates on the forecastle.

But ere they had stirred so much as a finger toward bringing the ship's head round, there fell suddenly on their ears a noise, as of the groaning of masts and flapping of sails hard by; and therewith somewhat, of mighty length and bigness, was heard to glide slowly and softly past them on the still waters.

The master shipman and his mates listed the sound in silence, like men who knew their need of wariness and discretion in such strait, and the women, between fear and hope, kept in their very breath; whilst the knight whisperingly bade them take heart, since haply it might prove but their fellow ship that they had lost a while before—which fantasy, by ill hap, coming also into the head of one of his squires, a ready-tongued, thin-witted youth, he must needs give it way by shouting out lustily, "Guillaume! Guillaume Arnaut!—What ho, man! art deaf?—Our Lady for Beaucaire!"

What more he would have said was cut short in haste—for the master leapt down from the castle in the same moment that the Lord Guy upstarted from beside the mast; and both running together, seized the astonished squire by the throat, commanding him to be silent on peril of his life.

Small need was there, as it seemed, for this rude usage of him; since the folk in the stranger craft, whosoever they might be, either heard not, or recked not, of his outcries, no word being heard in answer thereunto—and anon the creaking of timbers, and all other sounds, even the light rippling of the water, died away into utter stillness.

Most of those on board the Flower of Hampton, deeming the danger past, now began to thank heaven, and take courage; but the Lord Guy and the shipman still held secret and earnest talk together; and

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incontinently this last climbed hastily up the mast into the top, and presently descending again, bade put about the ship, and make all sail upon her as quickly and silently as might be; both he and the Lord Guy giving strict order to all to keep their tongues still, whatever they might see or hear.

They had not long ended their work, and brought their ship round before the wind, (though there was scantly enow thereof to lift a knight's plume,) ere they heard again on the deep silence of the night, as it were fast approaching them, that evil boding sound—which no sooner came to the master's ear, than he stepped forward to the helm, and took their pilotage into his own hand, bidding each one that was able to lend aid, to cast water into the sails the fastest they could. One and all, even the knight himself, laboured with might and main at this work; but maugre all their toil, the craft could scarce be made to move through the water, whilst that creaking, moaning sound, waxed momently louder and nearer, until they could dimly perceive through the mist a huge black shadow, as of a tall ship, now but few yards distant, and bearing down swiftly and stealthily on them, as with design to run on board. And now the forecastle, like some high tower, seemed to hang above the side of the small merchant ship, and folk might be descried plainly therein leaning over the bulwark; when in that very moment they were about to cast out their grappling, the mariner at the helm, espying his time, suddenly threw off the head of his craft; and his sails being struck all at once by a light air that was just come over the water, the bark rose on the curling seas as with a bound, shooting past the other, and into the thick mist beyond, as fast as shaft from bow.

"Montjoye! but yonder craft hath more aboard her than an honest mariner should sail with in peaceable times," said the Lord of Beaucaire, as the shaking of the chains, and all the other noises ceased to be heard behind them. "How deemest thou of this our late companion, good master shipman?"

"By my father's soul, Sir Knight, even as those that when they smell brimstone, look forthwith to espy a fiend. Pray God and all saints to send us a stronger wind, or we are lost without remedy! and yet they that fare oftenest through these seas, have never yet seen him within Cape la Hogue—but hearken—what sound passed there?"

"Even that same thou hast been but now praying for, worthy mariner. The breeze is already sweeping on at our heel, as fierce and fresh as a Poiler's courser in the lists."

"Now Saint George and our Lady of Winchester be thanked, that have holpen us over this perilous pass!" quoth the mariner, as he dried his visage with his sleeve; and in tone so joyful, that the damosel Avis adventured once more to look up from the nook where she and Gillian had been crouched more dead than alive; when she saw that day was breaking, and also that the mist was plainly thinner than before.

"By my fay, mariner," said the knight, "vows and prayers shall better befit the time than thanks and rejoicings—as doubt not, that the wind which now bears us so bravely onward, is bringing up the foe not less surely after; nor tarrieth he for aught, save the knowledge of

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our course, which the rising of the mist shall reveal to him within the next hour."

"By the blood in Hailes!" said the shipman, "so stead us the wind for that space, I reck not of his worst. By my count, a lesser time shall bear us within the river's mouth, where he getteth us not but in the teeth of the great ship of Harfleur, which lieth anchored just above."

"Saint Jude to speed!" cried the Lord Guy on a sudden, "what strange vision do I espy overhead in the mist?"

"Land! land! we run upon rocks!" shouted he who watched in the top, in that same moment.

The master quickly looked up, and next around them—and then, seized all at once with a panic terror, he cast loose the rudder, and falling on his knees, smote his palms together, crying out the while, "So help me very God, as I know not where we are!—yet better perish by the rocks than the sea-robbers!"

Mariners and voyagers alike stood aghast for one while, to see themselves thus forsaken at their need by him to whom they had trusted for help and guidance. The ship began to reel and stagger, as she fell off from the wind, the mast trembling, and the sail loosely shaking as it would be rent to pieces; and, as if this were not enow of jeopardy, they began to descry, within a bowshot of them, a huge wall of black rocks both on their right hand and in front, whose grisly tops might be seen through the mist high overhead; whilst the furious beating and roaring of the angry waves at their foot below, raised so terrible a din as might well cause the stoutest heart to quake for fear.

But ere they had found time so much as to note all these things, the French lord, whose knightly valour had never yet blenched at danger, whether by sea or shore, had sprung forward with intent to lay hold of the helm—when lo! as he would have stepped into the place, there stood right before him, a broad shouldered, shaggy varlet, in mariner's attire, with his hand already on the rudder, and the bark even now yielding thereunto.

So soon as this strange steersman had brought back the craft to her obedience, every one the while staring on him in amazement, he set about guiding them out of the present peril; addressing himself to the emprize, not like one who had undertaken it in extremity for lack of any other, but after so masterly a fashion, as if he had conned every rock and stone along the coast—so readily and boldly he sprang past them, one after another, whilst the wind, continually rising, drove both ship and mist onward before it—all on board still standing dumb with astonishment, at his perfect knowledge of the place no less than his wondrous mastery of the steersman's craft, as the vapour rolling away, gave them to see the shore, for miles on either hand, thickset with toppling cliffs and crags above, and hideous sharp-pointed rocks below, the very least whereof had sufficed to rive asunder the bottom of the ship, and drown all therein.

Many thanks, and full assurance of a goodly guerdon for his pains, gat the old man both from the master mariner and the French lord—the first praying him, since he had more experience of that coast than

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any in the ship, that he would still take on himself their guidance along that perilous shore. So they continued to run as nigh the land as they durst for the rocks and breakers, fearing to meet with the craft they so hardly scaped the overnight, if they adventured out to sea; the wind the while bearing them right on toward Harfleur, and waxing fiercer and mightier every moment.

"Gille!" said May Avis, after they had held on thus for a space—"Gille, if thou canst think of aught save that terrible thundering of the waters, look, I pray thee, in the face of yonder mariner, to whom they make so great cheer of thankfulness, and tell me for whom thou takest him."

"In sooth, dear lady," answered Gillian, "who he is, were more easy to guess, than what he doth here; or wherefore he hath followed after thus sturdily, pace by pace, from home."

"Nay, then, out of doubt it was him we passed by, as we rode through the greenwood into Winchester—the varlet that stole in and out amongst the trees, until I deemed him some thief lying in wait."

"Yea, lady, in sooth was it—and afterward in the way to Hampton—and afore that at Bedford, and Saint Alban's, and at the last thorpe in the way to London. The old pikard hath held us company everywhere; though since we must needs bear with him, soothly it had availed as little, dear lady, to trouble you thereupon, as it should now to inquire what fantasy brought him; which question he should but answer with some vain lie, and then lay his soul to pawn for the truth on't."

"Nay, good wench, missay him not at this tide, when he hath done us so fair service; though much do I marvel, that in all his idle vauntings of his own wisdom and valour, he hath never once boasted himself of his skill in shipman's craft, which he might have done in truth and honesty."

"As good were it to marvel, lady, wherefore the fox hideth his spoils in his hole, in place of scattering them abroad to show the way thereunto. To my deem the varlet wotteth of many other crafts, beside the mariner's, whereof he careth not to boast him."

"Then soothly say I, Gille, God give us no worse use of the rest, than we have had of this one! But see, what solemn talk doth the noble lord hold yonder with the master shipman? Sure danger should be none in those rocks we have overpast—yet look they both that way, and with grave and earnest aspect."

"As I think, lady, the noble count points to somewhat afar off at sea, that he would have the shipman note," answered Gillian.

"God send it be not that same . . . . ha, saw you?—the mariner made the holy sign! Out, alas! what new mischance betideth us in this ill-faring voyage?"

Whilst she yet spake both one and the other came down in all haste from the forecastle, and the shipman bade straightway hoist yet more sail; which being quickly done, both he and the Lord Guy set them to pace silently to and fro through the ship, keeping watch by turns at either end; whilst the wind blew more and more vehemently, until May Avis feared that a mighty tempest had overtaken them—the ship springing and plunging over the tops of the tall green waves like any

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seamew—and the great black rocks flying past, one after another, with such terrible swiftness, that at last she was constrained to shut her eyes for very dizziness.

Thus rushed they amain—through surge and spray, howling winds and roaring waters, for how long a time the maiden wist not; hearing no sound but of the fiercely warring elements, save when the master shipman gave command to his people touching the governance of the craft. But when this had gone on until she began to marvel at the length of the day, all on a sudden they seemed to leave behind that terrible uproar of the waves boiling and beating against the shores—and in the place thereof she heard the voice of the Lord of Beaucaire, gently praying her to stand up and look over the ship's side at the haven whither they were bound. Gladly she arose, and perceived, to her heart's content, the last point of that grisly coast fast vanishing to the southward, as also that their ship was going at large in the open sea, with a long line of shore in front, whereon they could barely discern the towers and walls of a town that was built on the steep of a high hill. And yet further to rejoice them with the thought of their present safety, on casting their eyes back on the sea they had passed, they were aware of a black, ill-favoured craft at a distance, sailing the other way, which May Avis guessed to be the selfsame that had so haunted them the past night; but the Lord Guy made light thereof, giving her good hope that they should be ere sunset in Harfleur; and for better assurance he bade her note a small ship even then sailing into the river, which the mariners knew by sure tokens for their fellow that they had lost in the mist yestereven.

Thus wore on the day, hopefully, if not joyfully; the Flower of Hampton running bravely for the land with a speeding wind, until nigh set of sun, when the mouth of the river Seine, and the town of Harfleur, were lying right before them, not five miles distant. The black stranger craft still kept away to the northward, as if those on board were waiting for a wind; yet even thus they plainly gained on them, their ship looking nearer and larger every time they caught sight of her, until they of the English bark knew her for a great warship, with fore and after castles and embattled top; seeming alike foul and fearful of hue and aspect.

It was at this pass, and just as the sun was going down, that the breeze which had thus far been wholly with the merchant bark, now shifted somewhat to the side of the pursuer; yet not so much as to take from the others all hope of escape. The Lord Guy strove all he might to hearten up the shipmen, with goodly words and promises of fair largess; and the master shipman, now that they were again on a shore he knew well, stood stedfastly to his helm, essaying by skill to amend the falling off of the wind, which maugre the change therein, yet bore them swiftly forward. But all in vain!—the robber ship still came on—showing some new sight of dread at each time that it rose above the great rolling waves.

"Now God and the blessed saints on high be our speed against yonder fiend!" said the shipman at last—"for all that man may do, is already done."

"Nay, hold on, mariner—hold on stoutly yet a space!" said the

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knight; "heaven speeds the brave at need. Even now methinks we have gotten the heels of him for one while."

"Yea, by my beard, have we—for a while and no longer—for the reason, that we lie nearer the wind at this tide. The villain hath spied his vantage; and tarries but until we steer northward for the haven, to run down upon us."

"Montjoye! the race is a hot one, soothly," answered the French lord, "but not yet wholly desperate. One small motion of the wind westward should avail us even now."

"Out, alas! what shall wind profit us, against yon tall tapering mast, that beareth twofold the sail our own may carry?"

"Saint Denis to speed!—let come the worst that may, we can fight with him until we gain aid from the shore, whence he should be already espied—over and above that our fellow craft hath by this given the alarm to the townsfolk."

"Harrow, alas! the great ship of Harfleur may not yet go to sea on so short warning," groaned the mariner.

"Then by my fay," said the knight, "she hath courteously both made her mails, and ended her leave taking in readiness for our coming—for so hope I to set lance in rest again, as I plainly discern over yonder headland, the sails and top of a gallant ship, standing even now for the river's mouth, and within short distance thereof. Yea—and not less surely hath the foe also discovered them. Now, mariner, hold thine own! they are making ready to bear down on us!"

The shipman's visage grew deathy pale, and his eyes well nigh started from his head in affright, as he looked out, and saw the great black craft coming down before the whole strength of the wind for the which they had so long tarried.

"Oh blessed Lady of Winchester!" he cried, "so help me pitifully in this strait, as I do promise thee my fair silver cup, that Friar Thomas hath so oft angered me with calling a patine—of which wicked ire, lady, do I humbly repent me. And to thee, dearest Lady of Boulogne, if haply I have done displeasure, in that the hood I vowed to thee a year agone, was but of camelot, now will I amend the trespass with a fair mantle of cloth, dyed in grain of Portugal. Also to thee, most blessed martyr of Canterbury, will I give a great candle of pure wax, for the shrine at Candlemas, of full seven pounds weight; and two mortars, of the cost of a florin each, to thee, noble Saint George of Hampton, for thine aid against these Breton thieves, who truly are not less thine enemies than mine own—also to thee, most holy my lord Saint James of Galice," . . . . .

But the Lord Guy, staying not to listen these and a half score more of oaths and promises from the worthy shipman to every saint he could call to mind, went hastily to lace on his helm, and give order for his people to arm themselves—those of the ship likewise addressing them, some to the saints, some to sword or pike and buckler, wherewith few were unprovided in those unquiet times. Nevertheless, one woful pair were there, who lacking alike force to fight, or means to fly, were sitting, hand in hand, still and silent through all the din and clamour, and patiently awaiting the death from which there seemed no

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hope of escape for them, in the fierce and desperate strife that was drawing on. But no sooner had the Lord of Beaucaire made an end of arraying himself and his retinue for the defence, than, commanding his chief esquire to have charge of Gillian, he himself lifted up the damosel Avis, and placed her close behind him, under cover of his shield; praying her to bear in mind that a true knight, and above all, a knight of French chivalry, was bound by his devoir not more to his faith and his prince, than to the service and succour of dames and damosels. So she stood beside him, calling up all her courage to stead her at this pass, that she might cumber this noble knight as little as might be; until in short space she began to feel some part of the hardihood she had feigned. Gillian she espied not far away, in charge of a good sturdy man at arms, which was no small comfort to her. As for Sir Gauchet, he had clean vanished, since the shipman had taken again the governance of the rudder, and in their present haste and confusion, none cared to inquire or seek after him.

Whilst all this was passing, the bark had continued to plough and toil on through the waters, until they were now scantly a mile from the river's mouth, and the great ship they had seen making sail within, was steering round the headland, although slowly and laboriously, the wind being wholly adverse. Howbeit, as nigh as friends or haven was by this time, the terrible craft, that was driving down towards them black and furious as a tempest, already discovering to their view her spacious top, set full of archers and varlets with cross bows, together with a good two score of folk in plate and mail on the castles. And now at last her long pennon of blood-red hue, and without bearing or device, rolled out its whole length upon the wind, and they espied high against the sky, two besoms set crosswise on the mast end—and at this sight there ran a low hollow murmur amongst the mariners, whilst the master, as he pointed thereunto, fell on his knees, and lifted up his hands like one awaiting his last moment.

"Master, hold on for thy life!" cried the Lord Guy, forcefully haling him once more on his feet. "We draw towards the shore!—hold on yet a bowshot, and we 'scape them.

On they rushed amain, both bark and warship, in that fearful strife for life and death. Now could those on board discern one another's faces, and see the people on the shore, who were running to and fro, shouting to those in the smaller craft to take heart.

"Hold on, master!" cried the Lord Guy again. "Yet a moment! the flood bears us forward already."

Even as he spoke the word, the bark heaved suddenly onward, as if she would have sprung to gain the haven—and in that same moment, the nobler ship changed her course, until her prow was turned against them.

"Look all to your lives!" shouted the knight, who perceived the outlaw's intent; and therewith casting away shield and sword, he hastily tore off the scarf from his arm, and with it bound the damosel Avis and himself together.

"Now maiden, hold on as firmly as thou canst, by the hood of my mailcoat, for God wot, never a hand have I to aid thee! Ernauton,

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see to the woman in thy charge! Now damosel, close thine eyes!—there is a sight at hand, such as thou canst not bear to look on."

She did but glance quickly around, and then obeyed his behest—but even in that one look she caught sight of some monstrous thing, black and huge, and terrible, that overhung them like a falling mountain; and in the next moment there came so fearful a crack, and din, and uproar, mingled with shrieks, and cries, and curses far and near, that she doubted if the very shores had not rent asunder, and let loose a rout of yelling fiends. The bark sank from under her feet—but she herself rose upward, amidst a deafening roar of crashing beams and rushing waters, until she once more felt foothold beneath her. On this she adventured to look up—and straightway found that she stood on the deck of the robber's ship—with armed men all around, and the Lord Guy at her side.

TO T——.

The spell that hath darkened my spirit so long
Is broken! I love thee, and glad is my song.
To me thou art now as the dawning of day.
As the wild bird I'm free, when it skims o'er the spray;
I am free from all chains but the bright one of love,
And my soul mounts in joy as the lark soars above.

Yes, I love thee, and fear not! for such love as thine
Surpasses all treasures that glitter and shine;
And wealth cannot tempt me, I seek not renown,
Nor poverty sink me, whilst thou art mine own;
Whilst thine eye beams brightly, mine cannot know care,
For all earth seems bright, and her children all fair.

O ever thus bless me, whatever betide,
I'll companion thy footsteps, be e'er at thy side;
I will smile when thou smilest, I'll brighten thy home,
I'll tend thee in sickness, and no thought shall roam;
No thought but to bless thee shall ever come nigh,
Our home of bright gladness, of comfort, and joy.

M. M.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XV.

" 'Tis as a long lost book,
Whose half forgotten page
We turn with reverent hand and look
As on a former age."

THE METROPOLITAN.

THE 19th of June, 1791, I took my place in the Paris diligence, being provided with a passport, a precaution which proved by no means useless to me. On the 21st, as we arrived at Maintenon, I saw upon the public square a number of men and women, who were all talking very earnestly, and seemed extremely excited. I approached to learn what was the matter, and with a transport of joy I heard them saying that the king had made his escape in the night. Full of the eager hopes such news awoke for an end to our calamities, and the safety of our prince, and well assured that no precaution would have been neglected, I nevertheless restrained my joy in order to try and learn the affair more in detail, and to know what was augured from it by the public in general: some of the crowd were venting themselves in reproaches of all kinds against that monarch; others took his part, saying things had been carried too far towards him; and my impatience and anxiety as to the issue became so great I could hardly breathe. I went back into the inn, but I found no one there to whom I could speak freely, and it was necessary to keep down my rejoicing in spite of myself. Our passports were very soon rudely demanded, and those who were so unfortunate as to have none, treated with much rigour, it being supposed or pretended they were come from Paris, and might belong to the suite of the king or queen; orders having been issued to exercise the strictest surveillance upon all travellers, particularly those who were leaving the capital. We had great difficulty in persuading all the emissaries of the police that we were good citizens; for they had all their heads turned, and could see nothing but aristocrats and conspirators; treating us very roughly, and refusing to believe that we came from Angers. Observe that in *all* these travellers, I was the *only one person* really a royalist! but that did not matter, we were all to be sent under an escort to Rambouillet, where, they said, our papers would be more narrowly examined, and it would be seen whether there were occasion to imprison us.

On arriving at Rambouillet, the diligence was guarded to the doors

[1] Continued from p. 85.

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of the Hotel de Ville, as if it were a focus of conspiracy against the people; an assembly extraordinary of the town magistrates was called; it detached one of its members to receive us at the coach door; at his request we gave up our papers; he made us ascend to the hall of audience, and there, in the presence of a whole population, all eager to have us found out to be culprits, I heard read in a loud voice my description, quality, motive for travelling, and all the long specifications of a passport. As I was in the dress of a private person, and till then had thought it needless to mention my profession, little attention had been paid me; but things now changed, I was treated with great consideration, and the same magistrate who had conducted us in, brought me back my passport himself, approved; and, with a feeling which warmed my heart, he whispered in a low voice as he left me, "M. l'Officier, they have gone too far with the king, in abusing his kindness."

I entered Paris on the 22nd, in the evening, and had hardly got down at the Hôtel de Richelieu, in the rue de Richelieu, (that long busy street which runs from the vast palace of the designing Egalité, to the marble chambers of that regal Tuileries whence his victims had just fled,) than as I was preparing to go out, I saw a courier on horseback, gallop at full speed past the door, crying out as he went, "The king has been stopped at Varrennes!"

"The king has been stopped at Varrennes!" was repeated by every mouth; and all at once the state of stupor in which I had found the Parisians, changed into tumultuous and disorderly joy; every one expressing it in some way of his own, and adding reflections of all kinds, each more absurd than the one before it, on the dangers with which the capital had just been menaced from boats filled with ball, with which the river was to be freighted, the failing of flour to supply the city, and all the false alarms which perfidy and deceit had spread; while in the midst of all this outcry I saw here and there men pass along who said nothing, and though I knew them not, I fancied them, like me, looking on in grief of heart. I longed to have some one to speak to of my fear and distress, but to whom should I turn? I had but just arrived there, and was alone in the midst of these multitudes, with all I knew and cared for far away, and sighing like myself without knowing more than I did. I felt in a chaos of thoughts; dark and sinister presages sunk my spirits; bitter tears started into my eyes, and enraged to think I could do nothing at such a moment to succour the master to whom I had devoted my life, I shut myself up in my chamber, where at least I should be exempted from hearing my sovereign's name blackened by insult. After passing a night of anguish, I hurried as soon as I had risen to look for some of my comrades, who I knew had arrived before me, on their way to join their regiment; and learnt on my way, that the courier, whose passing had been such a blow to my hopes, was one despatched by the municipality of Varrennes, to inform the assembly that the king had been arrested, and that he was being brought back, under an escort, to Paris. I learnt, also, that on the day the king had fled, a paper, which was found upon his table, had been brought to the assembly; it was written in his own hand, and the extract I give from it here will show not only

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the purity of *his* intentions, but how right *we* were in that unhappy time, in sometimes resisting orders which were issued under cover of the king's name, and in consequence of which our emigration became a thing forced upon us. [The letter left in his apartment by the unfortunate Louis is too much a matter of history for us to need to translate any portion of it here, forcibly as it speaks; all that sad portion of his life is full of perfectly dramatic interest, on which

——— "Who that ever gazed
Could look with unmoistened eye,
When the veil of time was slowly raised,
And the past came gliding by?"

In Viscount Walsh's pages, every scene awakes a thrilling interest; and what fiction is like the story of life? Leaving my dictionary and manuscript of translation for a moment, to glance hastily over the columns of a newspaper, which Rose, the village postman, had brought with the morning's letters, (rather a stray guest *here*, a London paper,) the following paragraph met my eye:—

"A remarkable individual died on the 14th instant, (the paper was for March 31st, 1842,) at Lons-le-Saulnier. This was a M. C. T. L., born in Paris, and one of the wealthiest butchers in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was better known by the name of Charlot, which he in some measure immortalized. He passed in our town for the butcher who carried on the top of a pike the head of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. He came to settle a few years after at Lons-le-Saulnier, where his name was not known, and where he continued to follow the profession of a butcher until his death."—*Sentinelle du Jura.*

And he has thus abode his time, who helped to shorten *her* young days, the gentle Dove, as she was called in Versailles' high chateau, ere the evil days began, when she and the mistress she so loved were torn asunder, and the saint-like princess, who as a good angel lingered upon this earth till all but the last of those she watched beside had departed, stooped to whisper words of comfort to "sa douce colombe," as she knelt, bitterly weeping, at her royal kinswoman's feet,—leaving her reluctantly, to *return* so soon from the safe shelter she had reached, to share her perils, and perish the first.

Perhaps there are few passages in the whole French revolution more touching than the story of that young princess; from the love that was borne her in the gay court of yet unaltered France, to her fidelity to the last, and her death at the prison gate. Nothing is more characteristic, too, of those days, than their sending for the hairdresser to braid the beautiful locks of their lifeless victim, ere they bore that graceful head to glare like a phantom upon the eyes that had so loved it. The iron of republican vengeance had stricken the unbending heart of Marie-Antoinette,—and as she stood erect unconscious, *morne, desolée*, statue-like, in the centre of the chamber, transfixed where the news first reached her, the poor well-meaning municipal officer, who bustled in with his papers as if all the stir around were the mere market-day hurry, and the king some desk-bound merchant, begged the queen would not remain standing on *his* account.]

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Mais revenons, to that bridge of sighs, the new oath to be administered to the army, the republican test and pledge.

The oath newly decreed, continues M. de R., had been forwarded to the commander of every corps, with an injunction to make every officer write and sign with his own hand. This order had been given before the flight of the king, whose name figured in it still; and many officers inclined for taking it, while others were for its being absolutely refused. The Marquis de Bouthilier, colonel of infantry, and one of the deputies from the noblesse to the States-general, since become a member of the National Assembly, was on the committee charged with this new organization of the army, and he had just invited all the officers to take the oath, in a circular addressed to the colonels of each division, and alledging tolerable plausible motives for such a step, as respected the interests of the king and of the monarchy.

From that moment, the oath, so long the principal theme of all our conversation, became the greatest stone of stumbling that we had met with since the beginning of the revolution.

What is about to happen in France, as a consequence of the king's unexpected departure and his return? Will the factious *assassinate* him? will they save appearances by a process calling itself legal? or will they, after all, restore to him the reins of the government they have usurped? and what will the army do in any one of these cases? were questions that we asked ourselves incessantly. At the reading of the king's declaration in the assembly, it had remained calm; it was augured from this that the factious party felt secure. All felt the urgency of maintaining *some* shape of authority during the interregnum caused by the absence of the monarch; to those who had appropriated to themselves the legislative power, it seemed very simple to heap up upon their own heads the executive also. The factious majority easily contrived to have it decreed that the ministers should receive their orders from the Assembly; that the minister of the interior should expedite couriers into all the departments, with injunctions to the public functionaries, national guards, and troops of the line, to arrest any person attempting to leave the kingdom; and finally, that all the members of the Assembly should take, that very day, a new oath, in which the king was counted as a non-entity. The imminent danger which threatened a head so dear, was without doubt the reason why all the members of the right side subscribed this repugnant engagement, rather than expose the king to the vengeance of so many proud demagogues, without his having one of his faithful subjects near to defend him; but the alternative was a cruel one.

It was now, on the 22d of June, decreed that the oath appointed on the 11th and 13th of the same month to be taken by all the officers in the army, should be administered in the form which follows:—

"I swear to employ the arms placed in my hands for the defence of my country, and to maintain, against all its enemies at home and abroad, the constitution decreed by the National Assembly; to die rather than suffer the invasion of the French territory by foreign troops; and to obey no orders but those which shall be given in consequence of the decrees of the National Assembly."

I ask those now who have read the tenor of this promise with

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attention, and who can disengage themselves for a moment from the spirit of party, whether it was possible for an officer of the French army to sign, in good faith, such an oath? What if Louis XVI., the heir of the crown of his forefathers, who had just escaped from the hands of his oppressors, should chance to re-appear upon our frontiers, escorted by Germans, whom the Emperor his brother-in-law might have sent him for his safeguard,—were we to fire upon them! to repulse our king! to be deaf to his voice! and prevented flying to his aid to recover him his rights? Could you believe, soul-less men who worded the last sentence of this vow, that hereafter we should obey the orders alone, given in consequence of decrees from your illegal assembly? *We*, who had sworn not six months before, at your inciting, to be faithful to the law and to the king! We *are* your enemies, since you declare yourselves those of our prince, and sooner or later we will rally to combat—the factious *always*,—our country *never!* If it is not in France that we can first lift the standard of the lilies, we will find a sacred spot upon foreign earth; our princes, the brothers of our king, are there already, and with them the grandson of the Great Condé, the friend of the soldier. We are in doubt no longer; the king has spoken; he did it in the moment when he thought himself free, having broken his chains; and we know that he has revoked all the sanctions you have extorted from him with the knife at his throat, that your unjust decrees might have the force of law. It is to the *last* thing he has said we refer you.

But the rumour began to be raised that the captive king was about to re-enter his capital. Heavens! what fortitude it needs for subjects who love him to go and be witness to this revolutionary triumph! But is it not a duty? Let us all join, and take our pistols with us; for if at the sight of their monarch, led as a criminal, the people of Paris should come to themselves, who knows but we may contribute to his deliverance? If he should make us a sign from the carriage-door! What happiness would it not be to expose one's life to save him! I was young, a soldier, and a Frenchman; and, full of these thoughts, I went with a few of my friends to the Champs Elysées to meet the king. What a concourse struck our gaze! even into the boughs of those green trees men had climbed, to better see the melancholy cortège. In the midst of all these groups there are many who feel like me; but it is easy to see that the greater part of the people revel; it is no longer the transport of a people's love for their king; it is the transport of hate against him *now!* But what submission is shown to all the orders imposed upon this vast multitude! The national guard have received an order to reverse their arms; the people to keep their hats upon their heads;—the arms are reversed, and the people covered. At length the carriage is perceived; three valets are seated in the front of it, in yellow vests, a sort of fancy livery. But what valets! They are de Moutier, de Maleden, and de Valory! three noblemen of the body guard whom the king had chosen to accompany him. It was known already, and whispered through the crowd from mouth to mouth; but the silence that had been exacted was well observed. The king had in the carriage with him the queen and his children, as well as the Marchioness de

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Tourzel, (the little dauphin's governess,) and the orator Barnave, who had been deputed by the National Assembly to accompany their majesties.

The procession passed in good order, and I became more and more convinced that the partisans of the royal cause were too few in number on the spot, and measures too well taken, to allow of their attempting anything in favour of the king. I could but offer earnest vows to heaven for the safety of that princely family, and console myself with trying to gain a sight of heads so dear; I wanted to have marked them all, but the view of the king's filled my eyes so full of tears I could see no more. If that seem strange to you, cold-hearted Parisians, go into our bocages, and see how we carry this idol in our hearts. I took off my hat, and piercing the crowd to approach nearer to that group revered, I saw their fine countenances covered with dust, and heard their faithful body guards heaped with reproaches. But who is that man on horseback who takes so much upon himself? I see him turn his steps first this way, then that, forwards, backwards, and retrace his steps again, to keep every one covered and silent; above all, if by chance a cry of "Vive le Roi!" escapes from lips that fear to make themselves heard, it is then that he shows all his indignation, multiplying his threatening gestures; he must surely be the *master* of these sad ceremonies! I heard his name, and cried aloud, "*That* is then he whom they call in France M. de la Fayette! *quel* gentilhomme!"

I accompanied the carriage to the iron railing of the Tuileries gardens, where it stopped; the three guards alighted first, not without incurring some danger, and then the king, the queen, and their children entered the palace, whither my thoughts followed them. I did not leave its shadow till very late, returning with my comrades, our hearts torn to be able to do nothing, and our imagination distracted with conjectures. Scarcely a person remained around that palace where these illustrious wanderers were about to pass the mournful night, guarded like criminals. We heard next day that M. de la Fayette had undertaken this honourable office, and rigorously had he and his satellites fulfilled it.

A decree of the Assembly next day deprived the king provisionally of all exercise of royal authority. I felt now that I had nothing left to do at Paris, that my duty was to rejoin my regiment with all haste, in order to combine with my comrades, who I supposed would rise in full force against the Assembly which could perpetrate this last crime, and already I pictured to myself the generals of the army marching upon Paris at the head of their divisions, and restoring to their monarch the plenitude of his power.

Every one was quitting Paris, the diligences were all full; it was with great difficulty that we obtained, myself and two of my comrades who accompanied me, a place in an imperial as far as Lyons. Arrived in that town, we took the post-boat to Valence, hurrying on, full of anxiety lest we should arrive too late for the meeting, which, at least, we supposed would be held to send up a protest. De Boisbaudry, one of my fellow-travellers, and myself, ran to our colonel as soon as we arrived, to let him know of our return and receive his orders. He

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questioned us a great deal about the king and the events taking place in Paris, but announced to us before we left him, that previous to assuming our command, we should have to write and sign the oath that had been recently decreed.

"How, colonel! that last oath! is there any idea of taking it?"

"The resolution to do so is already taken by a great number of officers."

"Is it possible? an oath against the king?"

"Can anything else be done under such circumstances? France will otherwise be exposed to a general overturn, of which the king will, without doubt, be the victim. You have not read the Marquis de Bouthillier's letter then?"

"Yes, we have read it; but it related to another oath, which was demanded of us before the departure of the king from Paris. The declaration which he left behind him was not known then, and still less the new decree, which takes away all authority from his majesty. O, colonel! if things are thus, we leave the regiment. We have come in haste to join our comrades, persuaded that they would have shown more energy and more desire to deliver the king."

"You must reflect, gentlemen, upon the part you are going to act: recollect that we, like you, love the king; but we are persuaded that he would wish us to remain at our posts."

"At what posts, colonel? with soldiers who no longer obey unless you have the Moniteur in your hand. I have just learnt that M. Buonaparte, who finds himself lieutenant of the company I shall be called upon to command, goes regularly every day to read his soldiers articles out of that journal."

"I am aware your posts are difficult; it is a moment of difficulty; and if things do not change, many of us will take the resolution of retiring from the service."

"But, my dear colonel, it must be done while it can be done without having lost our honour."

"I think with you; but the moment is not come; besides, we must know first what the other garrisons do. Listen to me, my friends, and reflect a little longer; all I can say is, I shall regret you very much. We have great need in this regiment of officers capable of keeping up a right feeling. I have just taken the command, and I perceive with pain that our new organisation has not been favourable to it; and that the spirit of union which made its strength a year ago, seems as if it must quickly disappear."

We had, in fact, as we found, many new comrades, whom we only knew by name, and not a few who scattered no balm around them. At the head of these were Napoleon Buonaparte, my lieutenant *then*, an emperor in *later* days; Berthon de la Motte, who had contributed to the arrest of the princesses at their crossing into Burgundy; de Vaubois, to whom Buonaparte afterwards confided the guard of the isle of Malta in his celebrated expedition; and several others, worthy imitators of the famous Laclos. These officers all came out of other regiments, and had just been incorporated into this by the new organisation; while a lodge of the Jacobin club had been established in Valence, as in all the other towns of France, and the Jacobin fac-

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tion, since become supreme on earth, and already so in some sort in the National Assembly, led it on faster than it would have gone, and marched with a giant's step towards its end,—the sovereignty of the people.

Our first leaders in revolt,—ere it had trod underfoot all institutions divine and human, made a game of oaths and of religion, invaded property and incited massacre,—held their first cabals in the church of the Jacobins, whose name has remained to them. Buonaparte was one of the first officers enrolled in the Jacobin club of Valence; and a discourse which he delivered there was considered worthy of such applause, that it was even proposed to make him its president.

On leaving our colonel's house, we found ourselves in the midst of a group of officers in the square, who came up to us eagerly, some to embrace us as old friends, others to make our acquaintance; and while we talked to them of what we had just witnessed at Paris, and I expressed myself with all the warmth such events were calculated to inspire; some were deeply moved with what we had to relate, while others appeared to me to listen with great coldness. Before long, de Hédouville, one of my friends, took me aside, and explained to me, with tears in his eyes, the cause of an *esprit de corps* so cold and so disunited; and above all, so different from what I had hitherto known. "We are," he said, "on the eve of being ruined by a set of new-comers, most dangerous men, who are constantly at the club, where they occupy themselves in contriving means to drive away all those of us who do not tread in their steps." I told him I was resolved not to wait till they *drove* me away; that I should never take the required oath; that I knew not yet whither I should go; but that I would rather renounce everything than be false to my conscience. The king was his objection. I answered that the king was already more than half dead in the way things were going on; "He has taken from us all the means of being useful to him at the posts he had confided to us; he ought to desire himself to save the monarchy. I shall go; and you will see that a great part of the army will do as I am doing."

De Hédouville and I dined the next day at a table at which Buonaparte also happened to be seated; I had not seen him since his conduct in Corsica, and took no further notice than not seeming to know him; but another of my comrades, named Duprat, a royalist full of energy and frankness, perceiving that the servant of the inn had laid his cover by chance beside that of the clubbist, called her back before the islander, and desired her, once for all, never to place that man's seat beside his. It may be that a shudder of fear crossed the Corsican at the stern air of the French lieutenant, for he swallowed the affront without saying a word.

I should have been glad to receive the pay that was due to me before leaving; but to do that it was necessary to wait for the review, which would not have been prudent; and as we were decided that a refusal to subscribe was a *sine quâ non*, we set off the next day, without saying a word to any one. De Boisbaudry set out for Lyons, and I for Marseilles, hoping, that if I were molested in that city, I might be able to make it supposed that I was awaiting a favourable

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wind to join a detachment of my regiment which was still in Corsica; and, informing my father of the determination I had just taken, well persuaded that it would give the greatest pleasure to him, as well as to the fond aunt, whose tender and pious remonstrance, with regard to the oath, had made such an impression on me, I waited the progress of events, in order to decide the course I must take.

Meantime the Corypheans of the Jacobin party had presented a petition to the Assembly, in which they demanded that Louis XVI. should be no longer looked upon as king; the petition had been supported by a popular insurrection, raised by distributing money for that purpose, and in which Robespierre's voice had been heard crying out, "*All is lost*, my friends! *the king is saved!*" while at the point of rendezvous, in the Champ de Mars, a great number of emissaries had run from group to group, repeating, "The Bourbons must be driven out! the Assembly annihilated!"

Blood had flowed; the national guard had taken arms; martial law had been proclaimed; and many discharges of cannon had been necessary before the seditious could be brought to order, the municipal corps having effected it with difficulty.

I was solitary at Marseilles, impatient of the future, and with no other occupation than that of following, step by step, the course of occurrences. Independently of what I learnt by public rumour, I had some private correspondence, by which I knew that the officers of the different corps of the army were passing daily into foreign lands; many one by one, some in large bodies, according to the spirit of union which prevailed in their different corps, and to their respective positions. Word was sent me that the greater part of these had refused the oath, that others had fled on the day after they had taken it, and that M. de Bouillé, to whom a number of the regiments had despatched a deputation of officers to inquire his opinion, had replied at first that there were not two roads to be followed by a French officer!—while I also knew that, some time after, he had advised deferring a retreat, and even holding out as long as possible—the motives for which were, I judged, the anxiety of our princes to keep up intelligence with the frontier as long as it could be carried on; for M. Bouillé was at that epoch the hero of the royalist officers, and had just proved his devotion to the king in aiding his escape.

During this suspension of the royal authority, the National Assembly was occupied, without relaxation, in putting the last hand to the constitution, and on the fourth of December a deputation carried it to the king; on the eve of which De la Fayette went to the palace, to tell his majesty that the approaching presentation of the Constitutional Act authorized him to remove the guards placed over his person. "It is for the Assembly to have them removed, since it had them placed," replied the king,—and they were removed that day.

A few days after, the king, having examined the Constitutional Act, wrote to the Assembly that he accepted it. Upon reading this extraordinary news, all the strength would have forsaken my arm, if I had not known how circumstances will sometimes gain the mastery over men. This last action of his would have alarmed me much more for the future also, if my mind had not been full of his declara-

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tion; but as it was, it very much changed the position in which his officers had so recently found themselves, and it seemed now perhaps more excusable to wait even longer still, rather than leave that monarch alone in the midst of his enemies.

Day and night I thought over the part I ought to act. My colonel had just written to me to say that he had my captain's commission in his hands, and that he had kept it till now, not being willing to send an account of my absence to the minister, pressing me at the same time to profit by the opportunity still afforded me to return to my regiment.

To be a captain at four-and-twenty! I loved my profession—it had many charms for me; but, on the other hand, my father wrote to me, "It is with much uneasiness and grief that I know you are at Marseilles, where you may any moment become the victim of a popular tumult. I know that the spot to which honour calls you is far distant, but I hope that, with some precaution, and the aid of a little money which I send you, you may gain, in health and safety, the end at which so many whom you know are already arrived. The years and stations of men matter not; all the nobles, and many of the burghers of our province, are setting forth: I hesitate myself whether I shall not take the same step, for so are we daily menaced with becoming victims of our way of thinking; in that case, judge what might happen if you were not to follow the only part that those like you can take—I shudder to think of it!"

The reading this letter produced in my mind a calm which I cannot describe; for, however disposed I was to seek our princes, I needed the entire authorization of my father before I could take a determination so important, and which might one day endanger both his fortune and his life. This last reflection would not, perhaps, have struck me of itself, nor had I consulted only the letters written from Coblentz and Worms, where so many people, little habituated to misfortune, and unable to persuade themselves that the present evils could last long, were promising themselves and us that our holy cause could not fail to find defenders among the neighbouring monarchs, and that our princes had only to show themselves for the great majority of the nation to rise and reach out its hand to them; but a rich merchant of Marseilles, named Bergasse, who had formerly been in the college at Angers and knew my family, and whom I saw every day, a man of worth in every sense of the word, and of considerable knowledge, thought far otherwise, and, though the decided enemy of the revolution, never would hear of my going abroad. Feeling the painfulness of my position at Marseilles, he tried to be of use to me in every way that he could, encouraging me to confide in him with the greatest openness, and every day giving me fresh proofs of his friendship. I showed him my letters, and told him my thoughts, but he never would listen to anything on the subject of my leaving the country, opposing it with all the earnestness of friendship, and predicting to me the misfortunes that must result from such an enterprise, not only to the individuals undertaking it, but still more to their families and to all France.

I confess that, more than once, his arguments made a great impres-

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sion upon me; but I had only one answer to make—"What would you have me to do? I am a soldier; I owe a duty to my country; that country repels me; I can do nothing alone; I am, then, *constrained* to unite myself to the new gathering 'for the lilies,' which is taking place in Germany, at the voice of our princes, the brothers of our king. It is not for *me* to judge if they are right or wrong; I am to confide, for I am a subject and a soldier, and it is forbidden to *me* to reason upon a command. Can I sever myself from the nobles, of whom I am one? The die is cast! do not speak to me of it more!"

"I have nothing more to *say* to you," he replied. "I have done for you what I felt right towards one for whom I felt so much interest, but, now that your path is chosen, we must think of the means of executing your project with the least peril that we can. Is it by Geneva that you intend to go? If so, here is a letter to my brother at Lyons; he will procure you every means in his power to facilitate your passing the frontier—for you are aware that officers who leave their corps are declared deserters, independently of the decree which orders the arrest of all persons attempting to quit the kingdom." I embraced the generous merchant, exclaiming that I did not think there could be another like him in the world! His letter of recommendation contained simply these words—"I send you a fourth brother, who will convey to you this letter; do for him what you would for me, if *I* found myself in his place."

My route lay through Valence; could I pass through that garrison without seeing my colonel, to express my gratitude to him, and giving some signs of life to those of my comrades who retained any friendship for me? I foresaw some embarrassment attendant upon this, but the species of liberty which had just been restored to the king would serve me with an ample pretext for reappearing; and this circumstance deciding the question in my mind, I took my way to Valence, resolving to stay there but a very few days, and tell no one but a few friends my ulterior projects. My arrival appeared very natural to every one; it made some look black, and gave pleasure to others; and my tactics consisted in letting everybody think that I was returned permanently to my corps, without any project of absenting myself afresh; but it was vain to try, for the frankness with which I expressed myself about all that passed awoke them to my intentions, and many of my comrades took me aside to speak of them to me, seeking some of them to dissuade me, while I owned the fact to very few, lest I should expose myself to arrest, either in setting out from Valence or on the frontier, for the general clamour and rage against the officers who were daily quitting their corps was so great, that the clubs, designating them under the name of deserters, had proposed to run them down like wild beasts, and a month had not passed since the Legislative Assembly, which had replaced on the first of October the constituent one, had decreed the pain of death against them, a law which was, fortunately, rejected within three hours after by the king, who took advantage of his right of veto for that purpose.

Until my departure arrived, it was needful I should take the command of the company to which I was attached, and in which, as I said before, I had Buonaparte for my lieutenant, so that we had, in-

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dispensably, a good deal of connection; and the non-commissioned officers of the company, who happened to be precisely the men whose conduct had saved me on the day of the Viscount de Voisin's assassination, and appeared enchanted to have me to command them, confirmed what had been said to me about their lieutenant reading articles from the journals to them, a story which I was glad of an opportunity to ascertain the truth of. I thought I saw something ironical in their manner of replying; but I contented myself with telling them that *I* should read them no journals, that I should do all I could for their welfare, but that soldiers had enough duties to fulfil without occupying themselves with gazettes.

I remained fifteen days in this position, hoping to receive a letter from my father before embarking myself upon, as it were, a new world; and wishing also to receive eight or ten months' pay which was due to me; and at length, all my arrangements being taken for the day of my departure, and the time arrived, it was necessary, to remove all suspicion, that I should go, before starting, and exercise my company, after doing which I charged Buonaparte to re-conduct the troop to the barracks, (it was the last order I ever gave that officer, if such a word can be used at all in the military service between officers of nearly the same age, though of different grades,) and set off, a quarter of an hour afterwards, in full uniform, but with a burgher's riding habit under my arm, while, the better to break the scent, instead of following the route towards Dauphiné, I crossed the Rhone, to reach Tournon through Nivarais, travelling on foot, but very rapidly. I crossed the Rhone again at Tain, and, taking a chaise there, was conveyed directly up to the door of M. de Bergasse's house, at Lyons. This small subterfuge freed me from all troublesome inquisition on my way, and the note I was the bearer of procured me so kind and natural a welcome on the part of that amiable man and his young and lovely wife, that I could gladly have forgotten all my plans of emigration. This gentleman, as fine a character as he was firm a royalist, fulfilled towards me all the intentions of his brother, and could find, as he thought, no safer means of getting me out of France than to give me the title of a travelling porter from his house, with a letter and papers, and then send me off in the vehicle of the courier who carried despatches to Geneva, and who thought, no doubt, that I was carrying with me patterns of stuffs instead of papers upon artillery; with this man I arrived at Geneva, without any obstacle, in the month of October.

M. de Bergasse, honourable to the last, perished the victim of his noble sentiments, in the massacres ordered by the Convention, after the memorable siege of Lyons.

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THE COQUETTE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

" Then sees your heart wrecked, with an inward scoffing."
BYRON.

GUILEFUL is Beauty's smile,
Fond hearts may break the while,
It caring not—if other hearts arise,
To bow before the shrine
Of its loveliness divine,
And bleed, alas! a Moloch sacrifice!

Even if Hope be won—
Oh! who dare trust it?—none!
'Tis ONLY hope—and may again deceive,
Yet, I will trust it—*I*,
(Shadowless phantasy,)
Lovely a moment, truth it to believe!

If woman could conceive
Those smiles make others grieve—
Those heartless smiles!—from torturing she'd abstain;
Though anxious to inspire
Love's universal fire,
'Tis not her nature to give needless pain.

O Pride, thou basilisk—
Thou spot on the sun's disc
By heaven ordain'd man's pathway to illume;
By thy deceptive arts,
Thou bane of tender hearts,
Life's young Aurora is enwrapp'd in gloom!

'Tis the soul's destiny
But ONE on earth to see
Which can to LOVE its gentlest pulses move;
That, failing to obtain
Unmitigated pain,
Must be its doom—it never more CAN love!

Oh! such has been my fate,
Instructing me too late
To anchor on the hope of Beauty's truth,
Is thy roadstead, despair—
Many have shipwreck'd there;
And WILL, alas! Oh! MANY, for their ruth!

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THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER.

The violence of the storm seemed to increase the longer it lasted; the winds howled most terrifically, and beat with almost unparalleled fury against the massive walls of a venerable edifice, the only object of human creation, for miles around, which opposed anything like effectual opposition to its impetuosity. But these massive walls were not of yesterday's erection; they were the work of a far gone century, and had become so accustomed, as it were, to the whims, caprices, and vulgar passions of the rude and stormy elements, that they stood perfectly unconcerned in the midst of their fury, and laughed their rage to scorn. Could the ancient and venerable stone and mortar have found a tongue upon such occasions, they would most probably have quoted Shakspeare, and given vent to the following speech of the indignant Brutus to the storming and exasperated Cassius:

> "Fret till your proud heart break;
> Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
> And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
> Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
> Under your testy humour? By the gods,
> You shall digest the venom of your spleen
> Though it do split you!"

The short winter's day had waned, and with the dark and cheerless night the heavy fall of snow, which had continued with but little interruption for the preceding two or three days, increased rather than diminished; but notwithstanding this unfavourable disposition of the elements, several dark looking figures, armed with long sticks, and some of them with spades, shovels, and ropes, and attended by a number of dogs of a noble breed and majestic size, were seen issuing from the building. They divided into little groups, and taking different directions, were soon lost in the increasing darkness. They were monks from the Hospitium on the Great St. Bernhard, a class of men who are ever ready and willing to sacrifice their lives in the exercise of the most difficult and disinterested duty.

But violent as the storm was without, and calculated as the noisy and boisterous elements were to freeze the very blood in the human veins, the refectory of the hospitable monastery offered, as it always does, a secure and comfortable asylum. On the evening to which we would direct our readers' attention,—it was an evening in the dreary month of November,—there were but few travellers in the monastery. The long tables in the refectory were nearly empty, and but at one, the nearest to the cheering fire, a small party were assembled. They consisted of travellers from Aosta, who had been detained here several days by the severity of the weather. The punch-bowl before them sent up its curling steam, and from the rapidity with which its contents threatened to disappear, it was evident that the wearied and jaded travellers were zealously endeavouring to forget the violence of the storm without by making all comfortable and warm within.

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"Do but listen," said a young man, replacing his glass upon the table, and casting an inquiring eye into the centre of the bowl,—"do but listen; why, there's the bell going again, as I live; that melancholy signal of frozen limbs and a snowy winding sheet."

"A party of travellers from St. Pierre are expected," replied a sallow looking Italian, whose dingy complexion and small black eyes strangely contrasted with the open expression of sincerity so remarkable in the countenance of the youth. "They were expected yesterday, and well founded apprehensions for their safety occasion this unusual bustle amongst the inmates; they have been on the look out the whole day—nay, some of them, I hear, were out the whole night; an agreeable occupation at this delightful season of the year."

"At any rate," observed the other, "though perhaps not so very agreeable, still an enviable one. If I were a catholic, I would end my days on the St. Bernhard."

"You are then a heretic, maestro?" replied the Italian, with a suspicious glance; "and pray what business have you, as such, in our blessed Italy? Why don't you remain at home in your cold and inhospitable north?"

"Love for my art drove me there;—a still greater love for my country, that cold and inhospitable north, as you are pleased to term it, signor, drives me back again;—besides, if you must know the truth, I did not exactly find what was the grand object of my search."

"Is it possible?" asked the Italian, surprised. "You did not find the object of your search? Perhaps you did not make proper use of your eyes, or had expected too much, as is not unfrequently the case with those who visit our beautiful country—eh? Can you anywhere meet with more glorious paintings than those of a Raphael, of a Guido Reni, of a Corregio, and a hundred other masters in the sublime art?"

"I don't know," replied the youth. "I sought, if I may so express myself, the pictures, which, as it were, live within me, whose existence I feel, but neither colour nor tone is able to reproduce and hold before the eye of others. The more I gaze upon the wonderful and no less beautiful creations of your masters, the less clear are the forms and shapes, the visionary creations of my own imagination,—the more distinctly I am made sensible that I am receding further and further from the object I had in view. I feel within me an impulse to create, not merely to imitate the creations of others, beautiful though they be,—to awake the genius that lies slumbering in my heart, rather than servilely to follow in the track which the genius of others has beaten out. You need not scowl at me so terrifically, signor; I say it without the least wish, the most distant intention to detract from the merits of the mighty men to whom you have alluded; but the fact is, this self-genius, of which I just now spoke, is a very timid, coy, and bashful young gentleman, and when I look upon the productions of your most celebrated artists, he creeps into the innermost recesses of his nest, and ceases for the time being to exist. Now, you see, this is not exactly what I wished,—this is not altogether the object I had in view in visiting your country. There are imitators enough; I will not increase the number. Raphael himself would never have become

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the Raphael he subsequently was, if he had not followed the bent of his own inspiration and the whisperings of his own genius. The whole character of the German, his sensibilities, his conceptions, are altogether different from those of the Italian; besides the times are altered. A German painter, provided the genius of his art really lives within him, should never put his foot on the Italian soil; his aim should be to attain the purpose for which nature designed him,—a German painter, and not half German and half Italian."

"Well, you have certainly most strange ideas upon the subject," replied the Italian; "I dare say the long, pale-faced, and misproportioned figures of the *German School*, as you proudly call it, are more in accordance with your taste."

"These times are also past and gone, and our schools may now vie with yours without any hesitation or fear. We are the bursting rose, my good gentleman,—if you will allow me the very agreeable figure at this flowerless season of the year,—your leaves, on the other hand, rose leaves though they be, have faded, and are mouldering with the earth they cover. We live in the beautiful spring-time of the art, and with us there is no doubt but that the sun in its own due time will reach the zenith; you, on the contrary, are pretty far advanced in winter, and have nothing to refresh you but the flowers—not scentless, though withered—that blossomed in spring."

"It would seem to be the fashion with you Germans to lay great stress upon your nationality," replied the Italian, with a degree of bitterness in his tone, which there was no mistaking. "I should very much like to know wherein this boasted nationality consists. And then, as regards your schools of painting, can they lay claim to the least originality? No, no! Do what you will, you will never—you can never arrive to any perfection in the art; it is totally impossible; your very natures, like your climate, are much too cold and icy. It is only beneath the light of an unclouded heaven, where the rays of the glorious sun are unimpeded by the exhalations of a damp and boggy earth, where the blood runs in fiery streams through the veins, where the brain is, as it were, under the immediate inspiration of the God of Light himself, so that it creates images, at which, in subsequent hours of cooler judgment, the very creator himself looks surprised;—it is, I say, in countries only like these where art can arrive at perfection."

"Believe me, my good sir, the images of which you speak, were never created by what I call the Genius of Art; they are nothing but the sickly and ridiculous excrescences of a overheated fancy, no creations of a pure and holy inspiration."

"What's the use of disputing, sirs," interrupted another of the party, "don't you see the punch is getting cold? You are chattering so much about the spring and summer, and forget, meanwhile, the winter, which seems fully resolved to keep us prisoners on this highest inhabited spot in Europe. Do but hark how the wind howls down the chimney, for all the world as if a dozen devils or more were confined in it against their will. What's the matter now, brother Enrico? Where are you hurrying to?" asked he, addressing a monk who was hastening through the apartment.

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"Most likely some accident has happened," replied he; "one of the dogs has just come back in the direction from St. Pierre. We are going on the search, but shall leave two of our brothers behind to wait on you."

"And what makes you think that some accident has happened?" asked the young painter, eagerly.

"The dog is very urgent to return; you may depend upon it, there are some human beings in great distress, if not already dead."

"Well, then, take me with you; two extra arms may be of some service to you."

"You would but impede us," replied the monk; "you don't know the paths,—you are unacquainted with the means of making your way with safety in the deep snow; we should have to keep a look out on you, instead of helping the others. Your good intentions do you credit; but it would be madness to attempt to put them into practice."

The conversation of the party now turned upon subjects which bore reference to events that had taken place in or near the edifice, under whose sheltering roof they were now assembled, and numerous conjectures were started as to the termination of the expedition which had just left the monastery.

Several hours passed over, when a noise was heard in the court, and from the window, which looked out upon the back buildings, the light of the lamps exposed to uncertain view a number of figures, slowly approaching the house. It was not long before the door of the apartment, in which our party were sitting, was opened. Two monks, in their brown and now dripping cloaks, carried on a kind of chair a female, carefully wrapped up in mantles and furs; to these succeeded two others with a similar burthen. At their side were three gentlemen, together with the remaining inmates of the house. There was something very picturesque and imposing in the group, thus suddenly brought before the eyes. The silence of the *tableaux* was presently broken by the kind and anxious inquiries of the gentlemen.

"How do you find yourself now, Helen? And you, dear Mary, how are you?" were questions which, almost simultaneously, escaped their trembling lips, and were addressed to the two females.

"I am well, quite well, thanks to the extreme kindness of these holy men," replied the younger, rising and throwing off her cloak. "How shall we ever be able to repay them for the services they have so generously done us?"

"We have done nothing more, mademoiselle," said one of the brothers, a tall and sombre looking man, "than was our duty; we should have been deserving of the severest censure had we hesitated to comply with its injunctions. Not to us, but to the Almighty, your thanks are due. Let us, meanwhile, pray for the soul of him, who, in all probability, will never again see the light of day. The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" At these words the whole party bared their heads, and, with the exception of the wind, which still continued to howl with unabated fury, a solemn silence reigned for some minutes in the room.

"And how do you feel now, Mary?" asked the elder of the travellers again. "I trust you feel no inconvenience from the cold or fright."

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"Weak, very weak, dearest brother;—you may well say, cold and fright; I shall never get over it! If you could but get me some tea—do, dearest brother, or I shall certainly faint!"

"Come, come, good sister, bear up as well as you can; depend upon it, these good men, who so readily exposed their own lives in the preservation of yours, are amply provided with the means of cheering and supporting the exhausted body."

"Tea shall be provided directly," replied one of the monks; "but it would, methinks, be better first to change your dress. There are some rooms up stairs well warmed at your disposal."

"Without doubt—it would be much better—certainly," replied the elder of the ladies, who had been addressed with the name of Mary. "Come, Helen; I declare I feel perfectly ashamed of myself. I look such a blouzy-bess; I do verily believe I have not got a bit of cap left upon my head;—goodness gracious! do but think, Helen; O dear—O dear!" exclaimed she, convinced of her loss, and applying herself with great zeal to a more careful arrangement of the few greyish locks, which time had left her, "what are we poor women not exposed to, when we, in the weakness of our hearts, suffer ourselves to be persuaded to put our foot out of England! Had any one told me that I should have been obliged to show myself in the company of men, in such a condition!——O dear! O dear! would to God I had never left England—dear England!"

"Dearest sister," replied the brother, in a tone of gentle raillery, "the loss you have sustained is, after all, but a trifle, and may soon be made good."

"Made good, man!" what are you talking about?" observed the lady, with a deep-drawn sigh. "What is done can't be undone; I have been seen in such a condition;—what can make *that* good?"

The whole party were soon again reassembled in the refectory; the well-dressed viands, and the refreshing and warming tea, recovered the spirits of the strangers, and called up that comfortable disposition of feeling, which is generally experienced when the danger and provocation to which we have been exposed is succeeded by security and plenty.

"You must indeed have been in great danger," observed the young painter, in reply to the younger of the ladies, who had been describing the adventures of the day. "What a state of anxiety you must have been in!"

"You may indeed say so, young gentleman," replied the elder lady, whose tresses were now concealed beneath a cap of most colossal dimensions. "You may well say so. I do assure you, when I heard them all crying out, a Lavine—a Lavine! Quick—quick! save yourselves! it was as if my feet had been made of lead; I could not move from the place, and had not my brother taken me up in his arms, I should most undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice—have met with the fate of the unfortunate Frenchman, who travelled in company with us from Martigny."

"It is possible that the endeavours of the monks may prove successful in saving him yet; there are instances in abundance on record of persons having been dug out of the snow and recalled to life."

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"Such will not be the case in the present instance; the man is dead, and all endeavours will prove futile!" interrupted a voice at the lower end of the table, in a slow and sonorous tone. These words proceeded from a tall, bony man, with a bald head, although by no means advanced beyond the middle age. No one knew who he was, or where he came from; he had been overtaken during the day by the English family, and been exposed to the dangers which had threatened them."

"How are you able to say this with such certainty?" asked the elder Englishman, after a short pause. "If I am not mistaken, you were amongst the foremost of our party, and can consequently know no more of the subsequent fate of our companion than we do."

"And still I know for a positive certainty that he is dead; for," added he, somewhat mysteriously, "I saw his corpse the day before yesterday, and knew at once that he would die to-day."

"That sounds very strange;—perhaps, my good sir, heaven may still will it, that your dream may not be realised."

"Dream? Think you then it was but a dream? No, no! It was but a vision, if you will,—but, unfortunately, it is not the first I have had, and they have all foreboded the future but too truly."

"Explain yourself, my good sir; you would not surely wish to prove the death of a person, merely by reference to fairy tales and visions! Spirits and beings of this ethereal nature have become so very rare in our times, that it must be looked upon as an instance of particular good fortune, to make their acquaintance."

"I wish from my heart I could say as much!" replied the other, slowly. "I would willingly give all I possess—all I ever hope to possess—could I say as much! But why should I weary you and myself with repeating what you would still look upon as delusion,—dreams, or fairy tales!"

"O pray, do tell us what you mean!" exclaimed the young painter. "It cannot be denied but that there is some truth in the doctrine you maintain; and I, for my part, must say, I should be the very last to question it, and more particularly since actual experience has added confirmation to a creed, which the very wisest and best have more or less entertained."

"I assure you, if you have anything to communicate on this interesting subject," observed the younger of the Englishmen, in an encouraging tone, "we shall all be very happy to hear it." And as the rest all joined in the entreaty, the bald-headed gentleman yielded to their pressing request.

"My relation," commenced he, "is simple and short. You must know I am tormented with an unfortunate ability, which enables me to see the dead bodies of those persons with whom I am more closely connected, three days before their dissolution takes place, in the exact state and condition in which the agonies of the parting hour leave them. I have been endowed with this dreadful foresight since my fourteenth year, and I am sure I need not tell you that it has robbed my days of peace, and my nights of rest. Just fancy to yourselves the person sitting before you in social conversation, perhaps the being you most love on earth, in the very vigour and beauty of youth and

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health, suddenly changing his appearance, assuming all at once the paleness and the ghastliness of death, and you will then be able to judge of my feelings. The vision lasts only some seconds; but let the time be what it may, and let me be where I may, it invariably shows itself three days before the death of the person whose fate it thus makes known to me. I was once induced to warn a young and beautiful maiden, with whom I was most closely connected, and whom I had seen the evening before as a disfigured and bleeding corpse, of her approaching death. The state of her feelings for the ensuing three days is not to be conceived, much less described. She never left her room, and I myself was determined not to move from her side. At the appointed time, a part of the ceiling of the room in which we were sitting fell, and crushed the unhappy girl. I, who was within a few paces of the place where she was standing, remained unhurt! Since that time I have never communicated to the person immediately interested the unfortunate knowledge I thus mysteriously acquire." The speaker paused, and for some time no one ventured to break the dead silence which his relation had occasioned.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed at length the elder of the ladies; "there's something quite awful in the idea of being in company with such a man, and God knows, how many days he has been travelling with us! Only think, Helen, if he should have seen my corpse! The very thought is sufficient to throw one into fits."

"You need be under no uneasiness whatever about that matter," replied the bald-headed gentleman: "I assure you, I never saw you otherwise than I have the pleasure of seeing you now,—in the best health possible, with every prospect of enjoying it for years to come."

"But say," interrupted the younger of the Englishmen, "do you mean to assert that you saw the dead body of the unfortunate Francois?"

"It is now about three days since, at five o'clock in the evening, we were sitting together in the hotel at Martigny over a bottle of St. Peray. He was in the best spirits possible, and speaking of his beautiful bride, and the hopes he entertained of soon leading her to the altar,—when, all at once, a corpse, stiff, cold, and pale, lay before me; his black hair hung in disorder over his convulsed features—his clothes were wet and covered with snow. The vision lasted only a minute, but I knew full well what it portended."

Before a second question could be addressed to the speaker, the attention of the party was directed to the slow and measured pacing of steps in the adjoining corridor. The door opened, and two or three of the monks, covered with snow, entered the room, carrying a bier. No one ventured to break the silence which the interruption occasioned; every eye was directed to the bier. The covering was removed, and to the indescribable astonishment and awe of the beholders, the body of the young Francois was exposed to view, in the exact condition in which the bald-headed gentleman had described having seen him.

For those whom long and frequent custom has not reconciled to the view, there is something indescribably awful in the stiff and convulsed

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appearance of a dead human body. Even those who can look forward to the closing hour without being more than usually excited, whose bosoms do not become impressed with more than usual apprehension and alarm, when the subject occupies their attention, whose belief is so firmly anchored on the hope, nay the conviction, of a life beyond the dark and dismal precincts of the tomb—even for these, there is something in the appearance of a corpse which is startling and appalling.

The dead body of the young Francois made this impression upon the whole party, and this was still strengthened by the strange and singular disclosure which had just been made them respecting it. But of the whole company there was not one more sensibly affected than the bald-headed gentleman himself: the very muscles of his face were convulsed; his eyes appeared starting out of their sockets, and his whole body greatly agitated.

"It is strange," exclaimed the younger Englishman, "it is *very* strange! there he lies just as he described him;—but still this mysterious story shall not prevent us from using every means in our power to recall him unto life."

"They will be useless—quite useless," muttered the other, holding the dead man's hand between his own. "All is perfectly useless,—he will never wake again in this world!"

The monks carried the body out of the room, and assured the company that every possible attempt should be made to recall life; "although," added the elder, "I must say, I doubt very much of success. An experience of many years has enabled me to speak with some decision on cases of this nature. It is not the severity of the weather which has benumbed, as it might seem, the limbs of the young man; it is rather the fall of snow which has smothered him."

The monk retired, and left the company in a state of excited feeling and apprehension. But in spite of the antipathy we involuntarily feel in the presence of a corpse, and opposed as the contemplation of the spiritless body is to the throbbing life within us, we still feel and acknowledge an irresistible impulse, which drives us on to penetrate, if possible, the dark and gloomy empire, to which the object before us now belongs. Whether it be the anxious desire to learn something of that secret and undefined continuation of spiritual existence after the prostration of the body, or the unconscious connexion in which we still remain with the soul of the departed, we seldom let an opportunity escape of approaching somewhat nearer in our attempts to explore the secrets of that bourne from whence no traveller returns. The dread and awful feelings which take possession of our soul, which make our blood run cold, and raise the stiffening hair upon our heads, we do not avoid, we do not endeavour to banish; on the contrary, we encourage them; and even the weakest and the most timid natures are not able to withstand the mysterious charm of entering into closer connexion with the world of spirits, either by self-experience, or listening to the relations of others.

Such was the case with the present company; there was not one of them, not even the two ladies, who was not desirous, in their present

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state of feeling, to have other proofs brought forward, by which the secret connexion of the living with the dead might be more clearly established.

The younger Englishman seemed to be more affected than any of the party; a deadly paleness sate upon his noble features.

"Did you not say," observed Lord Clairford, the younger of the Englishmen, addressing the German painter; "did you not say, that an occurrence of a somewhat similar nature had once happened to you—somewhat similar I mean to that of my travelling companion at the other end of the table? I am sure I am but expressing the wishes of the party at large when I request you to make us acquainted with it."

"I should have no objection in the world," replied the painter, "to tell you my adventure, if I had not reason to apprehend, that my conduct might, in some respects, draw upon me the disapprobation of the ladies."

"O don't let that prevent you; the ladies, I am sure, will be indulgent for once," answered Clairford.

"Do let us hear your adventure, sir," added the elder of the ladies; "I assure you, I am ready to sink into the earth for very fear and dread at present; but the fact is, if I don't know your history, I shall picture it to myself perhaps worse than it really is."

"On a tour in the Albanian mountains," commenced the painter, "I sojourned for some time in a most beautifully situated little village. The cottages and some few larger houses were picturesquely grouped on the banks of the rapid and chafing rivulet which gave additional beauty and animation to the scenery, surrounded by sombre firs and stupendous rocks. On a somewhat more elevated position than the other dwelling houses, were the dilapidated remains of an edifice, in earlier times the family residence and castle of a wealthy nobleman, but at the time of which I am now speaking, the abode of a poor but industrious tiller of the soil. Towards evening, when you stood upon the open space before the ruins, and looked, as the sun sank into the golden clouds, into the peaceful vale below, the quiet and serenity which prevailed there would steal unconsciously into the bosom, and attune the soul to admiration and silent worship of its Creator. But it was not the beauty of the country alone which attracted me to the spot, and caused me to lengthen my stay from one day to another. In the farmer's house where I had taken up my residence, there blossomed a flower, so exquisitely lovely,—but I will not unnecessarily lengthen my narration by dwelling upon its beauty. I lived with Fiormona under the same roof, and the softness of her manners, and the beauty of her person, completely enchained me. Nor did she seem altogether insensible to my addresses; but her every look and motion was so rigorously guarded by an old aunt, that it was next to an impossibility to obtain, what I so ardently desired, a private interview with the niece. I verily believe the old woman hated me, not so much perhaps from having discovered the state of my feelings towards Fiormona, as from the simple circumstance that I was a stranger—a foreigner. She openly professed an insuperable aversion to all foreigners."

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"It would seem," interrupted the Italian, with a sardonic smile, "that the German Maestro has found more pleasure in our maidens than our pictures."

"We won't dispute on that point," retorted the painter, not without some embarrassment. "I am ready to confess that Italy possesses as great, nay, perhaps, on the whole, a greater share of female loveliness than any other country in the world. But to continue my tale. The triumph of outwitting two lovers has hitherto never been achieved, and in course of time, we found an opportunity of escaping the Argus eyes of the aunt, and exchanging our vows in secret. I begged—I entreated Fiormona to grant me a longer interview; she opposed to my entreaties the impossibility of absenting herself unperceived from her aunt; at length, however—what maiden can resist the entreaties of the man she loves?—she consented to my prayers, and promised to meet me the same night in my own apartment. The room, which had been placed at my disposal, was connected with the inhabited part of the house only by a narrow corridor, such as are frequently met with in old buildings and monastic edifices, and was immediately contiguous to the dilapidated and at that time perfectly untenanted part of the ancient castle. It was here I awaited Fiormona. The moon shone brightly, and cast a magic light upon the deserted and comfortless courtyard of the castle. Ten o'clock struck; I counted the minutes, the quarter—the half-hours; my pulse throbbed; the fever of expectation burnt within my veins. Those only who have experienced the torture of such a state of excitation, can form an idea of my feelings. I paced softly up and down the room, and bent my ear towards the door, in the hopes of hearing steps upon the corridor. I opened it cautiously, and gazed out upon the darkness beyond; I returned as stealthily to my couch, and endeavoured to compose my excited feelings; but not for one moment could I obtain the repose I sought. My eye wandered involuntarily through the apartment; I scarcely drew my breath, that I might hear the more distinctly. Thus passed one quarter of an hour after another. The moon became partly concealed behind the branches of a mulberry tree which grew on the walls of the castle, and the fantastic shadows of the leaves danced about the floor of the room. Midnight arrived; not a sound was to be heard;—my hopes began to sink; when all at once, upon my turning my eyes towards the door, I observed a female figure standing at some distance from me. It was my beloved Fiormona. With a slow and noiseless step she approached my couch, and presently stood close before me. I endeavoured to speak, but was not able to utter a word; I stretched out my hand, but grasped nothing;—it was as if my arm met with no opposition—as if it passed through an icy current of air. A shriek resounded from the middle of the room. I looked and beheld Fiormona, and at the same moment, and just as distinctly, the other mysterious figure, which still stood before me. A moment after the latter had disappeared, and I hastened to Fiormona's assistance. Scarcely had she recovered, when, trembling in every limb, she immediately prepared to leave the room. "Away! away!" whispered she. "Haste! leave this house, or some grievous calamity will overtake either thee or me—if it be not already too late!"

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"'Remain, dearest Fiormona, I conjure thee remain;—speak, beloved, what has terrified thee so?'

"'Didst thou not see her?' asked she, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, and looking about with terror depicted on her countenance—'didst thou not see her? She stood close before thee;—away, away, or we are both lost!'

"'And didst thou, too, see yon figure?' asked I, whilst the blood was running cold in my veins. 'It was, then, no picture of my own fancy?'

"'Leave the house, Carlo—I entreat thee, leave the house—for me thou shalt never see again!'

"'And who is yonder enigmatical being?'

"'Don't ask me, don't ask me! She may return, and her second appearance brings death!'

"She hurried from the room. The following morning I left the place. The beautiful Fiormona I have never seen since."

"And you really believe, sir," asked the elder of the Englishmen, "that the figure whose appearance alarmed you so mightily was anything more than the creation of your own excited feelings?"

"I am firmly convinced that it was no creation of my fancy," replied the painter, "for I distinctly saw, at one and the same time, two female beings in my room; and how was it possible that Fiormona should have beheld the mysterious figure, had it been, as you would imply, but a creation of *my* imagination alone?"

"Deception—nothing but optical illusion!" replied Lord Dawson, laughing. "In all probability, the figure which stood close before you was nothing more than Fiormona's shadow, which, owing to the impartial light in the apartment, you both fancied to behold in an upright position. That it disappeared upon Fiormona's fainting is natural enough, and thus, you see, the whole mysterious phenomenon is most satisfactorily explained. With respect to the light of the moon, and the numerous optical deceptions to which it frequently gives rise, I myself can give you a most striking instance. I woke one night, upon my travels—and the room which I occupied was well calculated for an interview with spirits and goblins—and saw, as clearly as I see you now, a nun, in the full dress of her order, standing at the window. Her head, carefully covered up in her capuchin, was sunk upon her bosom, and there she stood, the very image of life, but perfectly immoveable. I partly rose from my bed, that I might the more closely examine the figure. I called to it, but received no answer. At length I sprang up, and hastened towards the spot—and what do you think it was?—nothing more nor less than a large towel, which hung upon a nail in the window-frame. I burst out into a loud laugh, and crept into bed again. Now, you see what a very pretty tale, properly dressed out, this adventure might have given rise to; and, depend upon it, all stories of a similar kind are founded on similar optical delusions—excited imagination, deception of the light, and not unfrequently a certain desire, which some persons possess, of being able to tell a good story, and, in spite of the incredibility of the incidents, to enlist the attention of the weak and credulous," added he, with a sharp look directed towards the bald-headed gentleman—"depend upon it, these are the only causes of all such miraculous stories."

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"I assure you, sir," replied the corpse-seer, "no one can more sincerely wish your exposition of these affairs were correct than I. As I said before, I would willingly give all I possess if I were no longer condemned to see death and corruption where others behold but health and joyousness of heart and elasticity of spirit. You have every reason to be grateful that you do not belong to those who stand in closer connexion with the world of spirits. But surely, because you yourself have not made the experience—because, upon the whole, there are but few upon whom this ability—a power so revolting to humanity—is conferred, to deny all connexion between the departed and the living, is nothing more than to designate as false what we ourselves have not seen or experienced."

"Be assured, sir," added the painter, "the figure which I saw was not the shadow of Fiormona, and for this reason—it is impossible, because the light of the moon fell through the window on the same side of the room where my bed stood; besides, I saw it even after Fiormona had fainted, and most distinctly watched it fade, as it were, into nothingness."

"Believe what you please," replied Lord Dawson, "but of this be assured, no one shall ever make me believe such nonsense. In old England," added he, smiling, and lifting up his glass—"in old England, it is not the world of spirits, but the human, the creative, the thinking, the speculative spirit, which is in constant action!"

"And yet," said Lord Clairford, hesitatingly, "I have very lately been induced to doubt whether the generally-spread belief, that the departed are permitted, under certain and inexplicable conditions, to take upon them the visible human form, is not to be considered as something more than mere optical deception, or the misrepresentations of an excited imagination,"

"What! and you too?" exclaimed Lord Dawson. "You, whom I have so frequently heard ridicule the opinion, and call all such stories the invention of old women? I must confess, Clairford, this observation, from you, surprises me not a little—more, much more, than all I have hitherto heard."

"You will not refuse to tell us your adventure, I hope," observed the painter.

"The experience I have made on this subject is of no very ancient date; the event to which I allude occurred this very summer."

"This very summer!" exclaimed Miss Mary. "Goodness gracious! you don't say so! Why, I dare say now I played a part in it, and know nothing at all about it. I entreat you, Lord Clairford, don't entangle me in the affair, if you can possibly avoid it. I fully believe in the existence of ghosts, spirits, and goblins, and should die from very fear if I were to learn that one had been in my room, or even in the house where I was sojourning—I am sure it would be the death of me!"

"If such be really the case," replied his lordship with a smile, "I am sure the company will excuse me from telling the story, that I may not have so heavy a sin upon my conscience as the death of Miss Mary Dawson."

"And is it, then, really so?" sighed the elderly young lady. "And the matter, you say, concerns me so nearly? Well, then, I must say,

I think it would be kinder in you to acquaint me with the particulars at once, that my imagination may not get the better of my reason, and that I may know the worst, instead of guessing at it by degrees. Goodness gracious! what strange things do take place as soon as one sets one's foot out of old England!"

"Come, come, Clairford, let's hear this wonderful story," cried Lord Dawson. I must say, I am not a little curious to know what it's all about."

"All who have had an opportunity of visiting the Rhine," commenced Clairford," will have treasured up in their fondest memory the beautifully situated city of Bonn. In coming down the noble stream, it is the last, though not the least, spot of loveliness upon which the traveller's eye rests. The noble chain of mountains, which rise from the very shores of the river, tower aloft, one above another, in the most picturesque forms, seeming, as it were, in the very act of bidding one last farewell to the departing stranger. From this point, the country further northward loses, all at once, its peculiar charm, and the flatness of the scenery which succeeds is rendered doubly wearying and uninteresting by the remembrance of the grandeur and beauty which ushered it in.

"On the left shore of the stream, nearly half a mile distant from Bonn, on the summit of a beautiful hill, is situated the Kreuzkirche. From this eminence, to which an alley of sombre-looking fir trees conducts, the eye looks down upon a landscape which, for quiet loveliness, is perhaps not equalled in the four quarters of the globe. I need scarcely say that we ascended the Kreuzberg. The church itself contains much that is worthy the attention of the visitor. Amongst other curiosities and sacred reliques, there is a species of *dead cellar*, which is remarkable for having preserved, in an undecayed state, the bodies of the monks buried in them. The vault itself is neither very spacious nor very high, and the air, which with difficulty forces its way into this subterraneous recess, affects the lungs, and produces an unpleasant feeling of inquietude and restlessness in the whole body. Our guide, one of the priests of the church, took much pains in explaining to us the several curiosities of this repository for the dead, but, as I am one of those who pay but little attention to explanations given upon such subjects, and am fonder of contemplating undisturbed than listening to a string of words which I but partially understand, I had left the party some few paces behind me, attracted by the serious, brown, and parchment-looking countenance of one of the sleepers. The more I looked at, the more his peculiar and strongly-marked features seemed to chain me to the spot; the long, curved nose, the straight and strongly-marked eyebrows, the serious, dark-looking eye, small mouth and thin lips, and the long, dark and curling beard—I felt as if urged by some inexplicable feeling to ask him how long he had been sleeping there, and as if, supposing the question had been really made, I should have received an answer. I remember very well smiling at my folly, and could not help stroking the hard and wizened face of the old man. All at once the thought struck me, whether it would not be possible to possess myself of some part of his dress or person. I raised his hand, or rather the fingers of the hand, like

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those of a skeleton, yet covered with a brown and hardened skin. I attempted to break off one of them—selected the middle finger—and pulled hard, backwards and forwards, to effect my purpose. With some difficulty I succeeded, and at the very moment when I separated the finger from the hand, a strange sound, something like the groan of a person in acute bodily pain, resounded through the vault."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Mary—"to be sure; I remember it very well; what a groan it was! O dear! O dear!—and that in my presence too!"

"And I too," added the younger lady, timidly—"I remember hearing the noise quite distinctly."

"We all of us heard it," observed Lord Dawson; "it even excited the notice of our guide; but nothing is more natural. Why should not the fracture of such an old tough material as a dead monk's bone cause such a sound? But with respect to the sigh, or groan, to which you are pleased to compare it, why, I suppose this is but another of those pretty decorations which are deemed indispensable on such occasions."

"Not at all," interrupted Miss Mary—"I tell you it was for all the world like a groan—a heavy groan—the groan of a person in great bodily agony."

"It is a great pity that you should make this important discovery but *now*, dear sister; I don't remember that you were struck with the similarity at the time."

"The fact is, I was too much affected—I could not speak."

"Well, never mind, Mary; let Clairford go on with his story; for, surely, the whole matter is not terminated with this groan—that would be a great pity."

"I put the finger in my pocket," continued Clairford, "and, upon my return to the inn, carefully deposited it in my trunk, with the other curiosities I had collected upon the journey. We were all in the best spirits possible in the evening. The comfortable hotel upon the fairy island of Nonnenwörth, its lovely situation, and the good viands, did not fail to produce a cheering effect. Although the original religious destination of the building is still discernible, from the peculiar construction of the apartments, its present arrangements are on such a style of elegance and comfort, that the stranger and sojourner has nothing left to wish for.

"Weary with the fatigues of the day's travel, I no sooner sought my bed than I fell asleep. How long I slept I am not able to say with any certainty. I awoke suddenly, and fancied I heard somebody pronounce my name in an under voice. That I was perfectly awake, I know for an undoubted certainty, and I am so thoroughly convinced on this point, that no one shall ever persuade me that what I saw was nothing but the creation of the fancy or the images of a dream. I was, as I said before, wide awake and perfectly master of my powers of mind, though not of those of my body; for I was not able to move a single limb, or even to open my eyes, and yet I could distinctly perceive every object in the room—as distinctly as if it had been noonday. Close to my trunk stood the monk I had seen the day before, in the vaults under the Kreuzkirche; and although his complexion

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was as dark, and in every respect as much like that of a mummy, as he had appeared to me in his coffin, his features were now more discernible, and the long, curved nose, the serious, dark-lookingeyes, the small mouth and thin lips, were each and all, if possible, more distinct than I had noticed them before.

"The monk stood close to my box, and was tumbling and tossing over its contents. Presently the paper, in which the finger was wrapped up, fell into his hands. He took it out, and attempted with visible anxiety to fasten it on his hand again. At every attempt the finger fell upon the ground; I heard it fall most distinctly. The monk picked it up, and recommenced his futile attempt. After some time he wrapped it up again in the paper, and deposited it in the exact place where he had found it. Upon this he turned round, and cast an angry look upon me. I lay as if entranced; I could neither move hand nor foot, but an indescribable shudder ran through my whole frame; this increased to such a degree upon the monk's approaching my bed, that I was in a state bordering on distraction. I tried all I could to call out—to spring from my bed—but 'twas to no purpose. The monk came close up to my bed, and gazed upon me in so piercing a manner, that I felt as if two red hot bars of iron proceeded from his eyes and entered my body. After a short time, he lifted up his hand, on which I could most distinctly see there were but four fingers, and repeatedly stroked my face. I felt most distinctly the four fingers on my face, and the stump of the fifth hit against my nose and mouth. After some moments the monk retired to the foot of my bed and gradually disappeared. By degrees I reobtained the use of my limbs; I opened my eyes; the room was perfectly dark, there was nothing to be seen. I sprang from my bed, groped through the apartment, examined every nook and corner, fully convinced that I should discover my tormentor, and as fully determined to strangle him or perish myself in the endeavour. But finding nothing, I rang the bell and ordered candles. There was nothing to be seen in the apartment to confirm the belief of a mysterious visitor. I opened my trunk; every thing was as I had left it; upon taking out the finger, it appeared as if the paper had been somewhat more crumpled than was the case when I first wrapped it up, but nothing more. What I have now told you, I most solemnly assure you I *saw*, although my eyes were closed; and distinctly *felt*, although deprived of the use of my limbs."

"Clairford, Clairford! is it possible? in every other respect such a reasonable man!" laughed Lord Dawson. "No,—I should not have believed it, had I not heard it from your own lips. Why, in the name of heaven, what doubt can there be on the subject? You had a dream, an unpleasant dream, most assuredly,—but nothing more. And can you for a single moment have entertained a different view of the matter?"

"Laugh as you please, and think what you please, Lord Dawson; *I* know full well that it was *no* dream; that I was as wide awake as I am at this moment; none shall ever convince me to the contrary."

"Surely to goodness you threw the horrible finger away the very next morning, Clairford?" asked Miss Mary, with visible signs of terror depicted on her countenance.

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"That I did not; on the contrary, I must say it has acquired additional worth in my estimation from this very circumstance. We shall see whether the monk intends to renew his visit;—if he do not——"

"Besides," interrupted Lord Dawson, "you will perhaps remember, Clairford, that we had indulged rather too freely in the fiery Johannisberg on this said evening."

"And you still have the finger in your possession?" continued Miss Mary, without noticing her brother's interruption—"here—here, in this frightful monastery, where—O dear! O dear!" exclaimed she, pressing her hand to her eyes, and drawing up closer to her brother.

"All our endeavours have proved futile," said one of the monks, who had entered the apartment unperceived. "The young man is dead, and is deposited for recognition in the vaults!"

THE FALLEN PINE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

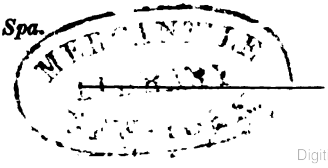
In the virgin forests of America, it is not unusual to discover the trunks of immense trees which have fallen by the decay of nature—the growth of centuries destroyed only by the hand of time. [The following words have been set to music by Mr. Henry Russell, the American vocalist and composer.]

Thou art prostrate in the forest, thou art fallen, stately Pine!
But the woodsman ne'er hath mangled that old hoar trunk of thine;
In glory—as a monarch—'twas thy lot to thrive and grow,
Ere the rude hand of the stranger came to lay thy branches low.
For the Indian bow was bended when a hale green trunk was thine,
Ere the warriors of the forest were like thee—fallen Pine!

A century ago! e'en then thou stood'st in all thy pride,
And Indian youths and Indian maids were gather'd by thy side;
And the forest children wonder'd to see thee—giant Pine!
They little deemed their race would be hewed down by man,—like thine,
When the Indian bow was bended and a hale green trunk was thine,
Ere the warriors of the forest were like thee—fallen Pine.

Thou art prostrate in the forest—thou art fallen—stately Pine!
And they're cleaving root and branches from that old deep wood of thine:
But *thou* shall live in story, and be chronicled in rhyme,
For the honour and the glory of thy branches leafy prime.
When the Indian bow was bended and a hale green trunk was thine!
Ere the warriors of the forest were like thee—fallen Pine.

Leamington Spa.



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LOST AND WON.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

"MARRY and amen," said Felix Wallace, with a King Richardish sneer; for Richard has had the credit of all the sneers from his own days downwards even to our own. A long time for any one thing to keep in fashion, but so it is. "Marry and amen, then, say I, with all my heart, and much good may it do you!"

"Marry and amen, say you? That would be taking the office both of parson and clerk."

"No, rather of the poor victim at the altar—the *calf*, bound with cords and wreathed with orange flowers."

Philip Lindsay winced.

"How exactly," resumed Felix Wallace, "does the priest of the present day perpetuate the priest of the olden time! Only for a knife he has a book, and a word for a blow."

"Some words," replied Philip Lindsay, "cut deeper than any knife, and such wounds may be mortal to a friendship."

"Ay, words have great power. If I were disposed to moralize, which I am not, for I do not much like unfolding the fusty bindings and windings of a mummy, I would hold forth on the importance of words, little syllables made up out of little crooked signs, and little silly sounds, and yet more binding than chains and fetters, bolts or bars; and I am sure that no better instance could be chosen than that most insane '*I will*,' which all married men have been silly enough to say, and which is nothing less than rivetting the manacles which never can be broken."

"Well, as you put it, I must say there is a pleasant prospect."

"What I have said is a mere nothing to what you will find out. You may '*guess and fear*.'"

"Ah, those vague terrors are the most dreadful. Put them into some palpable form, some tangible shape, and I shall know how to face them. The bravest soldier fears to encounter ghosts."

"The one hydra (but it has a thousand heads) is the loss of our birthright, freedom, for a very nasty, ill-flavoured, ill-seasoned, mawky, sickening, mess of pottage."

"Matrimony, then, is this delectable mess."

"And freedom, the aspiration of every human heart under heaven, its price."

"And you really think matrimony slavery?"

"Think it! It is the *thing*, not the *word*."

"But how?"

"In every ramification: all usurpers are tyrants: your wife will be one. If you *think*, you must hide your thoughts; if you *speak*, you must say what she pleases. You must *like* what she likes, *love* what she loves, *hate* what she hates. Go out when she pleases, come home when she pleases. Your home must be chosen by her, your servants

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selected by her, your very food allowed you. If you go out and meet with a friend whom you once prized, you cannot stay with him because you are a *married man;* and to take him home unexpectedly to dinner would be treason. You are a *married man.* You cannot link your arm in his and say, 'Come home with me, and partake of my single cover, and my bachelor's fare, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent.' You must not, if he visit you, say to each other, give me this, or give me that, or even take it without the asking; and still less must you forget to bore yourself with the trouble of playing politeness, and being obliged at every turn to elaborate, 'Will you permit me?' or, 'may I be allowed,' and 'much pleasure,' and 'I thank you,' and 'you do me much honour.' Why, the positive amount of trouble which a married man has to endure would well nigh wear out a galley slave."

"You are enough to frighten Wellington."

"I had rather frighten you."

"And have you really no pleasure in the society of women?"

"I hate to be with ignorant people."

"Are all women ignorant?"

"Yes, certainly, how should they be otherwise? Both nature and education make them ignorant; and the worst of the matter is, that we are obliged to appear to think that they know everything."

"And their beauty—beauty which feasts the eyes and heart; the taste—the feelings?"

"Yes, perhaps you are right there. I *do* think a fine woman looks better than a picture."

"And then the tender charm that floats like an atmosphere round a gentle woman."

"Ah, that's all fancy—fudge!"

"Her sympathy."

"Fudge."

"Her vivacity."

"That is *always* impertinence."

"Her softness."

"Simpering mawkishness."

"Her ready charity."

"Sometimes credulity—more frequently display."

"Her open heart."

"Yes—ready for any lodger."

"I should be very angry, only you do not know my ladye love."

"Knowing one, I know all. One is but a sample of the rest. They are all alike."

"The worst of that idea is, that you imply that all are alike to them."

"O no, only those that have tolerable looks, tolerable style, tolerable manner, tolerable fortune, and tolerable power of flattery."

"Classes, then, but no individuality?"

"Just so."

"But heartfelt preference—in other words—love?"

"Fudge."

Philip Lindsay looked rather woebegone.

"I had begun to flatter myself with a gleam of preference."

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"Then you have already committed yourself. What is the use of asking my advice."

"Committed myself! in looks, in tones, but not in words."

"Psha! nonsense! If you go three times to a house where an unmarried lady lives you have committed yourself."

"I have been three dozen."

"Then are you regularly booked. Every time that you open your lips depend upon it the lady is expecting an offer."

"And I have it upon my lips, every time I open them, to make one."

"Well, then, marry and amen, once more."

"And yet for you to think that another might stand as fairly in her favour——."

"Ay, that touches—that smarts—that wounds—that stings—but why not? Another may be as good-looking as you?"

"Far more so."

"Have as good eyes—as good teeth—as good style—as glossy hair—as fine a complexion—be as well made—hands, feet, figure——."

"Yes, yes, yes! without doubt."

"May have as soft a voice—flatter as well—speaking eyes—use them as well."

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Then you see for once the woman has reason on her side—by accident, I allow—why should she not like another with the same advantages as well as you?"

Philip Lindsay gave two or three energetic stamps upon the floor.

"My dear fellow, be persuaded. Leave toys to children. The honeymoon may have a few sugar plums, but the long years beyond are strewed with wormwood, and not with roses, as you foolishly fancy. I know that you have been inveigled by some finessing mamma; but come, let me play the oculist, and open the eyes that Cupid has infected with his own blindness."

"Some of the sex may have given cause for your heathenish blindness to their merits; but others of them, and my Katherine the foremost, are hedged about with a sort of divinity."

Felix Wallace gave another of his Richardish sneers.

"Some of the lesser angels without wings in French mantelets and the Queen's Own bonnets of the very last and newest of all fashions."

"I cannot but think that if a man choose wisely——."

"A contradiction of terms. He cannot choose wisely if he choose at all."

"If he choose wisely, the society of a woman that he loves must make him a much happier man."

"Choose wisely—why, my dear Philip, choosing a wife is exactly like choosing a horse; you are sure to be cheated—jockeyed—done."

"Like choosing a horse!"

"Yes, the horse is so doctored, so groomed, so painted, so dentisted, so dressed and made up, that you do not even know what the animal is like till you find it out by woful experience; and a wife is just made up the same."

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"Made up!"

"And then for the *vices* of the horse; you know nothing of its temper until you are kicked, or thrown, or shyed at, or bit, or run away with, or some comfortable thing of that kind; and the *vices* of the lady are just the same."

"The *vices* of a horse and the name of my Katherine in the same breath!"

"Yes, why not? I suppose that a woman can have her tempers the same as the other animal."

"Sir," began Philip Lindsay.

"Nay, if you begin with '*sir*' to me, I have done."

"Sir, you have already gone too far."

"Well, well, do as you please. Every man to his taste. Chains for the slave! The free air and the high bounding heart for the sons who have the soul of liberty."

"I certainly asked your advice——."

"Without intending to take it."

"But I gave you no license to speak of——"

"Well, well, we will not quarrel for such a trifle. You know it is only a woman."

"*Only!*"

"And yet by a woman came death into the world; and by a woman has all evil things followed ever since. And after all I am not personal, since I have never seen your little morsel of a love."

"Little morsel of a love! you are too provoking. Yes, there lies your injustice, in scandalizing without knowing her."

"If I knew her, I should discover and individualize as many faults as I see stars on a fine frosty night; not knowing her, my astronomy teaches me that the stars dwell just in their accustomed places, though absence, like a murky evening, makes me certain that they are there all the same on faith."

"Well, I must forgive you," said Lindsay, feeling all the time most desperately offended. "The blind can never be made to understand the beauty of colours; and he who has been born and bred in a mine can never imagine what are the glories of the sunlight!"

"Hum titi tooti highti tighti tum,"

"Hum titi tooti highti tighti too."

"Very witty, no doubt."

"Don't be angry, Lindsay."

"Angry! ha! ha! ha! I was never calmer or cooler in my life! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You have got a very red face, considering that you are so very cool; but I suppose it is red with cold and not with heat."

"Hark you, sir."

"No, no. I'm deaf."

"I must make you hear one thing, however deaf you may be."

"Hum titi tooti——"

"And that is——

—— highti tighti tum."

"That you are——"

"Highti tighti! no better than a fool! To be sure, so I am. I

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quite agree with you—carried unanimously. There can be no greater proof of folly than reasoning with an insane man. Casting pearls before swine. By-the-bye, that puts me in mind—Cleopatra must have belonged to the swinish brood, since she fed on pearls. Don't you think so, Lindsay?"

"Psha!"

"Well, Lindsay, well, marry and amen, once more, you have my consent. Die we all must; and if you think that knocking your head against a post is the most comfortable way of travelling out of the world, why even follow the bent of your own taste. I am very willing, as a last act of friendship, to follow as chief mourner—I mean be brideman."

"Psha!"

"Well, psha! on till your acrimony has all evaporated in pshas! An excellent safety-valve indeed. Psha! psha! psha! are like puff! puff! puff! of steam. Those puffs keep a few score of us out of the bills of mortality."

"Pah! stuff! nonsense!"

"That will do quite as well. All excellent expletives. Are you better?"

"I wish you better sense!"

"Thank you."

"And better feeling."

"Much obliged."

"And better manners."

"You are very kind. Pray, Philip, when you happen to be ill do you always make a point of quarrelling with your doctor?"

"I am very foolish. I believe you mean well."

"The excuse for every sin in the world. People always mean well—to themselves: but I have meant well to you."

"I am obliged to believe you. What else could you mean—but you are most abominably disagreeable."

"It would be a most extraordinary thing if insanity liked its own strait waistcoat."

"Well, prudence is a disagreeable strait waistcoat, but I will try to wear it as patiently as I can. I will think over all that you have said, and give it due weight, if you on your part will divest yourself of prejudice and see Katherine."

"Agreed."

"I am going into the country for a fortnight. I will give you some pretence, some commission, some trifle or another, anything will do, for an introduction to her, and then, if you are not cured of your heresy——"

"You will be cured of your folly."

"Well—perhaps—I don't know. We shall see."

"What we shall see."

Notwithstanding the indignation of Mr. Philip Lindsay at the injustice of his friend towards his mistress, the seed had not fallen into

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quite an uncongenial soil. As soon as the warmth of his first feelings had subsided the maxims of his worldly friend began, though faintly, to germinate; and, as people are not very, very often indignant with themselves for what they call *prudent considerations*, Philip Lindsay listened to his own argumentations with much more complacency than he had done to those of his friend.

"And if, after all, Wallace should be right," thought Lindsay. "Perhaps my feelings mislead me, perhaps my passion blinds me—Wallace is cool—Wallace is my friend, can he not see clearer, and judge more wisely—and is he not wholly disinterested? Is there one of my married friends that I would exchange with—my freedom for their shackles—and yet not one of them that has not felt as warmly as myself, not one that would not have scouted the thought of repentance, that did not think his mistress an angel, and now every one of them has changed his opinion. Are not all the wives of my acquaintance tiresome and silly, or else termagants and shrews? Yes, Wallace is right—all wives are tyrants; but would Katherine be such? I will not believe it! no! no! and yet I am rather glad that I have not committed myself. No; on recollection I have been guilty of nothing but general gallantry. No. I have not committed myself."

So much for the eternity of the passion of a lover

"Well, I suppose I must," said Wallace. "I suppose I must make up my mind to endure half an hour's twaddle with Lindsay's doll. I wonder whether she is a blue or blonde, an everlasting talker or nothing to say. A pretty fool, or a would-be-intellectual. It is little less than marvellous how men can barter their personal freedom, their purse, their everything, for a pair of eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a chin. But catch *me* making such a fool of myself! that's all!"

Notwithstanding all which sage considerations, Wallace dressed as men dress when they intend to visit women; that is, he was about three times as much of a fop, and took treble the length of time in making himself such, than he would have done had he been going to a bachelor's party.

Now it happened that Lindsay had, quite without malice prepense, often spoken of his friend Wallace, referring to his sentiments and opinions in that unpremeditated way in which we are apt to mingle up our own thoughts and feelings with the thoughts and feelings of those with whom we are most intimate, and Kate Middleton therefore knew that Felix Wallace, Esq. gloried in the heresy of not being a "marrying man."

It was fashionable morning when Wallace drew up his phaeton at the Middletons' door. He had once had his own name mentioned by way of introduction to a sour-cream-faced lady, whose complement of limbs seemed an ingenious arrangement of tobacco-pipes, and he remembered perfectly well having shut his eyes, and bowed to the fire-place, and walked away,—and now he was made to comprehend that this lady was none other than Kate Middleton's amiable aunt. It suited him, however, to recall this licensed acquaintanceship, and, coupling it with a commission from Lindsay, to make it legalize his visit.

He was kept waiting some fifteen minutes, and then came the same

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sour-cream-faced lady, decked in nods and becks and wreathed smiles and flowers. She had only staid to adjust a few curls that had gone rather awry without leave, to add a flower or so, and to throw a few drops of fragrance on a clean French cambric handkerchief.

Wallace hoped that the honour of her acquaintance allowed him the privilege of calling.

The lady looked all sunshine.

And having a commission from his friend Lindsay to Miss Katherine Middleton, trusted to her kindness for an introduction.

A cloud gathered over the sunshine. Then his visit to herself was only a pretence.

It is exceedingly difficult for unmarried ladies to think themselves old. They are willing enough to allow that married women of the same age, who are probably blessed with from six to sixteen children, are old enough; but whilst they remain on the outside of the church porch, and may not use any of the royal plural pronouns, they know that they ought to be young, and young they are determined to be.

Now, as Wallace did not think it worth his while to endeavour to persuade Miss Middleton that fifty was only fifteen, nor take the trouble of putting her into better humour with herself, she was consequently in worse humour with him; and after having despatched a servant requesting the presence of Miss Katherine Middleton, the lady and the gentleman proceeded to snarl at each other in the best bred manner possible.

And they had plenty of time to do so, for Kate Middleton did not seem in the least inclined to hurry herself.

"The girl is dressing," said Wallace to himself. "Thinks she shall make another fool; another conquest. She need not have taken any trouble, as I shall very soon make her comprehend."

"I am afraid Miss Katherine is engaged."

"I am sorry you think the time so long."

"Time is always long when we are waiting."

The lady only tossed her head.

The gentleman looked out of the window, up at the sky; then, as gentlemen often do, admired the shape of his own boots, glanced at himself in the glass, and passed his hands through his hair.

"I am afraid I am hurrying Miss Katherine," said the gentleman, as if he would like to hurry her much more.

"It does not seem as if she were hurrying herself," said the lady, with a sneer.

"And am I to wait here cooling my heels, and dancing attendance on any bread-and-butter miss in the kingdom?" thought Wallace. "Yet if I do stay, it will be for the sole purpose of giving a little dose of bitters, that she may have a better appetite for company another time."

At last a light, tripping, bounding footstep was heard on the stairs, and in a moment more a young girl entered the room, so entirely different from all that Wallace had expected, as to make him feel perfectly disappointed.

Katherine Middleton was very young, very beautiful, very girlish,

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very innocent looking. Indeed she was as much like a picture stepped out of the frontispiece of an Annual as could well be.

Wallace drew himself up very high, that he might look down upon her. He had no idea of being kept waiting by anything less than a duchess, but for a girl in a white frock and blue ribbons!—he hoped nobody would know.

"Mr. Felix Wallace, my niece Miss Katherine Middleton," &c. &c. said the sour-cream-faced lady.

The gentleman condescended to incline his head an inch; the innocent-looking girl humbled her own somewhere about an eighth.

"My dear, you have kept Mr. Wallace waiting," said the aunt.

"Have I?" said the innocent-looking young lady. "What a pity that he should wait."

"Humph," said Wallace to himself, "what a simpleton!"

"The avocations of ladies," said Wallace, ironically, "are of course of much more importance than those of men."

"Are they?" said Kate.

"Are they not?" asked Wallace.

"Let us instance,—what would you have been doing had you not been here?"

"Undoubtedly nothing so important as what has kept you from us."

"I was looking at something so very pretty."

"Not so pretty as that which I am looking at now," and Wallace cast his eyes on the glass, but at what reflection it would be difficult to say. Howbeit, Kate Middleton gave him credit for a compliment: she smiled accordingly, and smiled upon him; in doing so the brightness of a pair of beaming eyes flashed upon him, and the rosiest lips in the world smiled upon him.

Now, sooth to say, smiles are very beguiling things. People may be smiled out of house, and home, and heart, and mind. A smile may be a very pickpocket, housebreaking, purse-stealing, swindling, forgery-like sort of affair. Fortunate indeed it is for the well-being of the world that smiles, like fashions, are not universally becoming. Your long-faced, large-eyed, solemn-looking, Mrs. Siddonish sort of women, lose all their tragic dignity when they condescend to dilate their lips; a still larger class, by doing so, show the ill construction of the machinery of their features when put in motion, which yet while quiescent seem tolerably well put together; whilst a still larger portion, by opening the casket show its utter emptiness and vacuity. But the few to whom a smile is really becoming exercise positive witchcraft, and if they ought not to be burnt under the old statute laws, they ought at least to live with the blind, that so their spells might fall innocuous round them. Kate Middleton happened to be among the few to whom smiles are peculiarly becoming. Her smile was the payment of Wallace's compliment, and acted upon him as a bribe for more; so, casting aside his ill-humour, he flattered and flattered, and she smiled and smiled, until both got pretty considerably intoxicated.

Six months after this, Philip Lindsay returned to town after a tour to the Lakes. His first visit was to his friend Wallace, who received him with an air one-third sheepish, one-third frightened, one-third ashamed.

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"Been spending your time passably?" asked Wallace.

"Passably, without a pun. And you?"

"O, I—ha—um—em—I believe so."

"Have you been as yawnish all the while as you are this morning? Wanted me to laugh at?"

"Are you a laughing matter?"

"All men are laughing matters when they are in love."

"Of course *you* were never guilty of the folly," said Wallace, spitefully referring to the past.

"O, I remember,—ha! ha! ha!"

"Do you laugh at yourself or at me?"

"At myself, to be sure. Who else should I take such a liberty with—except, indeed, with a friend?"

"And pray, sir, what moves your mirth?"

"Why, Wallace, are you really troubled with such a short memory? Don't you remember, *don't* you, how unmercifully you used me when I made my confessions to you, quite in the Corydon style, just half a dozen round moons ago? Don't you remember how insane I was about blue ribbons and golden hair, and how I raved about eyes and smiles and sighs, and loves and graces?"

"You have been guilty of so many follies, that it could hardly be expected I should remember them all."

"Very charitable for you to have such a short memory for them; but if charity has a short memory, gratitude ought to have a long one. I remember very well that you saved me from a great folly, for which I should have had to have done penance all my life. You snatched me from the destruction of marrying a pretty simpleton."

Wallace coloured, coughed, winced, flounced.

"Ay, pretty Kate Middleton!" continued Lindsay—"pretty Kate! You were quite right about her, Wallace. She was a nice little thing to look at on the outside, but as empty as a spendthrift's purse within. A tolerable statue of Eve on a pedestal, in a corner of your room, would quite as well satisfy one's admiration of the beautiful, and not be nearly so expensive, besides not fatiguing one with airs, and graces, and never-ending mawkishness. I was certainly insane when I thought of the folly from which your friendship saved me, and I cannot thank you enough."

"Psha!" ejaculated Wallace.

"Ay, 'tis generous of you not to remind me of my folly, and to make light of your services, but you certainly saved me from a fate that would have been worse than drowning, or hanging, or being burnt alive."

"You have an absurdly good memory for bachelor's gossip," said Wallace, pettishly. "And pray what have you been doing this I don't know how long?"

"Pluming my wings, soaring, fluttering, hovering, now here, now there, enjoying my liberty, thanks to you, my good fellow, who saved me from worse than Egyptian bondage."

"No wonder, then, that you seem a little wild—relapsed into untamed habits."

"And you, my dear fellow, you seem to me so—I don't know how—

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so subdued, so nerveless, so tame, so languid, so insipid—you seem to have lost all your flavour, all your good-humour, all your gaiety, all your life, all your vigour, all your hopefulness, all your energy. If stretching my wing has made me relapse into wildness, folding yours has reduced you to the lackadaisical condition of a bird in a cage. I am sure you must have met with some misfortune: pray, what is it?"

"None that I am aware of."

"Positively, you look altogether as if you were married. Isn't that a good jest? Ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" faintly re-echoed Wallace, as if, out of complaisance, willing to look for the jest, but not able to find it."

"You must have heard bad news?"

"Not I."

"If not in your own person, at least in that of some of your friends?"

"Shall I tell you the worst news I know?"

"I have my condoling face quite ready. What is it?"

"That you are a horrid bore!"

"Ha! ha! ha! What, as borish as you used to be when you gave me advice?"

"Advice! Psha! Who takes even their own advice?"

"Why, 'tis as fusty and musty as any M.D.'s prescription—but then 'tis as wholesome. I know to my heart's content what good yours did me."

"Pah!"

"Wallace, my good fellow, as matrimony is out of the question, and you could not have slipped into that, are you out of health, out of spirits, or out at the elbows?"

"I have just received my quarterly payments, my tailor's bill is paid, and I had a very good appetite this morning for my breakfast."

"Out of spirits, then. Well, I'll stay and dine with you, on purpose to cheer you up."

Wallace looked particularly discomfited.

"Not engaged, are you?"

"I really believe I am."

"Well, no matter, since you are not engaged for life. By the bye, that is a very judgish, black-cap, sentence-of-death sort of an affair phrase, 'till death do us part.'"

"He! he!"

"But then, you know, the sentence does allow you benefit of clergy."

"He! he!"

"By the bye, you don't ask me how I got over my last attack."

"Have you been ill?"

"How matter-of-fact you are! Ill! No; I speak of my love attacks."

"If you can jest about them you must be heart-whole."

"Jest! why, I think them good for nothing else. I have just recovered from an attack, but I find the disorder milder every time I

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take it. By and by it will be nothing but a little pleasant stimulant, to prevent one getting sleepy before midnight."

"No fear, then, of the malady proving fatal?"

"Not the least in the world. I have been in love about a dozen times since I last saw you, and each time, as I think, with less virulence. Let me see, it has amused my country quarters really wonderfully, and the diversity of candidates for the honour of my fair—is that the right phrase?—my fair hand, amounts almost to newness of sensation in myself. I have been in love with a blonde and a blue; a shrew and a saint; with a simpleton and a wit; with a widow, fat, fair, and forty, and a school-girl of fifteen; with a lady who sang, and another who was mute; with one who was all sighs, and another who was all smiles; together with a few incidentals."

"You might as well write a calendar, something after the botanical style. For instance, December, the best time for falling in love with a wit, because she may enliven you; January, with a school nymph, because she can dance with you; February, with a fat widow, because she will provide you, some three or four times a day, with a *bonne bouche;* and so on. But you must have had hard work to be in love with so many."

"Did I say that I was in love with them?" Why, 'twas a *lapsus linguæ.* No, no; I meant, of course, that they were in love with me."

"I hope it has not proved fatal to all of them."

"No—O no; they got over it pretty well, all but one or two now and then, and here and there. I am charitable; I do not let them go too far. I want to hear something, though, of that poor little Kate Middleton. I have always had qualms about her. I am afraid I went a little too far. Poor thing! I know that she doted upon me—quite doted. I hope she has not died of a broken heart."

"I rather think not."

"Ah, but she was very far gone, poor thing! very far gone. Poor little Kate! She amused me very nicely for more than a month—nay, I do believe two. I hope she got over my dismissing her!"

"*Your* dismissing her!"

"Well, well, I know you advised me; and a good thing too! By this time I should have been an old frumpish, severe, discontented, wrinkle-browed, pursed-up-lipped, snappish, snarling Benedict, instead of the free, lithe, happy, care-for-nothing fellow I am. My dear fellow, you have heaped upon me a mountain of obligation."

Wallace looked as if he wished him crushed beneath it.

"Poor little Kate!" resumed Lindsay. "She really was rather pretty, though now, I dare say, I should think her insipid; and, by the bye, Wallace, don't you think that fair insipid women generally get fat when they marry? I suppose that inactivity is a sort and a kind of contentment, and contentment is another version of 'laugh and grow fat.' I hope, poor thing, my untying myself from her apron-string did not induce too deep a despondency; but I'm sure, had I married her, there would have been the greatest danger of her growing coarse, and then I should really have been quite ashamed of her."

"I hope that you need not pity her so very much," said Wallace, with a sneer.

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"Poor thing, I hope not. I hope that she did not commit any rash act when I acted so wisely upon your advice. I hope that she did not drown herself, or poison herself, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing of the kind, I do assure you."

"Nor drop into insanity?"

"Nor that either."

"Nor sink into despondency?"

"O no, not she."

"Her blue eyes grow dim?"

"O, no."

"Her fair complexion become sallow?"

"No, no."

"The pretty pink of her cheeks blanche and fade?"

"No, no, no."

"Her rosebud lips wither?"

"No, no, no, no."

"Her light step flag and drag?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no."

"Her plump person become emaciated?"

"No!" emphatically and passionately reiterated Wallace.

"In short, sink into a state of the deepest despondency," continued Lindsay, as if the contemplation of his ideal picture afforded him exquisite enjoyment, both men and women having an infinite pleasure in contemplating the misery which they themselves occasion, it being one of the most gratifying proofs of their own power that can possibly be offered to them, people always being miserable against their own will rather than with it.

"Ay, poor thing," continued Lindsay, "I should be very sorry, it would be quite a reproach to me, to meet poor little Kate looking pale, and thin, and sickly, and languid, and worn, and weary, and heart-sick, and dejected, and pining, with 'concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feeding on her damask cheek,' and a lagging step, and jaundiced by melancholy, and her eyebeams trailing on the ground, and a voice like a dying swan, or the last note of a lute."

"Felix, my dear!—Felix!" called out a full-toned, merry, rather highly-pitched voice, from the adjoining apartment. "Felix, my dear, do come here. Ha! ha! ha! I have something that I wish to show you!—something so laughable! Ha! ha! ha! Nay, then, if you don't make haste and come to me, I must come to you! Felix, where are you? Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were alone. Ah, is it you, Mr. Lindsay? Well, I declare! Felix, my sandal is untied—do, there's a good soul, stoop down and tie it. There, now, I had the greatest temptation in the world to push you down, you dear soul. Well, Mr. Lindsay, you see you've come back to find us transformed into quite old-fashioned, plain, antiquated people. Now, do tell me how you think matrimony agrees with Wallace and me."

Lindsay gazed first at one, and then at the other, with a look of bewildered astonishment. Katherine was looking most perversely happy, and most provokingly fat; her eyes were dancing joyously, her complexion was as radiant as might be, her cheeks and lips glowing with ruby light; there was a laughing happiness redolent around her that

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was particularly mortifying to a gentleman who was encouraging a latent hope that she might have died of love for his own divine person. In fact, there was something quite cruel, and it was very inconsiderate towards his feelings, to see her laughing, fat, and married.

The trio stood looking at each other; a little—no, a good deal of embarrassment was among them. Lindsay looked like a boy that had been flogged—Wallace like one that ought to be—Katherine with a little of the confusion of a matronly bride. Having the least to be ashamed of, she was the first to recover, and, glancing from the one to the other, her rosy lips opened with a note merrily rung out.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out the bride.

"Ha! ha! ha! re-echoed the bridegroom.

"Ha! ha! ha!" responded Philip Lindsay.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

RICHARD III.

CAMMA, the beautiful, the faithful Camma, was still absorbed in the most profound sorrow for the death of her husband Sinetus, the lover of her youth, the father of her children—the only being who had ever awakened those sentiments of affection in her pure breast whose indulgence is so delightful when sanctioned by virtue and religion—for whom she must ever mourn, whose remembrance, she felt, would indeed be eternal—when Sinorix was suddenly announced. What motive induced him to obtrude on the grief of the bereaved widow?—grief which ought to have been held sacred by every kind and sympathising bosom.

Was it to offer the consolations of friendship? to profess his readiness to avenge her wrongs? to proffer his protection to the little fatherless orphans, clustered in weeping anguish round her knee? He was a powerful prince, governor of Gaul; he could do much, if so disposed, for the hapless mourner; he might show, if he chose, that the godlike prerogative of rank is to relieve the unfortunate, to succour the distressed.

But no such benevolent intentions influenced him in now appearing before her;—he came to insult her chaste ear with the declaration of his guilty love, to implore her to pity it, to respond to it, to yield to his desires, to become, in fact, his mistress—to aggravate her regret for the loss of one who, had he been living, would have felled the dastard to the earth, who dared to associate infidelity and Camma together!

And what were the recommendations of Sinorix as a suitor to the loveliest, the most immaculate woman of Galatia? The notoriety of his former amours, his fierce, tyrannical temper, and the murder of

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her husband! Yes, with his hands stained with that precious blood, he had the audacity to clasp hers, to encircle her recoiling form, to strain her passionately to his polluted breast. At this unmanly violence, every pulse throbbed to bursting with indignation, and hastily freeing herself from his detested embrace, she endeavoured to fly from his presence. But he arrested her steps, entreating pardon for his impetuosity, imputing it solely to the excess of that passion her surpassing charms had awakened in his bosom, promising, in future, the most respectful deference to her slightest wishes, and then, falling on his knees before her, with his eyes suffused with tears, he begged her in the most abject manner to have compassion on his sufferings, to reward his devotion, for that he could not exist without her.

It was in vain, however, that he promised, implored, threatened, and even wept; Camma still remained inflexible, assuring him, with that firm dignity of voice and manner which carry conviction with them, that nothing should ever induce her to give her still idolized Sinetus a successor in her heart, and that his murderer would only be remembered *there* to rouse its deepest curses for the cruel injury it had suffered from him; that she considered the woman who consented to a second espousal as totally departing from that delicacy which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of her sex, as committing a violation of virtue, and as offending the dear departed; that, had she been deprived of her husband by the natural course of events ordained by the gods, she would still have remained constant to the early vows she had plighted to Sinetus; and that had Sinorix appeared as a candidate to supplant him in her affections, with a reputation so entirely unblemished that not the shadow of blame could attach to it, it would not have changed her unalterable resolution of rejecting a new lover. For how, indeed, could it be expected, that the rare exotics Love and Hope would re-bloom in the heart over which the devastating harrow of despair had passed? or what could wealth and splendour do for one whose all of felicity was buried in the tomb with the adored being her weary spirit longed to join—wearied indeed even unto death? But for the monster whose soul was darkened by the foul crime of assassination to imagine for a moment that he was capable of awakening any other emotion save abhorrence in the bosom he had rendered so completely desolate, was a convincing proof that he was utterly ignorant of female virtue, dignity, or the strong resentment of which woman is capable for atrocities such as his—that the remainder of her life would be devoted to cherish the detestation she gloried in avowing for him, and that if she imagined it possible for that feeling ever to change for one in the slightest degree more placable, she would with her own hand instantly terminate that existence whose prolongation would only entail an opprobrium on her sex.

The passion, however, which consumed the soul of Sinorix, and which had betrayed him into the commission of the direst act of treachery man can be guilty of—that of the murder of his friend—far from diminishing at the opposition it encountered from the object who inspired it, only augmented, until he resolved to gratify it at any price.

He therefore surrounded her house with a military guard, on whose

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vigilance he could implicitly rely; placed spies about her person, to inform him of her every movement; intercepted the communications she endeavoured to convey to her friends, demanding their assistance against the persecutions of the tyrant—frustrated all her attempts at escape—forced himself daily into her presence, despite her constant prohibitions to the contrary—loaded her with every gift that luxury and extravagance could devise; and, finally, strove to soften her resentment towards him, by lavishing the most affectionate caresses on her children, who, too young to comprehend the irreparable injury he had done them, returned his fondness with all the fascinating endearments of infantile innocence, even pleading for him to their mother, wondering at her implacability, frequently burying their cherub faces in his bosom, to shed the tears her anger caused to flow, for the very love they evinced for one so obnoxious to her.

Wearied at length by her obstinate resistance, he determined to force her to compliance with his desires; when Camma, really alarmed for her honour, affected to respond to his passion, promising to become his wife; and actually appointed the Temple of Diana, of which she was the priestess, as the most suitable place to give solemnity and grandeur to their nuptials.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude and rapture of Sinorix, at this propitious change in the sentiments of his idolized Camma; he ordered the most sumptuous preparations for the marriage; the temple of the goddess of Chastity was decorated in the most gorgeous manner; public rejoicings were to take place on the happy occasion, not only at Galatia, but also in the neighbouring states of Phrygia, Cappadocia, and Bithynia, solely at the expense of the enamoured bridegroom.

Although many persons scrupled not highly to censure the conduct of Camma, in thus, for ambition, acting so contrary to the whole tenor of her previous life; still, every one resolved to partake in the festivities occasioned by her unfeeling forgetfulness of the poor murdered Sinetus; hence, universal joy and gaiety prevailed.

On the appointed day, she laid aside every semblance of widowhood, and arraying herself in the rich and picturesque costume, a mixture of the Greek and Asiatic, prevalent in that day, and so becoming to her peculiar style of beauty; her tiara, composed of the richest materials and jewels of Persia, was partially covered by the flowing nuptial veil, which descended almost to her feet, softening the brilliant tints which formed her variously-coloured robes, she proceeded to the temple, followed by a train of lovely vestals and beautiful youths, strewing flowers in her path, and playing on several musical instruments, where Sinorix awaited her, impatient to seal his bliss.

On her arrival, she flung back her veil, and with a smile of inexpressible sweetness animating her hitherto pensive countenance, she took the golden vase, from which, according to the custom of her country, it was necessary that the bride and bridegroom should drink in confirmation of their union; which having done, with her eyes most devoutly fixed on a statue of the goddess whom she worshipped, she presented it to Sinorix, who, transported at the sight of her charms, her unwonted kindness of manner, and the certainty of the completion

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of his fondest hopes, eagerly seized it, and elevating it between his hands towards the altar, he exclaimed enthusiastically,

"O Diana! thou who art represented as insensible to the inebriating delights of passion, as invulnerable to the pleasure-tipped arrows of the winged god, as the avowed enemy of those who yield to the delirium of reciprocal affection, look down complacently, I implore thee, on the union of two hearts glowing with love's intensest fire—that love, which has obliterated from the chaste bosom of thy favourite priestess, the remembrance of the crime it induced me to commit, to obtain her, and which *now* gives her to these adoring arms, an unresisting, happy, blushing bride! O felicity unspeakable! O joy indescribable! O Sinorix, envied of gods and men, drink, and drown thy soul in the intoxication of such ecstacy!" saying which, he placed the cup to his lips, and drained its contents.

Then Camma, laying aside the nuptial veil, and putting off the tiara which crowned her, knelt down by the altar, with that hushed solemnity of manner, which involuntarily strikes an awe and superstition in every beholder; and lifting up her hands, clasped together with an agonising degree of compression, she also exclaimed,

"O Diana! thou who art so justly represented as the goddess of Chastity, look down upon the prostrate priestess whom thou hast ever favoured; behold! she is still worthy thy august regard; she has lived alone for thy glory, and she dies for the same! Yes, the priestess of thy sacred temple, the spouse of Sinetus, the mother of his innocent babes, (whom she now leaves to thy care,) the Camma so long admired and praised by her beloved Galatians, for the example of female virtue and piety she has afforded, expires at the foot of this venerated shrine, to prove that she was not undeserving of that reputation, that she preferred death to dishonour, and the just avenging of her husband, to all the rank and splendour proffered to her by his *assassin*." Then turning to the aghast Sinorix, she said, "Monster! prepare to meet your victim in Hades instantly, your moments are numbered, for the wine, the nuptial wine of Camma and Sinorix, was poisoned, and by *me*."

At this awful confession, the utmost confusion prevailed in the temple; the guards of Sinorix demanded immediate assistance for him; some fled to procure it; others to be the first to spread the fearful tale, and to extol the heroism of Camma, who had indeed shown herself worthy of the purity of her past life, and a bright example to her sex.

Remedies were vain; such was the potency of the drug which had been infused into the wine, that when succour arrived, Camma was already dead, and Sinorix expired shortly afterwards, cursing the gods for suffering him to be so completely baffled by the arts of a woman.

Camma thus committing suicide, to avoid the persecutions of Sinorix, must not be considered, as it is happily in our day, a crime, unenlightened by the blessed truths of Christianity,—(those truths which assure us, that God will surely find a way of escape from the evils which beset those who trust in him,)—self-immolation, and even murder, in a virtuous cause, were regarded among the Greeks, Romans, and other nations, as the most sublime proofs of a godlike

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fortitude, and as a certain passport to the bliss designed for them hereafter, by the deities they adored.

The austere virtue which distinguished Marcus Cato, is not in the slightest way deteriorated in the mind of the really classical scholar, because he destroyed himself at Utica, to escape falling into the hands of Cæsar, whom, from his opposition, he had made an inveterate enemy. Is not Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius Collatinus, immortalized plunging the murderous dagger in that bosom she considered the vile embraces of Sextus had polluted for ever? And was not Brutus thought worthy of the most magnificent funeral honours by Antony, although he committed a most deliberate act of suicide? And is not Portia too, his wife, lauded to the skies for torturing herself with the glowing coals, which sped her to rejoin the husband whose self-sacrifice she gloried in imitating? The most lenient opinion that could be pronounced *now*, on either of the above instances, would be insanity, which, so far from redounding to the credit of the party, would only excite a painful and silent compassion.

It is always essential to the full understanding of historical facts, that the reader should carry his thoughts back to the remote periods to which they relate, that he may be able completely to comprehend and appreciate the motives of action of the illustrious characters of which they treat, and whether what was *then* considered virtue and magnanimity, alone influenced them, rendering them worthy the admiration of posterity.

History, both ancient and modern, furnish innumerable striking and affecting instances of rare self-abnegation and heroism, if the writers for our periodical literature would devote their often brilliant talents to the exemplification of them, rather than searching into the dark annals of crime and selfishness for their subjects.

Our popular magazines are particularly sought after by the young of both sexes, who, at that buoyant and thoughtless period of jocund existence, are naturally averse to more voluminous and abstruse works. It ought, then, to be the especial and conscientious care of every contributor to them, to blend morality with amusement, to set before their vivid imaginations the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; for at that time the heart, still uncorrupted by contact with a world, whose every lesson, alas! is hurtful to it, is capable of the best, the holiest impressions, the natural enthusiasm of youth inclining to the good and beautiful—that, in the hour of calm and probing reflection, they may be able to say, with the pious and exemplary Dr. Johnson, "I shall never envy the honour which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

Who would, indeed, desire any other praise? O! far better for the brightest wit, the most exalted scholar, would it have been, had he been but as the clod of the valley, rather than have employed his wondrous talents only for the injury of his fellow-man. Could we penetrate the heart of the most successful author, we should discover, even amid the applause of a viciously-disposed world, that it was corroded by regret and shame, for having prostituted his abilities for

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the gratification of a venal multitude, and for that gain which is wormwood and bitterness to the soul, should such only have been his aim! There is no end to the woe *one* corrupt thought given to the public may occasion, nor the good, *one* instance of real virtue may effect on it.

"It is like a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth:

"But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

At that still hour which Time brings on,
With his unechoed feet,
Bowing the head the breast upon,
And pointing to retreat;

When the gay world our solitude
Affrighted shuns to share,
We're left o'er thoughts serene to brood,
Or wrestle with despair;

Then, may that hour, exempt from strife,
From ev'ry jar of mind,
Become the sabbath close of life,
The good alone can find!

May self-approval, like the balm
Arabia's groves distil,
The terrors of Death's advent calm,
And hope the bosom fill!

Oh! when the *past* we then recall,
As at *that* hour we must,
May Conscience sweetly sanction *all*,
Whisp'ring, "Our aims were just!"

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THE FAIRY AND FAIR ANNETTE.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARIE'S KIRK.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, I will bribe thee, love, to stay ;
'Tis too, too soon to part :
I'll sing to thee an olden lay,
In boyhood learned by heart.
Let's sit us down beside this birch,
The sun is not yet set.
Well, to begin! Within that church
Reposes "fair Annette :"
And here, beneath this very tree,
Lord Thomas found a grave ;
He loved Annette as I love *thee* !—
He was, in sooth, her slave.
A noble he of wealth and power,
But she of low degree,
Whose beauty was her only dower :
Yet, through the 'north countrie,'
The charms of fair Annette were sung,
By many a wand'ring wight,
When harps in olden halls were strung,
And faggots blazing bright.
Though bred within a shepherd's cot,
Annette was full of grace ;
She looked, in sooth, what she was not,
A maid of noble race.
Her every feature served to show
A model for its kind,—
An eye of light, a brow of snow,
And lips that were enshrined
In smiles, as though their roses fed
On nothing else but smiles,—
No marvel that such beauty bred
For man a thousand wiles.
And men are oft as butterflies,
When left at will to rove ;
The fairest flowers will catch their eyes,
And tempt the heart to love.
Though Northern youths of proud degree
Would fain have won Annette,
She laughed at all their flattery,
Till she Lord Thomas met :
But when, in hunting garb of green,
He follow'd hawk and hound,
His noble form and gallant mien
Her ready favour found :
And when his eye, as falcon's bright,
Did woo her beauties rare,
Earth seemed to gain more orient light,
And breathe a purer air.

Oh, *first* love is a pleasant dream !
No second boasts its powers !
It hath the freshness of the stream,
The odour of the flowers ;

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It wakes the soul to new-born bliss,
As nature wakes the Spring,
And sheds its thrilling ecstacies
O'er each created thing.
Ah, well-a-day! would man could turn
To those green days of life,
And quench the guilty fires that burn,
Of lawless love and strife!

Now oft within a haunted glen,
As gossips wont to say,
Ne'er trodden by the steps of men,
But feet of sportive fay,
Lord Thomas met the fair Annette,
And, seated at her side,
Did all the world but her forget,—
Nay, more than all, his pride;
And woo'd her for his wedded wife,
And fixed the very day,
When she should change her maiden life,
And shine in bride's array.

But those foul spirits that delight
To cross the hopes of love,
Were busy at their looms one night,
And Fate's dark tissue wove.
Lord Thomas bred a jealous thought,
That Gordon's gallant chief
A change in fair Annette had wrought,
Which filled his soul with grief:
And though at first she laughed to see
The anger of her love,
Yet soon she grew as wroth as he,
And sharply did reprove.
Lord Thomas was too proud withal,
And fair Annette had wit
That sorely did his spirit gall:
Anon his eye was lit
With fire more fierce than love became,—
"'Tis best we part!" he cried;
"*My* bride must be a highborn dame."
Then quick Annette replied,—
"The 'nut-brown maid' will suit thee best;
Thou'lt have no rivals there!'
So saying, with this taunting jest,
She left him, cruel fair!

Lord Thomas sought his castle gate,
And strode along the hall,
Where sate the Lady Margaret,
His mother, gaunt and tall.
"Mother, the Lady Alice yet
My wedded wife shall be:
I will not wed the maid Annette,—
She is of low degree."
"The holy Virgin now be praised!"
His joyful mother cried;
"It would almost my mind have crazed
To see Annette thy bride.

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" The 'nut-brown maid,' as they do call,
The Lady Alice Græme,
" Looks fair enough in bower and hall,
For any Earle's dame."

And now Lord Thomas hastes to make
The nut-brown maid his bride;
" Ah! woe is me! my heart will break!"
Annette in anguish cried;
" O foolish girl! to lose a heart
I might have gently led!
And must I lose him? must we part?
Shall ugly Alice wed
The bonny Lord of Leithan Hall,
So long *my* trysted love?
Ye fairy sprites, on ye I call;
Let me your pity move.
I fain would at St. Marie's be,
When my false love is wed;
But have no bridal bravery,
Nor pearls to deck my head.

" Hist, maiden! thou shalt have them all,"
A beauteous fairy cried,
That speeding quickly at her call,
Stood smiling by her side.
" At purple dawn to-morrow rise,
And wend thee to the tree,
Where thy false lover breath'd his sighs;
There knock three times for me:
And when that elfin hands have drest
Thee out in rich array,
The faithless lord will love *thee* best,
And send his bride away.
Tell no one of thine errand, mind
No mortal sees thee go,
Or, by the spirits of the wind!
Thy fate is seal'd for woe."
The maiden wiped her gentle eyes,
Like violets dropping dew,
And softly smiled, and " Oh!" she cries,
" What wonders fairies do!"

Now morn is come, and quickly she
Steals forth, and seeks the glen,
And coming to the trysting tree,
She knocks three times; and then
Soft music rose, and straight along
The flower-enamell'd sod,
There came a fairy bridal throng,
On milk-white palfreys, shod
With burnish'd gold, and trappings bright,
With gems of brilliant dyes,
That glitter'd in the dawning light,
Like stars in frosty skies.
Above the rest, more beauteous faced
Than mortal thing could be,
The fairy queen the pageant graced,
A glorious sight to see.

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In robe of green, and sandals made
Of coral berries red,
While clust'ring pearls unnumber'd braid
Her golden-tressed head:
Her little hand, be-jewell'd so,
Like one fair diamond seem'd;
Her wand of ivory, white as snow,
With stars of silver gleam'd.

Amazed at all she saw, the maid
Stood spell-bound by the tree,
"Mortal!" the Fairy Queen then said,
Thy boon is granted thee."
She touch'd her lightly with her wand:
Transform'd the maiden stood,
In gorgeous dress, and charms beyond
The dames of proudest blood;
That e'en in wond'rous fairies' eyes,
She seemed so passing fair,
They gather'd round in mute surprise,
To view that vision rare.

And now a cloak of russet brown,
Spun from the beechen tree,
O'er fair Annette is lightly thrown;
And thus disguised, she
Hies to St. Marie's Kirk, and there
She sees the proud array,
Of gallant knights, and damsels fair,
Come trooping on their way:
Her faithless love, Lord Thomas, rode
Beside the nut-brown maid,
And headed, on his charger proud,
The gorgeous cavalcade.

Annette's fond heart grew chill as death,
And all her colour fled;
She scarce could draw her flutt'ring breath
As past the bride-folk sped:
She shelter'd her within the porch,
Till onward all had hied;
And gallantly they filled the church,
And blithsome look'd the bride.
Not so the bridegroom! in his eye
A thoughtful sadness spoke
Of other things than bridal joy:
Annette now doff'd her cloak,
And, proud in beauty, took her seat
The nut-brown maid beside,
In doubtful whispers some repeat,
"Sure that must be the bride!"
For beauty, as for jewels rare,
Not one with her might stand;
No wonder! when her handmaids were
The sprites of Fairy-land.
Her robe with gems was spangled all,
And jewell'd was her zone;
While on the maiden's feet so small
Her broider'd slippers shone;

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And rarest pearls from ocean-shells,
That shone like drops of dew,
Clust'ring the cowslip's golden bells,
Her amber ringlets drew.

When first she caught her lover's gaze,
He could not think 'twas she:
He look'd again, then whispering says,
"Annette! it cannot be!
And yet it is! there's none beside
Could have her beauteous face!"
And now he turns him from his bride,
And sorrow grows apace:
He takes the rose from out his vest
Which she had planted there;—
"Go, lovely thing," he says, "and rest
With her, the fairest fair!"
Annette then held the flower in view,
On which the nut-brown bride
Forth from her hair a bodkin drew,
And pierced her rival's side.
Down sank the maiden on the ground,
A piteous sight to see!
While all to help now crowded round,
If any help might be.

"'Tis vain!" she cried; "to heaven above
My soul is fleeting fast;"
And then a dying look of love
She on Lord Thomas cast:
He wildly knelt, and in his arms
Bore up the bleeding fair,
And gazed upon her fading charms
In deep and mute despair.
"My only love!—my bosom's lord!
E'en death from pain is free,
While thus I breathe my latest word,
And latest sigh to thee:—
No living bliss, in wealth or weal,
Apart from thee, could I
Have known like that which now I feel
In thy dear arms to die."

"Oh! stay my love! my plighted bride!"
Lord Thomas wildly said;
"And they shall lay us side by side,
Within our bridal bed."
He kiss'd her pallid cheek and brow,
Now fading fast in death,
And fondly o'er her bending low,
Received her parting breath:
Then rushing on his sword, he fell
By fair Annette, and died.
And thus no sound of marriage bell
Was heard on Teviot's side;
But loud lament, for mirth and song,
Filled Leithan's feudal hall,

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As now they bore its lord along,
Within the castle wall.

Annette, who died in innocence,
Within the church they shrined;
Lord Thomas, for his dark offence,
Such favour might not find:
The grave, beseeming pious soul
That dies in peace with God,
Was not for him, in sacred stole
No priest stood o'er his sod.
No frankincense its odours shed,
No flow'rs were strown about,
No saintly strains embalm'd the dead,
From all alike shut out,
But Nature, she in pity sheds
Her tears at even-tide;
And there the weeping birch-tree spreads
Its tassels far and wide.

"Sweet Kate, the moral we should draw
From such a tale as this:—
Keep love still under *reason's* law;
All jealous thoughts dismiss.
Distrust is like the mildew blight,
That kills the golden corn;
It eats the heart, and turns to night
The brightness of Love's morn:
And sharper than a two-edged sword,
Far sharper, is the smart
Of keen retort, or taunting word,
To fond and faithful heart.
And let the youthful maid beware,
Nor trust in *godless* things,
Though they should come as angels fair,
And clad in angels' wings.
The majesty of God is such,
He will not brook that we
Should bow to them, if any such
His rivals dare to be!
God from all time, He only can
Fate's mystic book reveal,
In ignorance still, the wisest man
Can never break its seal.
But see! the sun is sinking fast!
We'll wend us on our way;
But ere the summer-time is past,
We'll come another day,
And see the tomb of 'fair Annette,'
That bears her carven image yet."

NOTE.—The old legend makes Lord Thomas draw his sword upon the "nut-brown maid," before he slays himself: but this *three-fold* catastrophe appears to savour too strongly of the German school of horrors, to suit our simple English tastes.

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THE INDIANS OF THE WESTERN STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

THAT man is made of the same materials, and composed of the same passions in all ages and places, is undoubtedly true. From the time when the baleful star of the first great father of our race unhappily rose to the ascendant, to the last moment which time has registered, the same hopes, the same fears, the same lovings, the same likings, the same attractions and repulsions—in short, the same impulses of nature, have attested the invariableness of those laws in force at the creation. There is, indeed, a perfect oneness in our race. Our brotherhood is not nominal, but actual; and probably this similarity is more positive than at first sight appears. The sinner and the saint both love and hate in common; it may even be with the same intensity, but the objects are different;—the one loves the evil and hates the good; the other loves the good and hates the evil. In the first, the elements of his nature are lashed into storm and tempest; in the last, the sunshine grows into effulgence. Justice, indeed, requires this sameness of conformation in beings amenable to the same laws of adjudication, otherwise its own ordinances would be outraged.

Still, though consideration brings us to this conclusion, without it we might be tempted into pronouncing the different tribes of our race as of a different creation. For instance, the Caffre, treacherous and cruel, can claim little brotherhood with the gentle sun-worshipper of Peru, and the Australian, with his niggardliness of mental resources, seems to have little affinity with the already half-civilized New Zealander. The difference is, indeed, striking, but it is a difference of position and developement rather than of organization.

Among the denizens of nature in her giant wildernesses, where pillars, the growth of centuries, their capitals clothed in verdure less perishable than the acanthus because ever renewing, adorn her temples, and where unmeasurable prairies form the courts of those sylvan solitudes, no tribe of people are more deserving our observation and admiration than those of Western America. Whether or not we travel time backwards, and trace their history through ages that have passed away, to a condition wherein the luxury of palmy days encircled them, and when, instead of recognizing in them civilized man's crude, unshapen embryo, we find them on an eminence of civilization from which they have gradually declined, reading the history of their loftier state in the ruins of magnificent palaces, and the crumbling records of pompous works of art,—whether or not, thus tracing their steps backwards, we find them in a state of elevation from which they have retrograded, or, with less exciting credence, rejecting lordly pedigrees, and simply considering their present condition as on the verge of advance rather than declension—in either case, we say, that the tribes of Western America amply deserve a close attention, and excite a lively interest.

* Narrative of the Adventures of Monsieur Violet, in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B.

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One of the most striking features of the present day exists in a species of connexion, and in some sense of coalition, of the great human family. That wonderful energy of mind which has disseminated itself over so large a portion of the surface of the earth, and is daily and hourly increasing in some of its most striking subdivisions, in the shape of railroads and steam vessels, is attended, as a necessary consequence, by the approximation to union of tribes and races hitherto severed from each other by a vast extent of country, the passing over of which required an expenditure of too large a portion of life, so that time and space united in keeping up the separation. Now, however, that the spirit of man has obtained the mastery over these obstacles of nature, it seems as if the intellect were designed as the mighty medium of connecting the affections. If that universal philanthropy which Christianity enjoins did indeed operate upon the heart with but a modicum of its energising influence, then that expenditure of mind, which has in a great measure enabled us to span the globe, by uniting the scattered portions of our race, would prove the greatest of earthly blessings. As it is, with but a scant and narrow view of its importance, its operations are inestimable. The inhabitants of the most distant and opposite portions of the world are now brought into contact with each other, and we trust that a higher cultivation of intellect, and a purer perception of the truths of Christianity, will be the happy result.

We have, however, already received some fruits of this discursive spirit, and, among these, the work of Captain Marryat, which has given rise to these observations, is not the least valuable. Highly curious and interesting it unquestionably is, of quite a novel character as well as replete with novel matter. Written in the form of an autobiography, the principal individual thus exhibited is of curious combination. Monsieur Violet, whose European patronymic, by the bye, appears nowhere but on the title-page, is the son of a French gentleman of good descent, who, in the disordered times the disruptions of which dislodged Charles X. from his precarious throne, determined on emigration, and, having joined the fortunes of a Prince Seravalle, an Italian nobleman, with a little band of retainers, a couple of missionaries, and all needful requirements, having equipped a vessel, proceeded to find and form a new home in the western states of North America. This Prince Seravalle having been guilty of political offences in his youth, had been sentenced to ten years' banishment, during which he had rambled through the vast deserts of Central America, and had been kindly entertained by the Shoshones, a tribe of Indians inhabiting a portion of California, a large territory, extending from the Pacific towards the Rocky Mountains. Enamoured of the wild life of this people, and grateful for their hospitality, entertaining, also, projects for their educational improvement, Prince Seravalle and his companions determined upon casting their lot among them, while the father of our hero, having first travelled with his young son through some of the most stirring scenes of the old country, proceeded with him to the new. Amongst this people he became naturalized, and under the Indian name of Owato Wanisha we henceforth follow his fortunes, and curious and interesting they indeed are. The contrariety

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between his different conditions is striking, the cradle of his infancy being rocked in his paternal country, and that the most polished in the world, his boyhood spent in wandering through classic lands, his manhood naturalized among the Shoshone Indians. From such a variety in the impressions of his education, it is difficult to imagine what result might justly be expected; whether lingering longings after the refinements of civilization should prevail, or the keen appetite for the wild pleasures of unrestricted and unshackled freedom. There is a strange anomaly in this engrafting of an Indian character upon that of a polished European: the artificial seeming to be the natural, while retrogression into the natural assumes the semblance of the artificial. Captain Marryat's object, however, has not been so much to make us acquainted with the individual, as to command an interesting medium for conveying a great store of information respecting those tribes of Indians with which we are least familiar. Owato Wanisha is but the vehicle for conveying to us these innumerable details. The character and condition of the native tribes being the primary objects of illustration, are chiefly kept in view, and well and ably has Captain Marryat performed his pleasing labour. If there be a leaning to mercy's side in his delineations, it does but indicate the gentle judgment of philanthropy, and is in itself a persuasion to an imitative love and charity in those who read. Undoubtedly, the pre-eminence in vice belongs to the pre-eminent in civilization.

The genuineness of Captain Marryat's information rests upon his own authority, and we believe that we could have no better. Of the source from which it has been derived, he contents us with a glance, simply telling us that the party from whose notes and memoranda he has compiled was his companion during its progress, thus affording him continuous explanation and illustration through his labour. And indeed the work bears inherent marks of having had its source from some eye-witness and sharer of what it brings before us, and, at the same time, offers its attestation that that witness is not Captain Marryat. The minutiæ of the closest observation, such as not even the richest vein of invention or the most highly-taxed imagination could supply, prove that the work deals in realities—realities observed and garnered up by some sober-minded, accurate beholder; but that that beholder was not Captain Marryat we fully believe, inasmuch as it would have been impossible for him so far to have forgotten his own literary nature as to have restrained the frolic merriment of his pen in his descriptions. Glimpses of his racy vein we certainly catch, giving us confirmation of the veritable identity of his authorship, in the later portions of the work; but it is not until the hero, anxious to turn Liberator, and to gain the strength of union by combining the different tribes which claim descent from his own adopted one of the Shoshones, sets out on a mission to the Mormon leader, whose policy it has been to make alliances and treaties with the Indians, and, in the prosecution of this object, entering Texas, comes into contact with the anomalous people there, that in the collision some flashes of this author's own natural spirit scatter themselves through his later pages, to the real exhilaration of the work, which, not only as presenting us with a striking variety in our literature, but from

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its own interest and merit, will add to Captain Marryat's former reputation that of extension of talent and stability of character.

Culling from his pages, we shall present an admirable and interesting picture of the Shoshone Indians.

"The Shoshones, or Snake Indians, are a brave and numerous people, occupying a large and beautiful tract of country, 540 miles from east to west, and nearly 300 miles from north to south. It lies betwixt 38° and 43° north latitude, and from long. 116° west of Greenwich to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which there extend themselves to nearly the parallel of 125° west longitude. The land is rich and fertile, especially by the sides of numerous streams, where the soil is sometimes of a deep red colour, and at others entirely black. The aspect of this region is well diversified, and though the greatest part of it must be classified under the denomination of rolling prairies, yet woods are very abundant, principally near the rivers and in the low flat bottoms; while the general landscape is agreeably relieved from the monotony of too great uniformity by numerous mountains of fantastical shapes and appearance, entirely unconnected with each other, and all varying in the primitive matter of their conformation.

"Masses of native copper are found at almost every step, and betwixt two mountains which spread from east to west in the parallel of the rivers Buona Ventura and Calumet, there are rich beds of galena, even at two or three feet under ground; sulphur and magnesia appear plentiful in the northern districts; while in the sand of the creeks to the south, gold dust is occasionally collected by the Indians. The land is admirably watered by three noble streams—the Buona Ventura, the Calumet, and the *Ná elije sha wako*, or River of the Strangers, while twenty rivers of inferior size rush with noise and impetuosity from the mountains, until they enter the prairies, where they glide smoothly in long serpentine courses between banks covered with flowers and shaded by the thick foliage of the western magnolia. The plains, as I have said, are gently undulating, and are covered with excellent natural pastures of moskito-grass, blue grass, and clover, in which innumerable herds of buffaloes and mustangs, or wild horses, graze, except during the hunting season, in undisturbed security.

"The Shoshones are indubitably a very ancient people. It would be impossible to say how long they may have been settled on this portion of the continent. Their cast of features proves them to be of Asiatic origin, and their phraseology, elegant and full of metaphors, assumes all the graceful variety of the brightest pages of Saadi.

"A proof of their antiquity and foreign extraction is, that but few of their records and traditions are local; they refer to countries on the other side of the sea, countries where the summer is perpetual, the population numberless, and the cities composed of great palaces, like the Hindoo traditions, 'built by the good genii, long before the creation of man.'

"There is no doubt, indeed it is admitted by the other tribes, that the Shoshone is the parent tribe of the Comanches, Arrapahoes, and Apaches —the Bedouins of the Mexican deserts. They all speak the same beautiful and harmonious language, have the same traditions; and indeed so recent have been their subdivisions, that they point out the exact periods by connecting them with the various events of Spanish inland conquest in the northern portion of Sonora.

"It is not my intention to dwell long upon speculative theory, but I must observe, that if any tradition is to be received with confidence, it must proceed from nations, or tribes, who have been *stationary*. That the northern continent of America was first peopled from Asia, there can be little doubt; and if so, it is but natural to suppose that those who first came over would settle upon the nearest and most suitable territory.

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The emigrants who, upon their landing, found themselves in such a climate and such a country as California, were not very likely to quit it in search of a better.

"That such was the case with the Shoshones, and that they are descended from the earliest emigrants, and that they have never quitted the settlement made by their ancestors, I have no doubt, for all their traditions confirm it.

"We must be cautious how we put faith in the remarks of missionaries and travellers, upon a race of people little known. They seldom come into contact with the better and higher classes, who have all the information and knowledge; and it is only by becoming one of them, not one of their tribes, but one of their chiefs, and received into their aristocracy, that any correct intelligence can be obtained.

"Allow that a stranger was to arrive at Wapping, or elsewhere, in Great Britain, and question those he met in such a locality as to the religion, laws, and history of the English, how unsatisfactory would be their replies; yet missionaries and travellers among these nations seldom obtain farther access.

"It is therefore among the better classes of the Indians that we must search for records, traditions, and laws. As for their religion, no stranger will ever obtain possession of its tenets, unless he is cast among them in early life, and becomes one of them.

"Let missionaries say what they please in their reports to their societies, they make no converts to their faith, except the pretended ones of vagrant and vagabond drunkards, who are outcasts from their tribes.

"The traditions of the Shoshones fully bear out my opinion, that they were among the earliest of the Asiatic emigrants; they contain histories of subsequent emigrations, in which they had to fight hard to retain their lands; of the dispersion of the new emigrants to the north and south; of the increase of numbers, and breaking up of portions of the tribes, who travelled away to seek subsistence in the east.

"We find, as might be expected, that the traditions of the eastern tribes, collected as they have occasionally been previous to their extinction, are trifling and absurd; and why so? because, driven away to the east, and finding other tribes of Indians, who had been driven there before them, already settled there, they have immediately commenced a life of continual hostility and change of domicile. When people have thus been occupied for generations in continual warfare and change, it is but natural to suppose that in such a life of constant action, they have had no time to transmit their traditions, and that ultimately they have been lost to the tribe.

"We must then look for records in those quarters where the population has remained stationary for ages. It must be in the south-west of Oregon, and in the northern parts of Upper California and Sonora, that the philosopher must obtain the eventful history of vast warlike nations, of their rise and of their fall. The western Apaches or the Shoshones, with their antiquities and ruins of departed glory, will unfold to the student's mind long pages of a thrilling interest, while in their metaphors and rich phraseology, the linguist, learned in Asiatic lore, will easily detect their ancient origin.

"It is remarkable to observe, how generally traditions and records will spread and be transmitted among nations destitute of the benefits of the art of printing. In Europe, the mass were certainly better acquainted with their ancient history before this great discovery than they are now in our own days, as traditions were then handed down from family to family; it was a duty, a sacred one, for a father to transmit them to his son, unadulterated, such, in fact, as he had received them from his ancestors. It is the same case with the Indians, who have remained stationary for a

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long period. It is in the long evenings of February, during the hunting season, that the elders of the tribe will reveal to the young warriors all the records of their history; and were a learned European to assist at one of these '*lectures upon antiquity*,' he would admit that, in harmony, eloquence, strength of argument, and deduction, the red-coloured orator could not easily be surpassed.

"The Shoshones have a clear and lucid recollection of the far countries whence they have emigrated. They do not allude to any particular period, but they must have been among the first comers, for they relate with great topographical accuracy all the bloody struggles they had to sustain against newer emigrants. Often beaten, they were never conquered, and have always occupied the ground which they had selected from the beginning.

"Unlike the great families of the Dahcotahs and Algonquins, who yet retain the predominant characteristics of the wandering nations of south-west Asia, the Shoshones seem to have been in all ages a nation warlike, though stationary. It is evident that they never were a wealthy people, nor possessed any great knowledge of the arts and sciences. Their records of a former country speak of rich mountainous districts, with balmy breezes, and trees covered with sweet and beautiful fruits; but when they mention large cities, palaces, temples, and gardens, it is always in reference to other nations, with whom they were constantly at war; and these traditions would induce us to believe that they are descendants of the Mancheoux Tartars.

"They have in their territory on both sides of the Buona Ventura river many magnificent remains of devastated cities; but although connected with a former period of their history, they were not erected by the Shoshones.

"The fountains, aqueducts, the heavy domes, and the long graceful obelisks, rising at the feet of massive pyramids, show indubitably the long presence of a highly civilized people; and the Shoshone's accounts of these mysterious relics may serve to philosophers as a key to the remarkable fact of thousands of similar ruins found everywhere upon the continent of America. The following is a description of events at a very remote period, which was related by an old Shoshone sage, in their evening encampment in the prairies, during the hunting season:—

"'It is a long, long while! when the wild horses were unknown in the country, and when the buffalo alone ranged the vast prairies; then, huge and horrid monsters existed. The approaches of the mountains and forests were guarded by the evil spirits, while the sea-shore, tenanted by immense lizards, was often the scene of awful conflicts between man the eldest son of light, and the mighty children of gloom and darkness. Then, too, the land we now live in had another form; brilliant stones were found in the streams; the mountains had not yet vomited their burning bowels, and the great Master of Life was not angry with his red children.

"'One summer, and it was a dreadful one, the moon (*i. e.* the sun) remained stationary for a long time; it was of a red blood colour, and gave neither night nor days. Takwantona, the spirit of evil, had conquered nature, and the sages of the Shoshones foresaw many dire calamities. The great *Medecines* declared that the country would soon be drowned in the blood of their nation. They prayed in vain, and offered without any success, two hundred of their fairest virgins in sacrifice on the altars of Takwantona. The evil spirit laughed, and answered to them with his destructive thunders. The earth was shaken and rent asunder; the waters ceased to flow in the rivers, and large streams of fire and burning sulphur rolled down from the mountains, bringing with them terror and death. How long it lasted none is living to say; and who could? There stood

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the bleeding moon; 'twas neither light nor obscurity; how could man divide the time and the seasons? It may have been only the life of a worm; it may have been the long age of a snake.

" ' The struggle was fearful, but at last the good Master of Life broke his bonds. The sun shone again. It was too late! The Shoshones had been crushed and their heart had become small; they were poor, and had no dwellings; they were like the deer of the prairies, hunted by the hungry panther.

" ' And a strange and numerous people landed on the shores of the sea; they were rich and strong; they made the Shoshones their slaves, and built large cities, where they passed all their time. Ages passed: the Shoshones were squaws; they hunted for the mighty strangers; they were beasts, for they dragged wood and water to their great wigwams; they fished for them, and they themselves starved in the midst of plenty. Ages again passed: the Shoshones could bear no more; they ran away to the woods, to the mountains, and to the borders of the sea; and, lo! the great Father of Life smiled again upon them; the evil genii were all destroyed, and the monsters buried in the sands.

" ' They soon became strong, and great warriors; they attacked the strangers, destroyed their cities, and drove them, like buffaloes, far in the south, where the sun is always burning, and from whence they did never return.

" ' Since that time, the Shoshones have been a great people. Many, many times strangers arrived again; but being poor and few, they were easily compelled to go to the east and to the north, in the countries of the Crows, Flatheads, Wallah Wallahs, and Jal Alla Pujees' (the Calapooses).

" I have selected this tradition out of many, as, allowing for metaphor, it appears to be a very correct epitome of the history of the Shoshones in former times. The very circumstance of their acknowledging that they were, for a certain period, slaves to that race of people who built the cities, the ruins of which still attest their magnificence, is a strong proof of the outline being correct."

" The four tribes of Shoshones, Arrapahoes, Comanches, and Appaches, never attempt, like the Dahcotah and Algonquin, and other tribes of the East, to surprise an enemy; they take his scalp, it is true, but they take it in the broad day; neither will they ever murder the squaws, children, and old men, who may be left unprotected when the war parties are out. In fact, they are honourable and noble foes, sincere and trustworthy friends. In many points they have the uses of ancient chivalry among them, so much so as to induce me to surmise that they may have brought them over with them when they first took possession of the territory.

" Every warrior has his nephew, who is selected as his page; he performs the duty of a squire, in ancient knight errantry, takes charge of his horse, arms, and accoutrements; and he remains in his office until he is old enough to gain his own spurs. Hawking is also a favourite amusement, and the chiefs ride out with the falcon, or small eagle, on their wrist or shoulder.

" Even in their warfare, you often may imagine that you were among the knights of ancient days. An Arrapahoe and a Shoshone warrior, armed with a buckler and their long lances, will single out and challenge each other; they run a tilt, and as each has warded off the blow, and passed unhurt, they will courteously turn back and salute each other, as an acknowledgment of their enemy's bravery and skill. When these challenges take place, or indeed in any single combat without quarrel, none of these Indians will take advantage of possessing a superior weapon. If one has a rifle, and knows that his opponent has not, he will throw his rifle down, and only use the same weapon as his adversary.

" ' Every year, during the season dedicated to the performing of the religious ceremonies, premiums are given by the holy men and elders of

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the tribe to those among the young men who have the most distinguished themselves. The best warrior receives a feather of the black eagle; the most successful hunter obtains a robe of buffalo-skin, painted inside, and representing some of his most daring exploits; the most virtuous has for his share a coronet made either of gold or silver; and these premiums are suspended in their wigwams, as marks of honour, and handed down to their posterity. In fact, they become écusson, which ennobles a family.'

"The Shoshone women, as well as the Apache and Arrapahoe, all of whom are of the Shoshone race, are very superior to the squaws of the Eastern Indians. They are more graceful in their forms, and have more personal beauty. I cannot better describe them than by saying that they have more similitude to the Arabian women than any other race. They are very clean in their persons and in their lodges; and all their tribes having both male and female slaves, the Shoshone is not broken down by hard labour, as are the squaws of the eastern tribes; to their husbands they are most faithful, and I really believe that any attempt upon their chastity would prove unavailing. They ride as bravely as the men, and are very expert with the bow and arrow. I once saw a very beautiful little Shoshone girl, about ten years old, the daughter of a chief, when her horse was at full speed, kill, with bow and arrow, in the course of a minute or two, nine out of a flock of wild turkeys which she was in chase of.

"Though women participate not in the deeper mysteries of religion, some of them are permitted to consecrate themselves to the divinity, and to make vows of chastity, as the vestals of Paganism or the nuns of the Catholic convents. But there is no seclusion. They dress as *men*, covered with leather from head to foot, a painting of the sun on their breasts. These women are warriors, but never go out with the parties, remaining always behind to protect the villages. They also live alone, are dreaded, but not loved. The Indian hates any thing or any body that usurps power, or oversteps those bounds which appear to him as natural and proper, or who does not fulfil what he considers as their intended destiny.

"The fine evenings of summer are devoted, by the young Indian, to courtship. When he has made his choice, he communicates it to his parents, who take the business into their hands. Presents are carried to the door of the fair one's lodge; if they are not accepted, there is an end of the matter, and the swain must look somewhere else; if they are taken in, other presents are returned, as a token of agreement. These generally consist of objects of woman's workmanship, such as garters, belts, mocassins, &c.; then follows a meeting of the parents, which terminates by a speech from the girl's father, who mentions his daughter as the 'dove,' or 'lily,' or 'whisper of the breeze,' or any other pretty Indian name which may appertain to her. She has been a good daughter, she will be a dutiful wife; her blood is that of a warrior's; she will bear noble children to her husband, and sing to them his great deeds, &c. &c. The marriage-day arrives at last; a meal of roots and fruit is prepared; all are present except the bridegroom, whose arms, saddles, and property are placed behind the fair one. The door of the lodge is open, its threshold lined with flowers; at sunset the young man presents himself, with great gravity of deportment. As soon as he has taken a seat near the girl, the guests begin eating, but in silence; but soon a signal is given by the mothers, each guest rises, preparatory to retiring. At that moment, the two lovers cross their hands, and the husband speaks for the first time interrogatively:—'Faithful to the lodge, faithful to the father, faithful to his children?' She answers softly: 'Faithful, ever faithful, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death'—'*Penir, penir—asha, sartir nú cohta, lebeck nú tanim.*' It is the last formula—the ceremony is accomplished. This may seem very simple and ridiculous; to me it appeared almost sublime. Opinions depend upon habits and education."

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER I.

"Qu'il peigne de Paris les tristes embarras!"
VOLTAIRE.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Paris was fast hastening to a crisis of social anarchy, through the obstinacy of the queen-regent in supporting a favourite minister against the united wish of the nation for his expulsion from office and banishment. Cardinal Mazarin had indeed the posthumous suffrage of the renowned Richelieu in his favour, who dying, recommended his pliant Italian secretary as a man able in affairs of state, and deserving the confidence of his sovereign. And with this passport to office, the cardinal became prime minister; served the unfortunate Louis XIII. during the few remaining months of that monarch's life—secretly espoused the cause of the queen, who was at variance with her royal consort—intrigued so adroitly, as even to extort (his own agency unseen) the royal signature to a will declaring her majesty the future guardian of her infant son, and regent of the kingdom—and lastly, as the crowning of his hopes, found himself sole confidant of a widowed queen, mistress of a mighty kingdom. For a man who, in earlier life, had lived an adventurer at Rome—been cudgelled in the streets for cheating at play—and served the base offices of parasite and panderer to a Roman prelate,—this was exaltation loftier than his ambition could have dreamed of. Some men are tried in their ascent to power; the trial of others awaits their elevation; and in the latter predicament was Mazarin.

His predecessor, Richelieu, he of the iron sceptre, who had subjected alike to his will, his master, the nation, and, in a measure, all Europe, had humbled not crushed the wild spirit and turbulence of the French nobility. They awaited with impatience the death of the king to share the rich spoils of the long-looked-for minority of the succeeding reign; and were chagrined and disgusted to find themselves thwarted by the crafty Italian, who, mean and avaricious by nature, failings the least likely to be forgiven by the French, caused the stream of emolument and patronage to flow entirely into the royal exchequer, and thence find its exit only in supplying, and that sparingly, the cravings of his own creatures and partisans.

A powerful combination was formed to rid the country of the cardinal; its members composed of all the most influential of the noblesse, save a few attached to the royal household by office or personal friendship. The resources of this faction proved in the result mightier than foreseen by itself or its opponents;—but to make the reader fully acquainted with the engine of destruction put in motion against

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the minister, it will be necessary to enter more into detail, before commencing the personal adventures which form the substance of our legend.

Ever since the royal policy had succeeded in inducing the nobility and titular clergy to make Paris a permanent residence—a policy which covered the heretofore waste fauxbourgs with magnificent hotels, and caused the narrow streets of the denser part of the capital to disappear before wide squares and public places—there had been attracted to Paris a larger population than its resources could fairly supply with the necessaries of life. And whenever a temporary interruption of the tranquillity of the kingdom induced a cessation of the daily luxuries of the richer classes, then was felt among the poor, deep distress and misery—even famine. The provisions destined for the supply of Paris were intercepted, either for the support of the royal armies, or carried off by insurgent forces,—and thus bread rose to a price quite beyond the means of the indigent of a city without the usual healthy resource of a large commerce,—a city where, as we have just intimated, the poor depended on the luxurious droppings of the rich. And Paris was besides a city of refuge, a place where misery came to hide its sorrows, guilt to conceal its existence till crime was forgotten, and the discontented and broken-down of the provinces and other countries, to indulge at leisure in dreams of ambition and rapine. Much mischief and peril lay brooding amongst the almost unknown population, who were the tenants of the piles of floors, rising one above the other, in the lofty dismal dwellings which formed the narrow intricate passes of the oldest quarter of the city—that little island, the ancient Lutetia of the Romans—the whole of Paris in the days of Clovis, and from the centre of which arose the ancient towers of Nôtre Dame. There was much to fear in times of distress and commotion from the hordes inhabiting this the most obscure and dangerous quarter of the city.

Another class of sufferers during an insurrectionary movement, were the *rentiers*, a very numerous body, chiefly of the *bourgeois*, who had sold their earnings or legacies to the royal exchequer for a life-annuity. These were paid at intervals at the Hôtel-de-Ville of Paris, and the succession of payment was arranged according to the initial letter of the annuitant's name; so that throughout the year there was considerable stir and clamour, if not confusion, among the crowds of both sexes, who thronged this ancient edifice, waiting to receive their dues.

It is very obvious that when, from any cause, the king's exchequer was empty, there was nothing but promises to feed the poor annuitants; and as these had kindred, and creditors withal, spread in every direction, the mischief was universally felt.

There were in France two avenues of appeal open to the unfortunate; the one, to approach the royal footstool and sue for justice or relief; the other, to stir up the parliament to the aid of the oppressed. The parliament of Paris was not like the English parliament, a legislative body, but simply a corps of presidents or judges of the courts of law, in their ordinary sittings deciding law-suits, and on extraordinary occasions, associated with the advocates or councillors to register

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the king's edicts, so that they might more formally become the law of the land. To these extraordinary sittings, the chief noblesse, mitred clergy, and princes of the blood, had access; and there would, at long intervals, ensue something approaching the spirit of freedom and resistance to monarchical tyranny. It was the safety-valve to the absolutism of the most Christian King; and gave the Court warning when the despotic and financial screws pressed too tightly on the liberty and pockets of *Jaques Bonhomme.* There were besides certain solemn occasions, when his majesty, holding what was called a bed of justice, presided in person; parliament may have been so refractory as to require the royal presence to enforce the registry of an obnoxious edict, or Condé may have beaten the Spaniards at Rocroy, and it behoved king and parliament to assist together at mass; or his majesty and the magnates of the nation may have to return thanks for the royal recovery from a fit of the measles.

At the period at which our story opens, there was much need of some interference to heal the dissensions of the state, and above all to provide for the wants of a famishing people. The queen had perilled everything rather than dismiss her favourite minister; twice had she been forced to fly at night from Paris with her young and royal charge to St. Germains, only to be brought back by the assurance, on one side, that nothing was contemplated against the person of royalty; and, on the other, by her plighted word that she would abandon the cardinal; and as many times had she broken her promise. Everything tended to add strength to the cabal formed against him. The royal treasury had been long exhausted by the favourites of the late monarch; the troops were without pay, and were allowed, in lieu of gold and rations, to live at free quarter in the towns and villages surrounding the capital; Paris was straitened of provisions. The famine was made to be more severely felt through the artifices of the cabal, in order to heighten the resentment of the people against the Italian; the poor *rentiers* of the Hôtel-de-Ville were starving and clamorous; and, in this moody state, were secretly instigated to appeal to the parliament for justice. The appeal, as its instigators knew, was well-timed; for Mazarin and his superintendent of finances, D'Erneri, had recently added twelve new masters to the court of requests, selling the patents at very high rates. Some money was raised by these means, but more clamour; for the old masters, very important and influential personages in the parliamentary corps, finding their profits materially lessened by the participation of the newcomers, enlisted the fears of the presidents in their cause by pointing out the likelihood of an influx of new dignitaries of the latter class.

Thus aggrieved on their own account, the parliament took up the cause of the *rentiers;* and in addition, received very graciously the petitions of the Parisian populace against the hateful Italian, the author, as it was believed, of every misery which the nation groaned under; and, to complete their triumph, after receiving the private assurances of the chiefs of the cabal that Paris was their own, and would stand up in their defence as one man, they ventured on a solemn edict against the Cardinal Mazarin as a traitor to France, declared his person banished the kingdom, and if found within the

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French territory after a fixed period, a price to be set on his head—his furniture, library, and valuables, meanwhile, to be sold for the benefit of the starving populace.

Thus was the nation, through a chain of circumstances, from a peaceful though impoverished and lethargic state, brought into a fit of rebellion. The elements of discord, at first few and unconnected, had been, through the subtle agency of a few ambitious spirits, made to assume a strength and consistency which threatened even the reigning dynasty. And yet powerful as was the attitude of the incipient rebellion, such was the respect for the royal authority, that every rebellious movement was assumed as an act of loyalty to the youthful monarch, and declared to be undertaken only to remove from his presence pernicious councillors. One word from the queen-regent, and the magical power of both parliament and cabal would have been dissolved! But that word was not spoken. Mazarin—so resolved the queen—shall *not* go, come what may!

Let the reader, picturing this aspect of things, transport himself in imagination back to Paris in the year A.D. 1650. Let him, from the tower of Nôtre Dame, survey the capital in its disordered state. At his feet, lying close to the old cathedral, and connected with it, stands a sumptuous edifice, skirted with pleasant gardens which abut on the quay. It is the archiepiscopal palace, and occupied at this time by the nephew and assistant (in clerical language, coadjutor,) of the prelate; for the archbishop was old and infirm, and lived secluded in a cloister, having surrendered his powers, spiritual and temporal, to the keeping of his nephew. Looking very attentively, he may discover certain tokens of a warlike cast, ill befitting the proximity of the mansion to the holy sanctuary, and the peaceful tenor of a prelate's state. The lower range of windows are barricaded, and both in inner and outer court, are seen loitering groups of armed men, some of foreign aspect, wearing the Scottish bonnet ornamented with the national emblem, for Charles of England had ceased his earthly struggles, and the army of his gallant servant, the loyal Montrose, was dispersed, and its officers become refugees in all the capitals of Europe where valour could earn honour and emolument. But why this parade of force around the dwelling of the Coadjutor and future Archbishop of Paris? Did he fear the famishing populace would forget the holiness of his calling, and force the gates, demanding food? Far from it! For he was their idol, their favourite, worshipped more than archbishop had ever been. In the parliament, too, he advocated the cause of the poor *rentier*, and inveighed against the taxes which pressed heavily on the artisan; in the pulpit of Nôtre Dame he fulminated his thunder against Mazarin, the enemy of France.

To say that he feared surprise on the part of the Court would be speaking nearer the truth; but certainly the Coadjutor had cause for alarm. He was young, gay, a scion of the ducal house of De Retz, and very fond of mixing in the frivolities of the luxurious capital. There stood close to the palace of the Tuileries, and on what now forms one side of the Place du Carrousel, a building then known as the Hôtel de Chevreuse,—the head-quarters of Mazarin's enemies;—thither was the Coadjutor in the habit of often repairing to meet the

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gay company which surrounded at supper Madame de Chevreuse and her fascinating daughter. And it was rumoured very generally, that secret advice had lately come to the prelate's ears, that on two occasions he had, almost by miracle, escaped an ambush planted to intercept his homeward progress; once, by returning in a friend's coach, and on another occasion, by his attendants taking an unusual route. Had he been entrapped, it was intimated, the intention was to carry him across the frontiers, far from the scene of his labours in the pulpit of Nôtre Dame. Amongst those who canvassed this rumour—and it very soon reached the lowliest of his partisans, endearing him the more to their hearts—full credit was given to Mazarin as the author of the plot; but whether the Coadjutor coincided in this opinion or not, he no longer trusted to the holiness of his office for protection, but hired, lodged, and fed a considerable body of retainers, among whom, as before intimated, were many officers of the loyal Scottish army, who had fought and suffered for the unfortunate Charles.

Richelieu's superb abode, in the late reign known as the Palais Cardinal, and now as the Palais Royal, had been chosen by the queen-regent in preference to the Tuileries. A gorgeous memorial of the treasure heaped on the favourite of the thirteenth Louis, it had been left by the dying minister to his royal master;—and is not the only instance of ministerial munificence recorded in history; but the English cardinal, to whom our memory reverts, the lordly founder of Hampton Court, was less fortunate than the Frenchman, and his legacy has less the fruit of spontaneous will than of dread and compulsion.

Here dwelt, in fear and trembling, Anne, queen regent, mother of the youthful Louis XIV., within hearing of the cries of the Parisian populace, threatened with all the horrors of a civil war, and yet gifted with enough of firmness or obstinacy, having its source in pride, or perhaps a tenderer feeling, to resist all and brave all—even to the forgetting of her pledged word—rather than dismiss Mazarin.

Hard by, yet unseen from our aërial position, stands the Hôtel de Mazarin, in the Rue de Vivienne. Sheltered within its recesses lodges the crafty Italian, afraid to venture out without a strong escort, yet exerting every species of intrigue, and all the influence of the royal name, to retain his tottering position; his outer court bristling with soldiers, and, in the stables, steeds caparisoned both night and day, and ever ready for immediate flight, when peril became imminent.

Other enemies had his Eminence, more illustrious even than the Coadjutor. On the spot where now stands the lofty column in the interior of the Place Vendôme, dwelt the family of that name, descendants of Henry IV., by Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort. The eldest scion of this noble house, presuming, perhaps, on his personal attractions, had ventured unguardedly to make advances to the royal widow—been, in consequence, repulsed and humiliated—and was now the bitter enemy of the cardinal, and shared with the Coadjutor the favour of the mob. While De Retz could exhort from the pulpit and thunder in the court of the parliament, Beaufort had equal facility in haranguing at the corners of streets and in the public places. Gifted with the form of Hercules, personal courage, and the air and mien of a prince,

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how great was the surprise of the listening spectator to hear him talk in the peculiar language of the fishmarkets of Paris—tone, gesture, and phraseology, the echo, to the very life, of his usual audience in the markets! Whence or how the descendant of the great Henry acquired this talent, if talent it can be called, is unknown; it seemed natural to him; his language was but slightly more polished in the cabinet and saloon. The original rudeness of speech, on which had been so easily engrafted the rhetorical graces of the Parisian slang, would have been a lamentable deficiency if his life had been solely that of a courtier; but, fortunately for the political position of the duke, wounded pride made him a malcontent in politics, and his vocabulary gave him unlimited sway over the hearts of that immense swarm of artisans, butchers, fish and herb-women, and others of both sexes, of more ferocious and uncertain callings, which Paris then and ever vomits forth in times of national distress and commotion.

Let us now turn to the opposite bank of the Seine, to the Faux-bourg St. Germains, studded with the hôtels of the noblesse. Noblest among these, far removed from the river, rises the Luxembourg Palace, where dwells moodily the uncle of the king, Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, still angry with his deceased brother that he was not appointed regent during the minority; still more angry with himself, that, being possessed of clear-sightedness, sagacity, and eloquence, he should be so destitute of firmness and courage at the most critical moments of his career, as to be ever the tool of others, and almost despised by the Italian cardinal.

But to make amends to the faction for the irresolute Orleans, chance had given them a leader, so illustrious in genius and station, as to create a regret that his destiny should ever have led him to be allied to a party actuated by sordid and interested views—that his career should not ever have been heading a mighty nation in war or in peace. The Prince of Condé, at the age of twenty-two, in an engagement in which were fairly pitted the chivalry of both nations, had so entirely broken down and dispersed the veteran forces of Spain, that they never recovered the shock of that disastrous day. Subsequent victories had confirmed the reputation of the prince as being the greatest warrior of modern times; nor were his other qualities unequal to his military genius. But he had failings, the chief of which was an infirmity of temper. Accustomed in war to overthrow every obstacle by discovering at a glance the enemy's weak point, and by the rapidity of his own combinations to bear on it, he could ill brook the impediments thrown in his way by courtly finesse. Was he, the laurelled conqueror of Rocroy, Lens, and Nordlingen, to meet with evasive answers from the Italian when asking for some post or pension for himself or his officers? Where was the secret obstacle if the minister were willing, (for Mazarin dare not openly say nay,) and his royal mistress graciously inclined? Who was the competitor of Condé?

These delays in granting the prince's demands were artfully taken advantage of by the leaders of the faction, and, by adroit insinuations, Condé was induced to believe that the minister had no intention of complying with his wishes. It was on such occasions, where a more

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moderate man would have smothered resentment, and calmly waited the turn of events to bring the Italian within his power, that the great warrior indulged in expressions of ribaldry, in which neither queen nor minister were spared. And as the prince, when moved, was not deficient of wit and sarcasm, and could throw off an extempore couplet or epigram, well-pointed and stinging, against the Palais Royal, these little darts so offended the queen, that the cardinal, who had no wish to make an enemy, and sought only to manage the prince, was obliged to declare against him: and so Condé became the prize of the faction.

Leaving the prince and his neighbour and cousin of Orleans to discuss their mutual hatred of the policy of the Palais Royal, let us direct attention to the large masses composing the middling and lower classes of Paris, now suffering from scarcity of provisions and want of employment, severest sufferers in the quarrels of their superiors.

Look towards the old palace of Dagobert and Hugh Capet, but a short distance from Nôtre Dame. What a huge assemblage of towers and pointed roofs, the work of successive ages; its origin lost in the night of time! There is the seat of justice—there is daily assembled the parliament, debating how to be rid of Mazarin without losing their respect for the royal authority; precedents must be sought for to show that rebellion is not rebellion, for the innovations of lawyers must be by rule and practice. There is much clamour within, created by the adherents of the faction urging their pacific brethren to more violent measures; and there is still greater clamour without, from the mobs of Beaufort and the Coadjutor, continually crying out, "Down with the tyrant! Let the king reign alone!"

Looking across the Seine, the Hôtel de Ville may be distinctly seen, the public square in front filled with groups of citizens, better clad and more orderly than the populace infesting the avenues of the parliament. These are *rentiers*, shopkeepers, and substantial burgesses, their movements indicating impatience and anxiety, yet without the ferocity of the other classes; they have nothing to hope for, and everything to fear, in the continuance of a civil war. They are bitter enemies to Mazarin, but love the king; and too humble to expect places and pensions by any revolution in affairs, are removed from the temptation to cabal and form faction. The hardiest of this class aim at stirring the parliament to petition the queen regent for a remission of imposts, and a fairer system of taxation.

Look which way we may within the walls, there is distrust and fear; the rival parties are cooped up within such narrow space, that the peril of an outbreak is dreaded by both. Beyond the confines of the city may be seen, from the summit of the old tower, the windings of the Seine, flowing onward by the forest of St. Germains, where the royal army lies encamped; whilst on the south, and in possession of Charenton, are the regiments of guards attached to the persons of Condé and Orleans, awaiting the signals of their commanders, and, in imitation of the army at St. Germains, levying a heavy toll on the provisions passing onward to the capital.

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CHAPTER II.

" Faites choix d'un héros propre a m'intéresser,
En valeur éclatante, en vertu magnifique ;
Qu'en lui jusqu'aux defauts tout se montre heroïque."

DESPREAUX.

We now spirit away the reader from the pinnacles of Nôtre Dame, to the consideration of a humbler scene. As he may have remarked, there was no quarter of the city exclusively occupied by the aristocratic portion of the community, and as a consequence of this absence of concentration, the mansion of the *grand seigneur* of territorial and titular rank was often neighboured by the dwellings of the *bourgeois*, the mechanic, and mine host of the third and fourth rate tavern. It is to one of the last-named class of houses, in the Rue St. Antoine, leading eastward from the Hôtel de Ville, that we must conduct our reader ; a lofty, narrow-fronted building, drooping with age ; its upper stories seemingly dragged forward beyond the perpendicular by the weight of an enormous projecting sign-board, exhibiting the effigy of a yellow angel. Age had caused dilapidation in the once stout framework of the sign ; and though our host constantly averred that he lived under the protection of the Golden Angel, he might very appropriately be said to live under the more precarious tenure of the Angel of Destruction, for it threatened every passer-by with martyrdom when the wind swept along the once joyous and bustling, but now sorrowful Rue St. Antoine.

For more than three months, enduring the constantly-increasing privations to which the city was subjected, had Henri St. Maur slept in this humble, though auspiciously-named, *auberge*. A follower of fortune, no golden showers had fallen on him, except in dreams, when—perhaps to compensate for worldly sorrows—the angel shed down benignant influence in happy slumbers. He was the only wreck of a bitter strife, in which he had seen the house of his fathers razed to the ground, the lands excoriated with the torch of exterminating warfare, and the peasantry driven to the several frontiers to fill up the broken ranks of the armies of Picardy and Catalonia. In the late reign, the father had taken part with the gallant Montmorenci against the powerful Richelieu, and had shared the fate of all that prelate's enemies; and now the son, powerless, and without pecuniary resources, having availed himself of the permission accorded by the regent, Anne, to all the enemies of her late consort and his relentless minister, to approach the capital, was vainly endeavouring to obtain service under the martial Condé—for the prince's mother was a sister of Montmorenci, and he himself now regarded as the representative of the family, and held bound by a sense of honour, having its source in feudal relations, to succour and befriend the partisans and kinsmen of his late uncle.

Nor was he unwilling to assume the task of upholding the remnant of the Montmorenci party ; as chief of the faction to unseat Mazarin, the prince was desirous of drawing to himself all the discontented and rebellious spirits of the capital. In the field, if affairs were driven

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to that extremity, he knew how to keep in order such gentry; and in the daily chamber of audience, where they thickly congregated, he could be rough or civil as suited his humour;—none dare brook the fiery temper of the prince. He was well seconded in gathering and retaining recruits by his master of the horse, Gourville, a man of inferior origin, but well adapted for state affairs, sagacious, industrious, and unscrupulous.

At these levees St. Maur was not an unwelcome guest; the eye of the prince beamed favourably on him, and Gourville took a fancy to the youth, though without any strong faith in his capacity or courage; his was the affection which the strong-minded and resolute often exhibit for those of softer mould. Pride is gratified in affording protection, and the master of the horse believed, and believed truly, that the youth stood in need of his aid.

Thus, in the eyes of the prince's followers, and to the envy of many, St. Maur and the hero of Rocroi appeared in the relation of patron and dependant; and doubtless the prince viewed the young man as his own in the troubles of the forthcoming crisis. But in this instance, the eagle glance of the warrior, and the subtlety of his sagacious councillor, did not penetrate far enough into the history of their follower.

'Tis true, he told his tale, and petitioned for the prince's interest to reverse the attainder on his father's possessions, or, failing this, for a commission in the army of the Rhine, or that employed in Catalonia, and was once bold enough to hint to Gourville that he should not disgrace the prince's household. His solicitations were well received, as were those of many others less deserving. To the request for leave to signalize himself on the frontiers, he was met by the excuse, which was indeed a just one, that in consequence of Condé's position with Mazarin, he had no longer influence over the French armies, but that Paris would shortly be the field for the warlike youth of France.

The young man, however, as he himself felt, left half the tale untold. He asked for posts of honour when he should have petitioned for bread. This was a truth, plain and terrible, which lay rankling in his heart, but to which he could not give utterance. Could St. Maur ask Condé for alms?

There are some ordeals of life which cause an intense agony in the sufferer, and which are yet but the impositions and practice of custom on the feelings and pride of man; and often does it fall to the lot of youth, proud and inexperienced, to undergo such. And how few possess strength of mind to break the fetters of their imposed destiny, and hew out a new path of subsistence for themselves! St. Maur was not of this gifted few. And yet nature, even in him, warred against the impending fate of utter helplessness and starvation, which awaited the crisis of his unfortunate career.

Why was he, with youth, strength, and presumed courage, to wither away gradually beneath the sunshiny promises of Condé, while the born children of poverty and ignorance contrived, even in this famishing city, to gain some slight subsistence? Or why not, on the other hand, explain his distress to the prince? This he felt he could never do; and yet how ardently he wished it were known! But St. Maur

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was not without excuse in his silence. There was a fiery impatience in the temperament of Condé, which could not always brook the delay of explanation, and to escape a recital would oftentimes cause him to exhibit an abrupt manner verging on rudeness, or where doomed to be an auditor, he would seek revenge in sallies of sarcastic levity.

Cowed by poverty, St. Maur was awed by this temper, and felt in his presence all his strong resolutions of appeal melt into thin air; while the voice of nature was vainly attempted to be soothed by whisperings, that more fitting opportunities would occur—fear is ever eloquent on the theme of procrastination. But when he returned, a wearied suitor, from the daily pilgrimage to the palace of his royal highness, and traversed the cold unfriendly streets of the capital, then all hope would cease, and he would contemplate half earnestly, half derisively, the figures of the begging friars, as though he had caught a glimpse of his own fate. Who in Paris cared for him, or sought his friendship? The quiet gentry, who loved ease, had retired to avoid the storm, and those who remained, were the active intriguers of both sexes, who thought to advance their interests by leaguing either with the court, or with the faction. Who amongst these could he hope to gain, whilst the current feeling was a strong regard for self-advancement, and a total carelessness of others, save for purposes of mutual support? Pride, also, had his share in keeping him thus isolated, for he was duly sensible—perhaps too much so—that his own rank gave him equality with the highest. The boasted theory that all gentlemen are on a footing of equality, from the king to the mere seigneur of a petty hamlet, is a noble sentiment, befitting the first Francis of magnificent memory, but in practice, a far more degrading system prevailed; and St. Maur had often been witness, how obnoxious his own class—that of ancient descent without titular rank—was to the personal affronts of the higher noblesse in the accidental, but unavoidable, rencontres of society.

Thus hemmed in with difficulties, moral and physical—fed on smiles—without the poor consolation of a friendly ear in which to give vent to his feelings—for Gourville, though liking the youth, was the most worldly-minded of all men—threatened by the portly host of the Golden Angel with the loss of his miserable garret, he felt himself at a point at which some healthy and gallant endeavour at release must be attempted—or, he must sink.

In this mood, leaving his wretched lodging, where everything reminded him of past misery and future suffering, he sought in the public turmoil and agitation of the streets to escape from his own thoughts. But it was no easy task. He could not sympathise with the idle and happy Parisian, who, forgetful of his meals, or perhaps endeavouring to make nature forget the dinner-hour, was listening to an emissary of Beaufort or the Coadjutor. In truth, save personal respect for Condé, he cared little for either of the parties or their leaders, and would gladly have quitted the city, could he have directed his steps homeward. Traversing the quay fronting the Louvre, window after window of the long and stately galleries met his view, oppressing him with a chilling desolation. Without home himself, his feelings and imagination, through a long course of poverty and

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humiliation, had become so benumbed, that he could scarcely associate ideas of interior comfort and dignity with the splendid elevations of the nobility and royalty of France. They wore a dreary and repulsive aspect, for which he would have perhaps found it difficult to account, had he attempted to analyze his feelings, but he gladly, and as it were instinctively, bent his steps towards the gardens of the Tuileries, and the unfrequented walks beyond,—but he found, if the haunts of man had pleased him little, solitude was still more insupportable.

It had grown dark ere he returned homeward. The city was alive with the bustle of equipages, each under escort of a train of lacqueys, well armed, and bearing torches, for the double purpose, of finding their way and preventing the danger of an ambuscade in the dark. The scene presented before the Hôtel de Chevreuse, had sufficient novelty and interest to arrest the steps of the weary St. Maur. This mansion, scarcely one hundred paces from the precincts of the Palais Royal, was, as we have before intimated, the head-quarters of the faction against the court. Its owner, the Duchess de Chevreuse, had formerly been the confidant of the queen, and banished the kingdom by Richelieu, after the fashion adopted by him towards all the queen's favourites. Her majesty's arch-enemy being now dead, and herself sole mistress of the regal power, the return of the duchess from exile was anxiously looked for, as it was deemed she would play a high and distinguished part at the court of the widowed queen. But Chevreuse, who during the state of vassalage to which her majesty and all her friends were subjected by the late cardinal, had acquired a great ascendancy over the spirit and conduct of the queen, now discovered that Anne of Austria was determined on the exercise of her own will, and would not allow herself to be governed by favourites, at least of her own sex. Hence arose a quarrel, and the duchess became the leading star and focus of the faction.

The hour was not late according to modern habits, but time had elapsed sufficient to discuss a *petite souper*, at which wit, youth, and beauty had presided; and the guests were leaving, to ponder at leisure over their ripening schemes of ambition. The area in front of the hôtel was so crowded with groups of insolent and armed lacqueys, pages and outriders, scattered around and between the heavy lumbering coaches of that period, each with the usual complement of a team of six horses, that it was no easy task for the guests to disengage themselves and their suite from the throng. St. Maur, in spite of his melancholy, was not ill-pleased to dally in a spot, where he was ever and anon jostled by some fair dame of high degree threading her way with attendant cavaliers to her coach. He felt, indeed, humbled, that he should take pleasure in witnessing the exterior of a pageantry, the festivities of which he was, both by birth and descent, entitled to partake of, secret and strong resolves sprung up in his breast, that he would regain station and family influence, and that the saloons of his compeers should be open to his name as of yore. There was much, too, in the scene itself to captivate a youthful spectator; beauty is ne'er so beautiful as when evanescent and under partial eclipse; so much is left to that glorious creator of beauty, the imagination. It

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were much to be doubted, whether the fairy forms were half so attractive to those who had sunned themselves in their radiance in the festooned chambers of the duchess, as to the eye of St. Maur, when seen for a moment on the angle of the staircase, or crossing his path in the street, their jewelled dresses and glancing eyes reflecting the ruddy torchlight.

These delights of the young aspirant were rudely checked by the approach of a carriage of lighter model than ordinary, borne onward as rapidly as the four horses to which it was yoked could drag it over the ill-paved streets. It was closely followed by an armed mob, crying out, "Down with Mazarin!"—"Death to the tyrant!"—"Let the king reign alone!" The fringe of lacqueys who clung to it, front and rear, maintained a dangerous contest with the foremost of the rabble: for being crowded together on the narrow footboards, and obliged to hold fast with one arm, they had not the free exercise of their rapiers, and were themselves assailed with volleys of stones, which had dislodged two of their number, trodden to death as they fell under the feet of the pursuing mob.

St. Maur, and the friends of De Chevreuse, were at no loss to divine the cause of the tumult. Ever since the attempts on the liberty or life of the coadjutor, De Retz, which was attributed to the cardinal, the populace, trained and led on by the partisans of the faction, kept constant watch on the motions of his Eminence, hoping one day to catch him unawares, and retaliate the meditated injury on their beloved preacher. It had the effect, as we have already intimated, of keeping the cardinal almost a prisoner, and impeded very much affairs of state; for as he could not visit the Palais Royal without a strong escort, he could never pay his personal respects to her majesty without it being known throughout the city, a notoriety peculiarly inconvenient to an adept in intrigue and back-stairs politics. All who had business with the cardinal, were obliged to visit his hotel. The faction posted, and relieved sentinels at intervals, whose duty it was to scrutinize every one passing in or out of his domicile, expecting, as it was known that he had many secret negotiations on hand, that he would take opportunities of leaving the hotel without parade or in disguise. Often had these vagabond spies been driven off or imprisoned; but this mode was found ineffectual to rid his Eminence of the pest, and more particularly, as they were accoutred as artisans, and kept at a very respectful distance from the hotel, sometimes under the guise of plying such callings as were permitted in the open streets. It also happened that innocent parties had been imprisoned, and this worked the cardinal more evil than the illegal watch itself. No insult being offered to the visitors, or the domestics of the hotel, the nuisance became at length endurable, and was made mirth of by the witty Parisians of both parties.

The spectacle of the flying equipage immediately suggested to the spectators that the cardinal had at length been entrapped; and as it was known, and had been experienced, that the patroles of Beaufort and De Retz could raise a mob in a few minutes, no surprise was manifested at the number of the congregated and pursuing populace at that hour of the night.

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The carriage might perhaps have escaped, had the driver taken any other direction; and it was remarked aloud by more than one of Condé's friends, that it was a singular circumstance that the Italian should be driven to die at the very feet of his enemies. The windows of De Chevreuse's hotel were thrown up, as well as those of the neighbouring houses, and were crowded with ladies, not the least anxious spectators of the approaching catastrophe.

All were eager to witness the fate of the prelate; none seemed inclined to rescue him, or even expressed pity for his approaching death. St. Maur, alone, who had been bred far from this busy intriguing city, was at a loss to understand the apathy of the fair dames who could remain calmly gazing on a spot, where in all probability a human being would shortly be torn in pieces. Such apathy, however, was characteristic of the age: the cardinal dead, the wives and daughters of the members of the leagued faction would no longer be debarred their places, pensions, and privileges, for which they struggled as resolutely as the nobles did for the rich governments of the provinces.

It was St. Maur's fortune, or misfortune, to find himself at the very spot where the cardinal's horses were suddenly brought up with a dreadful shock against an interposing carriage, which had but a few minutes previously received its fair freight of ladies. The panels gave way with a sharp crash—the ladies shrieked in terror—whilst the cardinal's leaders were thrown back with the recoil on the wheel-horses, producing a distress and confusion, which was augmented by the mob surrounding the carriage, and with horrid cries calling down vengeance on the tyrant.

The doors were flung open, and the foremost of the ruffians rudely dragged forth two ladies. Their appearance produced at first some surprise, which was changed to a rude mirth, and ruder jests on the taste of his eminence. Roughly hustled by such of the mob as were desirous of laying first hands on the prelate, and an object of plunder and outrage to others, they were only rescued from their grasp by the interposition of St. Maur, who urged their immediate withdrawal, and endeavoured to make a passage for them. In this he would have been unsuccessful, and not unlikely have shared the fate intended for the cardinal, had not several of the gentlemen, guests of De Chevreuse, drawn to the spot to witness the exit of their great enemy, seconded his efforts, and covered their retreat. Beyond the immediate circle of the outrage, they found themselves, to their great joy, comparatively free from annoyance, either on the part of the populace or the spectators, for the fate of the cardinal was the great object of interest, and all were pressing forward either to participate in his assassination or be witness of his death.

St. Maur, still fearful of pursuit, continued to urge the ladies to make exertions for their safety. Passing between the files of carriages, his fair charge clinging to him for protection, and trembling with the extreme of fear, which almost took away from them the power of motion, he paused for one moment before the Hôtel de Chevreuse, in doubt whether he should not claim the duchess's aid in such an extremity.

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"No! no!" exclaimed one of the ladies hurriedly, who divined his motive, "rather let us face the *canaille.*"

In obedience to her wish, he pressed onward, and was the more inclined to this course, on reflecting that the duchess was the cardinal's most malignant foe, and was even now with her friends gazing from the windows on his unhappy disaster; little sympathy, therefore, could he expect to be extended towards ladies, who were in a greater or less degree connected with his Eminence.

Without asking whither he should conduct them, he paused not till he reached the Hôtel de Ville, still fearing that the populace, after glutting their vengeance on the Cardinal, would make search for the ladies. Terror had so benumbed their faculties, that on reaching this ancient edifice, they declared themselves incapable of proceeding further, and it was with great difficulty that he led or rather supported them to the shop of a petty barber and surgeon—the two professions in those days were often combined—in the neighbourhood. The man, a native of Dauphiny, the province where of old flourished the ancestors of St. Maur, had performed many trifling acts of kindness for the youth; and he now made bold, although the shop was closed, to arouse his friend, who fortunately had not retired to rest. The ladies very much objected to entering, particularly she who appeared the elder, and to whom the other yielded in every act unhesitatingly. St. Maur, however, continued knocking at the door, affirming that he could avouch for the honesty of the surgeon, and it was absolutely necessary that they should have both rest and shelter, while he procured a coach or vehicle to convey them home. The man at length appeared, and while the ladies were still hesitating to cross the threshold, sudden and alarming cries, heard in the direction from which they had fled, and which sounded very much like a pursuit, put an end to their scruples, and they passed into the little shop.

The youth claimed permission for the ladies to remain awhile till he could engage a coach. He knew not what excuse to make to his friend, who was so well acquainted with his destitute condition, and to whom the tale of conveying them from a merry-making or masquerade, or other similar apology, would be at once detected. He therefore thought it the wisest course to say not a word on this subject, trusting to the man's good-nature. The surgeon looked at the ladies, then at St. Maur, and with a smile at the latter of peculiar archness, made a bow and withdrew. He returned in a minute with some refreshments, and telling the youth that as he knew him, and his father before him, to be men of honour, he could trust his young friend with all he was worth—that he should retire to rest, as he was drowsy, leaving the key of the shop at his service; unless, he added, with a smile, he could be of use to them at that late hour.

St. Maur, however, allowed the man to depart, and closed the door communicating with the inner apartment. He then prepared to wait on the ladies, offering them the refreshments which his humble friend had so kindly produced.

They were enveloped in cloaks or mantles, and wore short masks, black and edged with fringe, a fashion then, and for a long period previously, much in vogue in France, and which might have had its

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origin in the desire of the fair dames to protect their faces from the night air—or, perhaps, for the purposes of gallantry. It was, however, on the present occasion, a fashion extremely displeasing to the youth, for although they partook of the offered viands, and conversed together, yet they did not remove the masks. And what appeared more singular was, that the elder lady, who, indeed, only deserved the epithet relatively to her younger companion, never addressed St. Maur directly, but conveyed her wishes in half whispers to her friend, who was obviously very young, of a vivacious temperament, only repressed by the extraordinary circumstances of their meeting; at least so judged our youthful friend, by some slight sallies quickly repressed by the other. He *hoped* she was beautiful; indeed, he felt convinced she was so, for his imagination had added features and contour to the quick silvery tones which issued from beneath the fringed mask.

Forgetting poverty, forgetting his patron, even the horrors of the late event, he thought only how he could make himself agreeable to his new-found acquaintance. Yet he could not efface from memory the lamentable fate of the prelate, and now that the cries and distant shouts which had been heard while they were waiting at the door of the shop, were hushed, the infuriate populace in pursuit having probably taken another route—and his fair charge being therefore in comparative safety—he was about to offer his sympathy for the bereavement of their friend, kinsman, or protector—in whatever relation they stood with his Eminence—when he refrained by being forcibly struck at their indifference. Now that they were out of danger, it was natural to expect that their thoughts would revert to the unhappy prelate. Mazarin, it was well known, had invited several nieces from Italy, with the probable view of marrying them into the families of the French nobility;—but these hard-hearted ladies surely were not his kinswomen! were they women of blemished character? The reputation of his Eminence was pure in this respect; still how otherwise account for the levity of the one and indifference of the other? St. Maur was reserved and silent—busy with his own thoughts—the pretty castle of romance which he had been gradually building up was now dissolving into air.

The younger lady, perceiving his melancholy, rallied him on want of gallantry, declaring that they had much further occasion for his services ere they could dismiss him, and that if he lacked the courage, they must call up his friend the barber-surgeon.

This sally was too much for the indignant youth; he very gravely declared his perfect willingness to escort them to their home, now that the streets were free from the rabble whom he judged had been in pursuit; but, as he added with marked emphasis, his thoughts were with the poor murdered cardinal.

The lady burst into laughter. "Why, monsieur," she exclaimed, when the fit was over, "the cardinal is safe in his own palace. Are you as silly as the *canaille* to believe that his Eminence would trust himself beyond the gates without good escort? We had the coach to ourselves, but never thought Beaufort would permit his satellites to hunt to death two defenceless women! But we will have our revenge!"

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"Hush!" cried the elder lady, for the first time speaking above her breath. "Monsieur must truly believe us the most heartless of beings to be careless of the safety of his Eminence. We owe him many thanks for so quickly giving us the opportunity of disabusing him of the impression."

This was spoken rather at, than to St. Maur; and although he disliked her haughtiness and reserve, he took extreme pleasure in listening to the pleasant silvery tones of the younger lady. A load of unpleasant reflections, by the announcement of Mazarin's safety, was removed from his mind, and he recovered his gaiety, essaying the utmost to amuse, in which he was successful, principally by his apparent simplicity and ignorance of the mode of thinking and feeling as exhibited in the deportment and conversation of the gay youth of Paris.

His natural politeness did not permit asking them to lay aside their masks, particularly as they evinced by every action a desire of preserving their incognito; though he was inwardly much vexed that they did not afford that proof of confidence. He remarked also, that as they did not declare their own names, neither did they ask for his. The elder lady carried herself as one much annoyed at the cruel necessity which had thrown her on a stranger's protection; whilst the more youthful mask, though evidently under the control of her superior, appeared to have quite recovered from the fright and fatigue, and did not seem at all disinclined to converse; there was, besides, an air of coquetry which induced him to believe that the concealment of her features was chiefly owing to the presence of her friend.

St. Maur was not long permitted to enjoy the pleasurable novelty of his situation, for the elder lady, rising, conferred a few moments with her companion. The latter then addressed the youth, saying that as the night was so far advanced, they dreaded remaining alone while he sought for coach or chair; they would therefore very thankfully accept his escort to the convent of the Val-de-Grace, where they should readily find all their condition demanded.

St. Maur could not object, though he felt a sinking of the heart at the thought of being so quickly deprived of their company. He ventured some few objections to the insecurity of the streets, but these were overruled by the expression of perfect reliance on his courage should peril cross their path; besides the distance was not so very great.

Making secure the little shop of his accommodating countryman, he once more emerged with his charge into the open streets. Crossing the Pont Nôtre-Dame, and the little bridge which stretches over the southern channel of the Seine, they were already in the fauxbourg St. Jaques; and the young "squire of dames," much sooner than he wished, found himself rapping at the massive portal of the convent, wondering how he could have reached the destination in such a short interval of time. Gladly, for the sake of hovering near the fair charmer, would he have recommenced the pilgrimage, but such was beyond the limits of fate, for the ever watchful guardian of the convent, removing a sliding panel from behind a grating in the door, received from the elder lady what might be construed into a pass-word.

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The gate was unbarred and opened; but the ladies paused as though they felt they had not finished their parts in the adventure, and that something more was due to the gallantry of the young man. The pause, however, was not of long duration, for the elder stranger taking a bracelet from her arm, presented it to St. Maur, expressing in a few words her gratitude for his services; she then withdrew, bidding her companion follow.

Now was the very crisis of his fate; he felt that if he let slip the opportunity, he was lost for ever in his own esteem, and deserved every ill which might befal him. Summoning courage, the virtue he so much lacked in his intercourse with the prince, he addressed his fair inamorata, declaring that he should be more than repaid for his services if he knew to whom they were rendered.

She replied laughingly, that it was quite contrary to the convent rules even to hold further parley with him; and then, with the air of one anxious to be rid of an importunate petitioner, she said, that if he would on the evening of the morrow go habited as a chevalier of the Holy Order to a masquerade at the third house in the Place Royale, there might, perhaps, occur some incident to remind him of the previous night's adventure.

With these words she vanished.

CHAPTER III.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee.

The spirits of St. Maur had not been so elated for many a day; his movements seemed in some sort to harmonise with the rapid current of his feelings; he ran rather than walked through the narrow streets of old Lutetia back to the rue St. Antoine. But when the first heat caused by the strange rencontre subsided, and reflection made him conscious of his own state of mind, and to scrutinize the conduct of the two ladies, the fair horizon of joy and hope was dimmed with clouds. His own gaunt poverty stared him in the face; he was unable to sustain the merest expense appertaining to the part of a youthful gallant; he could not, as he very sorrowfully confessed, purchase, or even hire, the necessary costume for the masqued party of the morrow.

And who were these ladies, whose danger from the mob had at first alarmed him, and whose subsequent eccentric, even suspicious conduct, served to tantalize his curiosity and excite his fancy? Guests they were of the cardinal; but was their conduct befitting in all respects ladies of quality? The elder one was very staid and reserved,

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but more apparently for the sake of concealment, than from any sense of decorum; and in her youthful companion, there could not fail to be noticed a tone of levity and carelessness which made St. Maur thoughtful when he reflected on it; for in his day-dreams of beauty, he had associated with the other lovely attributes of the sex, a retiring modesty, which required much seeking and pleading ere won by such cavaliers as himself. Why, therefore, should he feel such a deep interest in one whose features he had not seen, and who had not scrupled to make an assignation with him, a stranger? The mystery, again, of retiring to the convent instead of to their own house, was unfathomable. He vowed that he would be very cautious and prudent, for there might be some danger or disgrace preparing. But be it as it might, he was captivated; the very uncertainty of all that appertained to his new friends, if he might so designate them, spoke to his imagination; a new life seemed to burst upon him; he felt a fresh strength and courage, as though a voice called in the depths of his own humiliation and despondency, bidding him bestir himself, for there was happiness yet in store, and honour within reach, to be plucked by a daring hand. His step was once more elastic and bounding, his look martial and confident; and even in the onset, he experienced how much these graces worked in his favour; for as he entered the *auberge*, mine host, who had fully made up his mind to have a reckoning once and for all, and to rid the Golden Angel of such an unwelcome and unprofitable guest, was so struck with the altered demeanour of the youth, that he shrunk back from the task. His courage died within him, and as St. Maur glared fiercely, though unconsciously, upon his host, the latter had certain misgivings that the intended attack would be met with sundry kicks or perhaps worse rebuffs, and he very quietly changed his plan of battle, presenting his guest, with a show of courtesy, a well-trimmed lamp to light him safely up the crazy staircase. It was not till St. Maur was seated in his humble apartment, that he recalled the altered behaviour of the Sieur la Motte, nor did he immediately become aware of the cause; but when it did break upon him, he could not repress a smile at the expense of the host of the Golden Angel.

For awhile he lay without rest, thinking over the events of the night, and in imagination, again and again travelling with his fair escort to the Fauxbourg St. Jaques, listening to the quick tones of her voice, and ever and anon turning round in the endeavour to catch a glance at her face. At length he fell asleep, but his spirits were still agitated. Once more he is conducting the ladies to the convent; strange perils beset them; the assassin darts from his lurking place and is with difficulty repelled; barricades front his path, over which he conducts the ladies with great toil, rewarded sweetly by a gentle pressure of the hand.

The dream changes—streets and barricades vanish. It is evening, just growing dark, and he is leaving the Golden Angel, wrapped in the flowing velvet cloak of a chevalier of the Order of St. Esprit, on the shoulder, the badge of the Holy Dove; his hat streaming with feathers. Carefully he paces the streets, and often pauses to allow the wind to drop, lest it should blow aside the cloak, and display the

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poverty and raggedness of the nether apparel with which, in the vision, he believed himself clothed. He arrives at a handsome hôtel—the carriage entrance, or *porte cochère*, is open. Guests are entering—he feels a trepidation lest his robes should be displaced, but ventures onward—steps beneath the archway, and gains the vestibule. The porter eyes the youth maliciously, but allows him to pass; the lacqueys bow lowly as he ascends the magnificent staircase. One glimpse is caught of the saloon; and at the same instant, music starting into existence, gay figures glide quickly between the pillars. He hastens onward; is recognised by a shepherdess, who disengages herself from the dance, and runs forward to meet him. It is the fair spirit of the Val-de-Grace; he is about to take her hand and press it to his lips, but is suddenly drawn backward; that malicious old porter, whose caution is now actively alert, throws open the knightly robes, and discovers the youth to be apparelled in the garb of a mean mendicant. Laughter and yells pursue the miserable lover; he is driven from the saloon, and awakes to find himself in the little garret of the *auberge;* another day just breaking over his head.

Awake and aroused, he is scarcely more happy; he has dreamt of poverty,—but its waking evils are sharpest; and in spite of the noble resolves to cast away despair and take the world by storm, fear and melancholy, so long the jailers of the heart, again seize him. Still his thoughts revert to those silvery tones which had bound his soul captive. Could he, he inwardly exclaimed, but call her his own! Were it but his happiness to be her defender through life's conflicts, how gladly would he dare the wide world to the combat!

Her levity! that was an oppressive shadow, but self-love came to his aid; and vanity interprets her forwardness to his own good graces and qualities. How often did he repeat the words—the third house in the Place Royale! Her name, indeed, was to him unknown; but the locality had wherewithal to feed the imagination. In this, the nineteenth century, the quarter of Paris to which he was invited is very far from being a favoured spot, but in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Place Royale, situate in what is called the *Marais*, was a newly-erected square of the noblest proportions, and the mansions or hôtels inhabited by noblesse of the highest rank.

Here, then, was incident enough to turn the brain of any young man of two-and-twenty; that gallant ecclesiastic, the Coadjutor De Retz, would have been delighted beyond measure with such an adventure, and would have both compromised clerical character and risked life ere he desisted from its pursuit. Nothing but a new adventure and fresh passion would have cooled his ardour; but with St. Maur the case was widely different. Bred in the provinces, partly at convents and partly at the houses of remote kinsmen, almost a pensioner on their bounty, he was a stranger to that confidence which results from continued prosperity and independent station. The loneliness of his fate had, however, saved him from many vices almost unavoidable in the career of his more fortunate compeers; it had also induced a habit of reflection, and perchance of castle-building—that paradise of the unfortunate—which tinged his habitual thoughts with a hue of romance.

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To this may be attributed the strong impression made by the fair stranger; he felt how deeply she had moved his heart, but while exulting in the birth of the new passion, he was sorely troubled lest she should not realize the ideal of long-cherished fancy. Falling in love, which to the gay Parisian noblesse was a pastime, and a relief to the advancement of fortune so zealously pursued in state intrigues, was to him a very grave affair. And then his lamentable poverty! the bitterest reflection of all! What dame of high or low degree would listen to his suit? He was, indeed, shut out from Love's court.

He looked round the little attic; there was in it all he could call his own—and that how little! The few jewels and ornaments of value once possessed, had gradually disappeared during his stay in Paris, an anxious suitor and time-waiter on the smiles of men in power.

Suddenly he started. The dusky feather which still wreathed his hat, betrayed beneath its fibres the concentrated glow of the pure emerald. He remembered the bright gift, thrown aside on retiring to rest. Was not here, he thought, the means by which he might, at least for a while, prosecute his suit under more favourable auspices? But dare he dispose of the gift? Would it not be a violation of courtesy, and an outrage on the sanctity with which he enwrapped every circumstance, however minute, connected with his passion. For a while he was in despair, and his mind in a state of conflict, but romance gave way to the influence of necessity; it was not the gift of her he worshipped, and so, he thought, might be disposed of honourably.

The course once resolved on, he became a man of action. Quitting hastily the *auberge*, he walked rapidly to the Isle *de la Cité*—that little island in the Seine, which was once, as we have before intimated, the whole of Paris, and on which are congregated so many of its ancient edifices. Its south-western bank is named the *Quai des Orfevres*, or the Jewellers' Quay, so called from being inhabited by the wealthiest of that class. Regardless of the throngs of politicians—for the whole population of the city seemed abroad, and all talkers or listeners, discussing the latest *morçeau* of intelligence which had escaped from the head-quarters of the court or the faction—he selected the richest shop on the quay, and entering, was followed by the goldsmith and his two assistants, who had been listening before the door like their neighbours, scarcely expecting a customer at that early hour, and amidst the din of political strife.

Eight hundred crowns was declared the worth of the bracelet, after it had undergone a minute examination by the goldsmith and his apprentices. This to St. Maur was pleasing intelligence, and elated him considerably, for he had remarked that the jeweller occasionally cast towards him a furtive glance while testing the gems, which he attributed to a suspicion of the genuineness of the emeralds; and this impression was confirmed by the man adding, that although the sum mentioned was the presumed value, yet he must have the opinion of a neighbour on their quality before he concluded the bargain.

One of the apprentices left the shop with this view, and the jeweller, proceeding to his strong room, brought forth a bag, weighty with gold, which he placed ostensibly on the counter.

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The assistant taking longer time to perform his errand than was expected, the goldsmith made many apologies for the delay, attributing it to the disturbed state of the city, and the probable absence of his neighbour, who, unlike himself, was an active politician, and very likely to be engaged in pursuits less profitable and prudent than attending to his shop.

"A year ago," said the jeweller, "your jewels would have been well worth a thousand crowns, but every one is selling now; there are no buyers, and I must keep this bracelet, eating up its interest, till quiet times again bless the city. There is M. de Beaufort hawking his plate, the gift of the good Henry to the fair Gabrielle, over all the town, wishing us goldsmiths to lend more than it ever cost his honoured grandfather—and there is Monsieur de Retz wishes to borrow money without any security at all!"

"And the court—and the Prince of Condé," replied St. Maur—"do they never trouble you?"

"Why," rejoined the goldsmith, "the cardinal sold a Mastership of Requests to the son of one of our fraternity for ten thousand crowns—a large sum of money—but it will pay the young advocate thirty per cent. interest.

"But the prince," exclaimed the youth, anxious to hear what was spoken and thought of his patron by the worthy corps of bankers and goldsmiths—"does he ever solicit?"

"Solicit!" echoed the man—"he solicit? Rather than do that, he would see ourselves and our treasure floating down the Seine. Still, the prince cannot do without money—and now and then, there visits our quay a swarthy-looking man, a Gascon, who calls himself master of the horse to his royal highness. But, in truth, he is comptroller of the household, and of the estates also, and he will come here in a very underhanded, insinuating way, declaring that there has been discovered a mine on one of the lands belonging to the prince, and offering to sell the right of working, on condition of the dues and royalties being paid in advance. When refused and laughed at, he grows at last very angry, and threatens that the day will soon be at hand when he shall arrive with a train of matchlocks, and make clean work of every shop on the quay, taking us all in rotation."

"'Tis very strange!" said St. Maur; "I thought the prince could offer good security for money."

"None better!" exclaimed the goldsmith eagerly. "I would lend him gold gladly on fair mortgage. His lands are unburthened—and this Gourville seems determined they shall remain so: he esteems himself so able a negociator, that he can find the gold without pledging value. When he was in Germany on the prince's affairs, sums of money were placed with several of my friends for his use, to be drawn for or remitted, as desirable: and," continued the narrator, "he drew on many goldsmiths here, and received the money from the German bankers, but he did not draw in any one instance on the parties with whom money was lodged. So the Germans remained unpaid, and the master of the horse took up the gold when he returned."

"But will the Prince of Condé suffer this disgrace?" exclaimed the youth, now much ashamed of his friend Gourville.

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"Why, no, monsieur," replied the goldsmith. "He immediately gave the Rhenish bankers his personal bonds for the sums appropriated by his agent—but then the bonds have not yet been paid—and I consider money put out without security as good as lost. But the Gascon is a very faithful, industrious servant, and exonerates his master from all knowledge of these and similar transactions."

After this fashion, the goldsmith continued to amuse the youth with matters for the most part new and entertaining, and foreign to his circumscribed experience. He began to wonder that the man, to a stranger, should be so communicative and confiding, but his suspicions, if he had any, were put an end to by the arrival of the apprentice, who came not alone. He was followed by an officer of the municipal corps, commanding a guard of ten or a dozen men in the dress of that force. The first movement of the officer was to order a sentinel to the door; he then approached St. Maur, and informed him that a deposition of robbery had been sworn to before the *prévôst* at the Hôtel de Ville; that the apprentice identified the bracelet, the article in question, as one which had been re-set by himself but a few days since; and that, from the rank of the rightful owner, it was impossible it could have come into the hands of St. Maur lawfully—and that he must bring all parties, as well as the supposed stolen article, before the *prévôst*.

The youth stood confounded, not through fear, but irresolution. If he were carried to the Hôtel de Ville, there was no chance of escape from the Conciergerie, but by telling his somewhat improbable story, and bringing about he knew not what sort of exposure among ladies whom he deemed of quality, besides letting escape a very precious and cherished secret. If he held his peace, and sought the interference of the Prince of Condé, he would undoubtedly be released, but the stigma of being in possession of jewels to which he could not show a fair claim would attach to his name and future career.

He looked at the goldsmith, but the latter shrank from his gaze, conscious of duplicity, however just might be the motive for the step he had taken. For one moment only St. Maur thought of resistance; legends of what his ancestors had performed single-handed rushed to memory, stirred his blood, and he looked fiercely on his foes—but they were too many, even for the impetuosity of youth, and the thought died away.

In despair he was about to surrender, but a more efficient protection than his own valour was unexpectedly found in the crowd which surrounded the shop, and which began to utter imprecations of vengeance against the *prévôst* and all connected with him. The *prévôst de marchands* for the time being was a devoted adherent of the court and Mazarin, and was therefore detested heartily, and his men pelted by the populace in every chance rencontre.

The cries continued to increase, several windows were broken, and there was every indication that the shop-door would be forced. The goldsmith, in dismay, besought the protection of the officer, who shook his head, and said he should have enough to do to protect himself and carry off the prisoner. He was saved the trouble of attempting the last-named exploit, for the door was suddenly burst open, which threw the sentinel on his knees, and there entered one of manners and ad-

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dress superior to the rabble, who motioning them authoritatively to stay back, shut the door in their faces.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the goldsmith, "it is Monsieur Gourville!"

"The very same—and your humble servant!" said the master of the horse, bowing low.

He was a man short of stature, well-formed and robust, rich in apparel, wearing the short cloak of the period and plumed hat; his features evincing quickness and intelligence, and swarthy to such a degree, that he might readily have claimed alliance with gypsey blood, and, like many of that race, possessing very regular and white teeth, their brilliancy much heightened by the colour of the skin. They had much room for display, for the mouth was rather wide, and far from adding to the beauty of the visage. There was wanting in his air and demeanour the quietness and repose which generally accompany high birth and rank; and his long black locks, disordered and straggling, were much out of keeping with the richly-laced collar and velvet cloak over which they fell. A sportive fancy might have deemed the head and its appendages out of place, in crowning such a well-trimmed pedestal of finery, or else, that the drapery required a more appropriately decorated head.

Turning from the goldsmith, he addressed St. Maur in a style of mingled condescension and familiarity—regretted that the youth was in trouble, but that he would see justice done—but he first wished to know who had brought the *prévôt's* men. The officer here took up the conversation, saying that if M. Gourville would accompany them to the Hôtel de Ville, he would learn the truth or falsehood of the charge of robbery against his friend.

"Be not too bold," said Gourville, smiling till both rows of teeth were bare—"the people are with difficulty restrained—the Seine is close at hand—and your lives are in danger."

Having uttered this menace, the force of which the municipality well understood, and no one more so than the officer against whom it was directed, he having been dogged and insulted by the populace all the way from the Hôtel de Ville to the quay, Gourville again requested an explanation from St. Maur.

The youth briefly narrated the story of his bargain with the goldsmith, and of the latter having treacherously kept him in play whilst his apprentice was in search of the guard. Gourville listened attentively, occasionally casting a glance around which took in the entire shop and its contents. He then addressed the goldsmith, saying,

"A good round sum, friend Plutus! Eight hundred crowns! And I see you have the money at hand, and ready—"

And so speaking, he strode up to that part of the shop where the goldsmith had been essaying the stones, and where stood, on the counter, the large bag of gold which the man had very ostentatiously placed there in order to delude St. Maur into the belief that he was acting sincerely, and so lull any suspicion which the departure of the assistant might have created.

"Stay! stay! monseigneur," screamed the merchant, "that bag contains five times the amount. I will tell out the gold at once."

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"I will save you the trouble, monsieur," replied Gourville, grasping the bag with one hand, whilst with the other he kept off the bewildered goldsmith. "And now listen, all! You, my young charge, who are entitled to eight hundred crowns of this sum—you, friend Potosi—and you, slaves of the Mazarinian *prévôst!* Nay, stir not, or my allies outside shall turn house and all over the parapet. You must lend this money to the state, monsieur—nay, I will hear no excuses—not one word, monsieur, unless you are disposed to double your patriotism. I will give you a receipt in the prince's name for three thousand two hundred crowns!"

The goldsmith was furious, stormed, tore his hair, and called on the municipal force to protect him and his property, and then bursting into tears, fell down on his knees, begging Gourville to restore the money, or he should be totally ruined.

But the master of the horse, bidding St. Maur keep the door, and, at the slightest attempt on the part of the force to interfere, to call in aid from without—a threat which effectually kept the officer and his men at bay—he proceeded deliberately to tell out eight hundred crowns for his friend, and then, having satisfied himself that the residue was correctly stated, he called for ink and paper, and handed to the goldsmith a receipt for the money, for the use of the Prince of Condé, and to be reimbursed to the lender, with interest, by the royal exchequer.

Then addressing the goldsmith by the style of Signor El Dorado, he bade him and his municipal friends keep close within doors, whilst he led away and dispersed his body-guard. Bowing low, he quitted the shop with St. Maur.

It required some address to disperse the populace, for they had taken a strong fancy to spoil the coats of the *prévôst's* men; and the appearance of the jeweller's shop was very enticing. But Gourville led them gradually towards the Pont Neuf, by throwing an occasional largess to be scrambled for in honour of his highness of Condé, and when he reached the bridge, a famous station for the orators of the faction, he contrived to elude their further notice by mixing with the crowd there assembled.

St. Maur, glad in the first instance of the interference of his friend, was horror-struck at the mode in which the affair terminated. The poor goldsmith had indeed praised the master of the horse for his diligence and fidelity, and for the very economical system adopted in regulating the prince's household, and in the management of the estates with which he was entrusted; but the late procedure, to his mind, appeared to resemble the action of a Turkish pacha rather than the confidential servant of a christian prince. Some trace of this feeling, no doubt, displayed itself in his face, for Gourville, when they were alone, striking him on the shoulder, bade him have more courage, and walk the streets of Paris as fearlessly as though he were lord of the city. To accomplish this end, he laid down several maxims, the principal of which were—to stigmatize one's opponent as a Mazarinian, which would infallibly turn on him the vengeance of the mob—always to wear the Isabel-coloured scarf of the Prince of Condé, which he was sorry to see St. Maur had not yet adopted—and again,

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never to exhibit the least trace of fear of any one attached to the court or Mazarin, for that all was powerless and rotten in that quarter—instancing how timidly the *prévôt's* men crept along the bye-streets in their way to the goldsmith's, as though they were escaping from justice, instead of being its instruments. He congratulated the young man in his having been so happy as to fall in with the spies who were watching their movements, and who dogged them to the Quai des Orfevres, a spot he had a great partiality for, and which had induced him, happily for St. Maur, to join in the pursuit.

To the youth's infinite relief, he at length dismissed him, with the advice to be careful of his money, unless he had many more such bracelets to dispose of.

CHAPTER IV.

"So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground:
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found."

SONNET BY SHAKSPEARE.

Various were the conjectures of the host of the Golden Angel and the subordinate inmates in accounting for the sudden affluence of St. Maur; but all their surmises were at length resolved, in the mind of La Motte, into two predicaments—that he must have either waylaid and robbed a passenger, or had recourse to gaming—then much in vogue in Paris. High play had been sanctioned both by Richelieu and Mazarin, as an occupation for, and vent to the excitability of, the French character; and when authority sets an example of demoralization, it need hardly be observed that the crowd is eager to follow. The sagacious landlord of St. Maur, however, knew him to have been without the means of hazarding a stake at play, at least, at any resort where gold, in such quantity as he had shown himself in possession of, could have circulated; he had, therefore, pretty nearly made up his mind to the unfavourable alternative, and debated for a while whether he should not carry his suspicions to the Hôtel de Ville, hoping thereby to gain credit, and favour his own long-studied approach to municipal honours. But then there were reasons against such a procedure.

It was not till a later period in the reign of Louis XIV., that the foundation was laid of that most searching system of police, of which France, or its rulers, have since boasted. During the minority of Louis, the care of the city was in the custody of the municipal powers; and these, like all the other constitutional elements of the state, were in too much actual and approaching collision, to care about the suspicions of La Motte. Our host would have met with but little attention at the Hôtel de Ville, had his pertinacity prompted an unfavourable report of his lodger, unless, indeed, he had denounced him as a spy of Mazarin, when he would have met with a severe rebuke, as the *prévôt* was well known to be a partisan of the cardinal; and to have denounced the youth as a spy of the other party, and against the prelate, would have been, what no one wishing to keep house over head, and having

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a due regard for the might and majesty of the populace, would dare to do. At the time of which we are writing, when a criminal who had openly violated the laws, or when any more illustrious offender against the ruling powers, was required to occupy a cell in the Conciergerie or the Bastille, he was sought for, and tracked with diligence; but merely unknown, or only suspected adventurers, or secluded plotters, were suffered to bring their plans to maturity without incurring correctional visits from the sheriff or his followers.

La Motte, therefore, after due consideration, thought it wisest to let the matter drop for a while; besides his guest would now prove a more profitable customer, and make up for lost time. St. Maur, all unconscious of these deliberations, did not leave the *auberge*, as had been foreshadowed in his dream, humbly and on foot, but was carried to the Place Royale in a sedan, a mode of conveyance put in practice by those unable to afford the luxury of horses. Some misgivings he had of his reception; it might—but this idea he shook from him disdainfully—be but a *ruse de guerre*, practised by his inamorata to rid herself of his importunity; and that he should find, on his arrival at the mansion, that his presence was unlooked for, and his fair entertainer unknown. And what was he to do in such a predicament, habited in his costly masquerade-robes? At other times, he might have been disposed to laugh at such an idea, but he had become the slave of love—of love at first sight, or it might be more truly said, of love unseen—and he was ill-disposed to mirth.

He had refrained from making inquiries concerning the occupant of the hôtel, lest he should, by such means, even but slightly, compromise his nocturnal goddess. On arriving, he, however, found, by the number of equipages, the glare of torches, and cries of lacqueys, that the masked ball was no aëry nothing, but a reality. The hôtel was a handsome edifice, surrounded at foot with a gallery opened by arcades. From beneath the arcade, a door opened into the vestibule, and this led to the principal staircase. He experienced no interruption in ascending the silken-covered stairs; and could not help smiling beneath the masque, as memory brought to mind his sensations of the preceding evening on witnessing a similar scene at the Hôtel de Chevreuse. How lowly then his fate! How struck by poverty his condition! What a gulph between him and the saloon of the duchess!

Twenty-four hours had briefly passed, and he was entering an invited, though certainly mysterious, guest into an abode as rich and magnificent; clothed in sumptuous apparel, his purse heavy with gold, courage elate and hopes ardent, nothing ailing in body or mind, but a slight beating of the heart.

Time was, when we should have minutely unfolded the elegance of the apartment, and the variegated splendour of the scene; but suffice it for us now to say, that St. Maur found himself in the centre of such refinement and civilization as the seventeeth century could boast of. Society was then destitute of the polished manners and graceful amenity which it since owed to Louis;—at the period of our story, a mere child, daily playing at soldiers with his brother of Anjou, and little dreaming of the influence he was fated to exercise over Christendom. There was no deficiency of wit, beauty, or even literature, to

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enliven the saloon of the period we are writing of; but there was wanting a self-sustainment and harmony of purpose, which in a later age has exhibited the spectacle of a crowded drawing-room, whose visitants have been charmed and enlivened without the aid of masked buffoonery, deep play, or luxurious viands. Then, these adjuncts were needed, not in so great a degree as in the preceding age—the era of court-masques, mock-fights on land and water, and long-spun allegorical exhibitions by which the court and its precincts were turned into one vast play-booth—but the turbulence, and even the ferocity of the noblesse were not extinct, as might be witnessed by their sanguinary duels. The *grandes dames* and *demoiselles* of the age, had not, except in a *tête-à-tête*, the same power to hold captive the attention of the men, which they have since acquired; when, therefore, several hundred of the fiery spirits of the age were cooped within the narrow walls of a Parisian hotel, recourse was had to the frolic of the masquerade, the excitement of the dance, or the selfish and absorbing spirit of gaming, to make the hours pass lightly and gaily.

St. Maur, who had never witnessed such a scene, or any nearer approach to its splendour, than the staid, solemn, morning levées of the Prince of Condé, was too much dazzled for a while, even to look for the fair genius of the place.

But how find her amid the crowd, if she were not disposed to discover herself? And was he certain of again beholding the fair apparition which had so enchanted him? Could he feel sure that she was not mocking his search—perhaps, even, at that very moment, secure in her own concealment, and in possession of the key to his identity, watching his movements, and laughing behind her mask at the folly of a young man who could deem himself, after a casual interview, the object of solicitude to a lady of high rank, as he could not but deem her. Hope, however, whispered words of comfort, and he passed from group to group, vainly striving to catch, among the fair masquers, some fugitive tone or gesture which would betray the lady of the Val-de-Grace. Many a joyous laugh, and now and then a gentle sigh, would fall upon his ear, but not echoed from her he sought. To seek for any token of recognition among the grotesque masquers, he soon found was labour thrown away; but there were many ladies, he remarked, in simple *domina* costume, whose cloak and short black mask, with its border of crape, could not conceal a stray tress or dimpled chin. These he scanned very closely, and his apparent curiosity did not escape their notice, and subjected him, in his turn, to a severe scrutiny. He at length bethought himself, that as he was no doubt watched, by at least one of the large assemblage, he might, by withdrawing himself from the crowd, perchance discover if any masque followed his retreat, or took any interest in his departure.

Leaving the crowd, he hastened to the entrance of the saloon, passed the open, wide-spread doors, and had reached the head of the staircase, when, with the air of one who had changed his mind, or forgotten some object, he suddenly turned round, and re-entered the hall

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of the revel. Whether the *ruse* were successful or not, he could not determine, but he certainly detected one in the habit of a Sybil, who, by her retrograde movement, might have been following his footsteps, and was now retracing her own. Appearing not to notice her course, for he was now resolved to oppose cunning to cunning, he again sought the crowd, watched the antics of those disposed to be merry, and lingered often in one apartment where the masques, assembled round a table, were busily engaged in games of dice; endeavouring the while to keep an eye on the Sybil. He was very soon rewarded with the conviction that she did watch him, and at length, by her proximity, that she might not be unwilling to unfold his fortunes. He knew not why, but he trembled at her approach, his courage failed, his eyes seemed to grow dizzy, and he could no longer distinctly see the sable firmament spangled with stars, with which she was enveloped. Abashed, he withdrew a pace beneath a gorgeously decorated dial which adorned the walls; this movement so far separated him from the throng, that her further approach would make it apparent to others as well as himself, that the object was to accost the bashful knight of the Holy Order. She paused for a moment, balancing on her step, as though dubious whether she should so ostensibly pursue the recreant noviciate, who feared, yet longed to hear the loved accents which memory so faithfully retained. Fortunately a mask concealed his face, but his whole frame trembled with delicious apprehension of forthcoming delight, his breathing was short—but alas! as short-lived was his happiness.

At the very moment that the Sybil paused in uncertainty, the chimes of the timepiece emitted their sharp dulcet notes—she looked up, started, and turned slowly away, losing herself from his sight in the crowd. This act recalled so forcibly the air of her who had taken leave of him at the convent of the Val-de-Grace—the same style of coquettish reluctance at parting—that he was more than ever convinced that she and the Sybil were the same. Regaining courage as she vanished, he followed in pursuit—she had left the saloon. In the adjoining one, he caught sight of her for one moment as she passed into the last chamber opening on the grand staircase. He then thought her gone for ever. The idea maddened him; he pushed very rudely through a group of Satyrs and Bacchanals, and found the fair Sybil in earnest discourse with a reverend astrologer, who had just entered the hall of entertainment.

The young man forbore to press on their interview, but a new feeling was rapidly springing into growth, which rendered him the most unenviable of lovers. He longed very ardently to pluck the soothsayer by the beard, would gladly have stripped him of all the outward insignia of science; nor was his hatred diminished by observing, that although the beard was white, silvery white, and he bore a staff fitted to support the tottering steps of age, yet his walk indicated the strength of manhood, and he carried his head as one to whom wisdom had not become a burthen.

Nor was it very long ere the astrologer became aware that his footsteps were watched, at which he shewed evident signs of displeasure.

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A short but earnest debate appeared to ensue between him and the Sybil, and in the heat of discourse, catching hold of her wrist, held it for a few seconds, speaking the while very impatiently; then letting the arm drop, the lady disappeared, and the astrologer turned to confront the spy.

Although St. Maur was angry with himself and with all around, and felt much chafed and disposed to quarrel, the astrologer did not afford a direct pretext; like two cautious generals, each contented himself with observing the motions of the other. The young man often looked round for the Sybil, but she did not return. The astrologer loitered on, apparently not inattentive to the motions of the busy revellers; he might be, as St. Maur imagined, endeavouring to penetrate the disguises, and amusing himself with conjectures on their identity, ever and anon casting an eye on the youth, and once or twice indicating an extreme impatience, as though waiting some one's approach.

In this state of mutual suspicion, they at length found themselves near the dice-tables; and the astrologer, suddenly casting aside his reserve, made signs, challenging the youth to a trial of fortune. One of the bystanders urged our knight of the Holy Order not to play with an astrologer, who assuredly would not venture on games of chance unless he had predicted his own success. A little monk, however, urged him by all means to win the astrologer's gold; that it was well known, from time immemorial, that the members of his profession were fools, and so far from able to get to read the fortunes of their contemporaries, could never so much as get glimpse enough in the magic mirror of fate to avoid their own ruin, and make a timely escape from the scourge and house of correction.

The arguments, either for or against the venture, had but little weight with St. Maur; he already felt bitterly jealous of the masque, and of the influence which he appeared to exercise over the Sybil. He accepted the challenge with as much determination and eagerness as he would have received an offer to measure rapiers with his antagonist. The stakes were not at first very high, and fortune, or victory, did not incline much to either side; gradually, however, the astrologer increased the ventures, doubling and trebling them, whether he won or lost, so that the strife had at length sufficient interest to attract a large concourse of guests around the players.

It was very evident to the cool unimpasssioned bystanders, that the object of the astrologer was, at any risk, to make bankrupt his opponent; and it was equally evident, that if his resources were but large enough, he would eventually, in some happy throw, succeed. It was thus apparent, that the contest would be finally decided in favour of him whose purse was deepest. Both were held, even in that gambling age, to be most daring and reckless gamesters; but whatever were the character of the astrologer, the judgment was very false as regarded St. Maur, who, although deprived in youth of the admonitions and lessons of a loving parent or guardian, was by a happy temperament free from any tendency to that vice. He staked his gold as resolutely against his opponent as he would have belaboured him with a cudgel, or thrust at him with the small sword, and he submitted to

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the heavy ventures, because it was the law of the contest they were engaged in.

The moment came at length which the experienced spectators had foreseen. The youth's velvet purse was drained to match the astrologer's desperate plunge, and his throw fell short of that of his bearded antagonist, who upon reaping this yellow harvest, threw down triumphantly another stake. St. Maur trembled with vexation; his blood chilled, and his limbs felt benumbed; he would have coined his very garments, his arms even, for gold, for one more throw. Suddenly he bethought himself, that he had not, in every instance, deposited the winnings in his purse, but that on one or more occasions, a pocket had been the hasty receptacle. He felt for the stray pieces; all eyes glistened at him through their masks; the gold was found, and he threw down on the table some five or six pieces.

The stake was not one-tenth the amount of the astrologer's; but the masques cried out for fair play, and that he should reduce his risk to the capacity of the knight. Before time had been allowed to accede to, or regret the demand, a little monk, who in other instances had made himself conspicuous, drew the attention of the company to the condition of the knight's gold, declaring that such scurvy coin must have been carried by some pilgrim to purgatory as an intended bribe, and been well sweated in that hot region. And truly, six such crippled, maimed, and defaced pieces were never before seen together in company. St. Maur, distracted and ashamed of the circumstance, declared that the gold he had brought with him was all of one coinage, and bright as when issued from the mint.

"Then the white beard cannot object to play against his own gold!" exclaimed the monk, looking towards the astrologer, but the latter had disappeared, taking care, however, to carry away his stake. All present declared the astrologer an arrant cheat and impostor, to foist off such villanous pieces of money; St. Maur was greeted with the empty honours of conqueror, as the other had forsook the battle;—and gone off, as one of the masquers declared, with a vagrant sister in a robe of stars.

"And truly," cried the monk, "that same piece of starlight covered a very pretty ankle!"

Here was more misery in store for the poor youth; he, who but a short hour since had been so radiant of hope, so blessed with expectation. The "purple light of love" was indeed now dead within him, paled by the yellow torch of jealousy. What a fair dream of romance was extinguished by the slighting conduct of the Sybil! He who had fondly traced a resemblance between his own fate and that of so many heroes of romantic lore,—well-born, but poor, without friends, struggling with adversity, fed on unsubstantial day-dreams, yet revelling in the paradise of a luxuriant imagination—and yet more glorious—a fair reality dispelling the visionary scene, and beckoning on to love and fortune. His picture, so often drawn for the amusement of ardent youth—and which he, in his own person, had so seemingly realized—was now shivered in fragments; and he, again, stood alone in the world, in his original poverty, humbled and humiliated, and yet more deeply struck in the anguish of a wounded heart. Youth oft pays

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dearly for its joys and aspirations, and its fever of early love; and the man of maturer years and withered hopes, has yet some consolation, that—

> His mind is such as may not move
> For beauty bright or force of love.

The forlorn St. Maur, in his robes of knighthood, which he longed to fling aside as a bitter mockery, rushed from the observant gaze of the spectators, eliciting by his actions the remark, that for so bold and daring a player, he displayed a lamentable want of fortitude in ill-luck.

Escaping from the suite of saloons, and anxious for solitude, he gained the lobby or gallery which opened on the staircase, but the glare of light below, and the noise of the lacqueys and grooms, caused him to refrain from descending. The comparative seclusion of the gallery, cut off from the scene of revelry by an ante-room, and by the intervening staircase, from the noisy tumult below, invited his steps, the more especially as an open window at the far end admitted the air freely. Thither he repaired, and was agreeably surprised to find that it looked over a small garden, and was so constructed as to serve the double purpose of door and window. A small hanging staircase led to the parterre below. All here was quiet, and St. Maur, yielding to impulse, prepared to descend. The little staircase, a ladder, had evidently been an after-thought, and formed no part of the design of the architect; viewed architecturally, it was a disfigurement to the garden-façade, and ran sloping across the windows of the floor beneath.

As the disconsolate youth passed slowly down the steps, his eye caught the reflection of light between the hangings which darkened the window of one of the lower apartments. Curiosity induced him to linger for a moment, stooping low to discover from whence the light proceeded. A very small opening between the edges of the damask curtains discovered a handsome chamber, well lighted. A high-backed, carved chair, of ample dimensions, with its back to the window, contained a lady; one foot alone was visible, and one fair hand glancing forth ever and anon, blessed the sight of the secret beholder. At her feet, on an ottoman, sat a man, whom St. Maur, to his surprise and indignation, recognised as the hated astrologer, the purloiner of gold and mistress both, and who paid his losses in light and defaced coin. Burning with revenge and jealousy, he doubted not whose fair form was hid behind the antique chair. The first impulse was to break in upon their interview—upbraid the lady for he scarcely knew what, and stigmatize the astrologer as a cheat and impostor; and fortune so far favoured this design, as to interpose no difficulty in finding the way to the door of the apartment. It was, indeed, by some mischance, a little open; but the short interval of time which had elapsed, had been so far beneficial as to cool his frenzy; and he had scarcely crept within the apartment, ere he felt all the awkwardness and impropriety of the proceeding, and a suspicion arose, that he might not be such an injured being as he had at first deemed himself. A screen which ran partly across the room and

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concealed his presence, afforded an opportunity of retreating unperceived; and the earnest conversation which was carried on by the lady and her swain, prevented them from discovering that their privacy had been broken upon. He stood irresolute, anger still uppermost, ardently desirous of revenge on the astrologer, but towards the enchanting Sybil gentler feelings prevailed. What should he do? Chance, at this crisis, gave no further time for deliberation, for the lady suddenly rose from the chair; and as her voice swelled with the increasing passion which influenced this movement, he found, to his dismay, that he was mistaken in her person. It was not the voice of her he loved. He had barely time to take refuge between the screen and the wall, ere the lady came forward, talking vehemently the while; the astrologer arose from his footstool, and was preparing to follow, but she turned sharply round, and commanded him to be seated, which was so far fortunate for St. Maur, that he gained his place of concealment unperceived; though his position was unhappy enough in being forced to remain an unwilling listener to a conversation in which he believed himself to have no interest, and to run the risk, in addition, which a spy cannot fail to encounter on forbidden ground.

ROSY CHILDHOOD.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER," ETC.

Rosy childhood!—rosy childhood!
Thou art beautiful to see;
The green earth with its wild-wood
Hath no flow'r so sweet as thee;
The stars, night's reign enhancing,
Beam not within the sky
With a ray so brightly glancing
As the flash from childhood's eye!
Rosy childhood—merry childhood,
Thou art beautiful to see;
The green earth with its wild-wood
Hath no flow'r so bright as thee.

Rosy childhood!—bud of beauty!
Thou'rt a blessing, and art bless'd;
Holy ties of love and duty
Fill thy happy mother's breast;
And thy father, though he chideth
Thy loud but harmless glee,
In his soul no pang abideth
Like the charm of loving thee!
Rosy childhood, &c.

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LANGLEY HALL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

LANGLEY HALL stands, it matters not how many miles from the pretty, quiet, little town of Drayton in Berkshire, that hallowed region which dear Mary Russell Mitford has peopled with rural memories enough to suffice half-a-dozen of the surrounding counties; there is a carriage-road to it from the town for those who love to trudge merrily along under the shadow of the noble old elms, that make half the glory of the excursion, with the chance of picking up a companion for the hour in some stray wayfarer, whose love of the picturesque has led him so far out of the busy turmoil of the city-mart; and a path as well, through green fields, gay with myriads of flowers and slumberous woods, that echo only to "the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note:" I prefer the latter when the sun is nigh the setting, and as you are about to travel for the time, dear reader, in my company, you must do so too.

Here we are, then, after a good hour's walk, within sight of the Hall, with nothing to show for all the toil but cheeks crimsoned with the exercise, eyes brightened with the cool greenness of the grass, and minds teeming with a thousand pleasant sensations we have picked up in the way;—nothing! do you call all these nothing? why King Solomon himself would have gladly given half his far-famed wisdom for the rich and priceless pleasures of such an hour! But, dear me, where was I? this long preamble has made me forget all about Langley Hall; but now that we have reached the low outer terrace that divides the ha-ha from the fine old gardens, we'll sit down in this old wicker-seat and begin the history at once.

Half a score years ago, a certain Jasper Rivers, who had gone out in his youth to the Indies, and who had made a mint of money in that enchanted yet unhealthy region, took the liberty of dying, but not before he had made his will, and left all his property, landed and funded, to his only child, by name Mary. The will was all right and valid, and even the lawyers in the mother country, after a time, were forced to give up the idea of sweating it down by litigation, and so Miss Mary Rivers received at the same moment the very painful news that she was an orphan, and the more pleasing information that she was a great heiress; perhaps the latter almost overbalanced the former, for Mary could only remember her parent as a very yellow-faced, shrivelled, old man, who kissed her twice or thrice, and bade her be a good little girl, when he left her at the far-away school in England he had selected for her to be educated at until she was eighteen, whilst he went back again to the land of his adoption, to scrape money together harder than ever, and to lose his life just as old Mr. Pickle did when his wealth amounted to a plum. Mary was sixteen when Mr. Rivers died, and as it was six months before the news reached England, she had still eighteen months to spend at the

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school before she had completed the time her father had reiterated in his will, that he wished her to do, before she took up her abode with her sole guardian, Sir Robert Shirley, the master of Langley Hall; time, however, flies away fast enough, and with no one quicker than an heiress, and so the night arrived at last that had to usher her into a kind of life very different from that she had lately led. Poor Mary's heart fluttered with the bare anticipation of it. But we must not anticipate.

It was a bright June night, everything seemed so fair and bright and calm, with the mellow sunlight glinting softly down on the expectant crowd, who were gathered together in front of the Hall, to welcome the heiress with Sir Robert and Lady Shirley, an old-fashioned, unsophisticated pair of gentlefolks, at their head. They were both seated on a couple of hall-chairs, for Sir Robert was gouty and could not stand long together, and behind them, playing with the old man's silvered locks, might be seen the graceful rounded figure of Helen Shirley, their only daughter, who, if possible, was more anxious than any one else for the appearance of her future guest and companion.

"I shall not like her, I'm afraid," half soliloquised the petted young lady, and, as if to belie the assertion, the bloom on her cheeks grew brighter as she heard, or fancied she heard, the far-away sound of approaching wheels.

"Fie, Nell, fie," cried Sir Robert, who had overheard the speech, "keep your opinion until you see Miss Rivers herself.

"I was only half conscious, sir, of the thought," said the blushing beauty, and at the same moment Harry Shirley, the baronet's third son, was heard hallooing from the beech-avenue, that the carriage had entered the park-gates.

"There he goes—the silly madcap," cried Sir Robert, chuckling, as the sound of Harry's horse, galloping off at a swift pace, followed the announcement. "It is time she was here though; for the dinner, I'm afraid, Griffiths, is nearly cold by this."

"O dear no, Sir Robert," said the portly butler, whom the baronet had addressed, "nothing will be spoilt, I'm sure."

"Here comes Harry galloping alongside of the chaise," said Lady Shirley, who, not without some trepidation, arose, and taking her husband's arm, hurried forward to meet the stranger.

Before they could reach the spot, Harry's eager arm had assisted Miss Rivers to alight, and they paused midway, simultaneously struck with the mingled grace and beauty of the young heiress. They had pictured to themselves a dark-featured, sallow-complexioned girl, the languor of whose movements bore ample and fatal testimony to the inherent weakness of her constitution; but, on the contrary, when a beautiful young woman, whose merry blue eyes and glowing features bespoke high spirits and robust health, sprang with trembling haste to embrace good old Lady Shirley, the latter, albeit she had presence of mind enough to carry herself with all due decorum, could scarcely credit her own eyes, and more than once glanced askant towards Sir Robert, as the cheerful tones of Mary's voice and laugh rang on unbelieving ears.

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"Is she not beautiful, Nell?" whispered the brother, as he stood in the rear of the main group formed by the Baronet, Mary, and Lady Shirley.

"Very, very; rather hoydenish, like all school-girls; but with a great deal of animal spirits," replied the sister. "I think I shall like her after all."

"Whew!" whistled her companion; "I wonder who could help it after they had once seen her!"

Helen Shirley smiled, but did not reply, and the next moment her father beckoned her to advance, and placing her hand in that of Mary Rivers, hoped they would before morning be very good friends.

A tear started to the bright blue eyes of the heiress, as the kindly tones of her protector touched a chord that had long lain silent in her heart; and even the hazel eyes of Miss Shirley herself were not undimmed, as she felt the kind pressure with which Mary returned her own.

"And now come, let us all go to dinner, for our poor Mary will feel but faintish after such a long ride," and away hobbled the old man, followed by his wife, son, daughter, and Mary, the rear being brought up by the domestics, who quietly dispersed to their several occupations.

After coffee, the small yet happy party adjourned to the gardens, Sir Robert himself gallanting his beautiful ward through the trim, well-tended alleys, dwelling as he went, in the pride of his heart, on his noble family of sons, none of whom, with the exception of Harry, were, at present, at home;—Robert, the eldest, was in Paris, attached to the French embassy, and stood high in the confidence of his chief.

"You will not miss him, however, my dear Miss Mary," continued the garrulous old man, "for Rob, poor fellow! is a queer, distant, reserved kind of a person; besides, he's well-nigh five-and-thirty years of age, so that he's almost old enough to be your father—ha! ha!"

Mary smiled but did not speak, and so Sir Robert went on.

"John is the next, and a fine dashing fellow he is! worth two of his elder brother any day! he's a soldier, forsooth, and the very sight of him makes you think of powder and ball. He got a wound in the last war, and poor Lady Shirley was sadly frightened, for he's her favourite; but we persuaded his colonel to let him come home to get waited on, and what with doctoring and messing, we soon mended him up;—he'll be here in a month, and you'll like him, I know——"

"I do not doubt it," said Mary, frankly, though she could scarcely refrain from laughing at the odd manner Sir Robert delivered the last words in; the baronet, however, was now safely mounted on his hobby, and went on with his theme.

"Harry is the next—but you have seen him, so I need not gossip long concerning the villain;—he's a very honest fellow, but rather rash and self-willed; but the world, Miss Mary, the world will soon drill all that out of him; I intended him to be a farmer, but the dog is smitten with an itching after glory, and will in the end be off to the

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wars like his brother John,—Philip is something like Robert, and is studying hard for the church,—Dick and Willy are at Eton; and these, with Helen, make up our family."

Sir Robert had by this time talked himself out of breath, so he gave Mary up to his son and daughter, and sat down with Lady Shirley, to keep up a disjointed conversation.

"She is very pretty, that's a fact, Sir Robert," began Lady Shirley, after a pause,—"very pretty, very good, and very rich," added she, weighing up in a breath all Mary's good qualities.

"Yes, yes—very, indeed," cried the baronet hastily. "I wish John was here, my dear."

"Why?"

"Why! why! because—I'm sure I can hardly tell—" spluttered Sir Robert, who did not dare to confess the whole truth even to his wife,—"but yet I suppose, Bessie, you would not be sorry if he did come?".

"O dear no—very glad indeed," replied Lady Shirley, who, good honest soul, felt rather disconcerted at her husband's embarrassment. "Do you think Mary would be likely to fancy him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; she said she would, but girls get queer crotchets into their heads sometimes; and between you and me, my dear, Miss Rivers seems as if she would have a will of her own in the matter."

"Ah, dear! very likely; and when you come to look close at her, love, although she is so handsome, something strikes you as being wanting about her."

Sir Robert whisked round as his spouse said this, and looked very hard at her for a minute or two without speaking; Lady Shirley hastened to explain.

"I didn't mean she was at all wanting in sense, quite the reverse; but she has a *leetle* the look of a plebeian about her; she does not look aristocratic—like our Helen, for instance."

Much as Sir Robert was accustomed to the good-natured dulness of his wife, this specimen of her simplicity fairly upset him; but recovering his gravity in a very short space of time, he healed the breach by assenting to all her ladyship had said in a manner which entirely disarmed her pique, and restored the confidence of the conversation.

"I thought you would agree with me there, Sir Robert," said Lady Shirley, fanning herself very hard. "Mary does give me that notion, but I hope John will not see it, for she's a very desirable match,—even for Robert. But, by-the-bye, did you ever hear who her mother was?"

The baronet shook his head—"Rivers always maintained a mysterious silence on that point whenever we met; they were married, I know, for he told me that in a most solemn manner in our last interview, but more than that I could never learn; he was a proud man, and if he had united himself with a woman of a station inferior to his wn, he was the last man to bruit the story about."

Lady Shirley shook her head, and said she was afraid Mary's mother had been a plebeian.

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"Very likely," was Sir Robert's reply, and the next moment the young people joined them.

"We are to sleep together to-night," whispered Helen Shirley to her new friend an hour after this, as they stood arm-in-arm in the conservatory, "that is, if you like it, for mamma is afraid you would feel lonely by yourself the first night you were in a strange house."

"And so I should," said Mary, turning her grateful countenance on the speaker. "I have always been accustomed to sleep in a large room, with three or four companions, and I should feel the solitude very painfully at the beginning; but shall I not inconvenience you by such an arrangement?"

"O no, I shall be delighted with the change," said Miss Shirley gently, "and I hope, into the bargain, that we shall have the pleasure of sharing the same apartment for the future after this. Evans shall wait upon you until your own maid comes."

"She will be here to-morrow, I hope, for Mrs. Musgrove deprived herself of her own servant that I might not be disappointed."

"What has got Miss Rivers?" cried the burly voice of Sir Robert from the other end of the conservatory; "here is my beautiful Vervina Gloriosa in full bloom, and I want her to see it;" and the two friends were constrained to break up their pleasant tête-à-tête: the arrangement they had mutually entered into shared, however, a better fate, as from that time Helen Shirley and her beautiful guest occupied the same room.

Time passed merrily away at Langley Hall to Mary. There was so much to see and to admire, everything was so different from what she had been accustomed to, and every one, from Sir Robert downwards, was so kind and affectionate, that she almost felt as if it was too good to be real, and that she must be dreaming of everything she saw; but circumstances soon convinced her of the reality of her present existence, as well as that sorrow could cast its dark shade over that noble house, and brood longer too than ever joy had done.

The month had nearly slipped away; Mary had grown to like Helen Shirley, and to do something still worse with regard to Harry, although she was scarcely certain of it; but still although it is a very naughty word, and one that has made many a poor swain and many a luckless maiden sad-hearted, I must still write it down—she loved him—I'm very much afraid she did, for it was Harry's arm that she always hung upon in their

"Moonlit wanderings in the silent glade."

It was Harry's voice that rang the loudest in her dreams at night, it was Harry's image that ever presented itself to her imagination as the breathing personification of all that was noble and manly; the sweetest smile was bestowed upon him, and it was Harry that called up those lovely blushes that made all, from Sir Robert down to the scullion-wench, aver that sweet Mary Rivers was the fairest creature that ever filled old Langley Hall with the sunshine of her presence.

Shame, Harry! shame on thy effrontery! fie on thee for robbing poor Mary of her heart of hearts, when Sir Robert and his simple spouse have both resolved that John shall win their queen of diamonds,

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overturning by thy traitorous act all the laws of primogeniture and elder-son-ship, which the old couple hold as part and parcel of their creed! most richly dost thou deserve all the woes and grievances that are about to follow thy temerity, and right certain am I that no act of mine shall lessen the punishment thou so well deservest.

One evening Sir Robert and Lady Shirley were sitting by themselves quite snug and close in a dark old room, with closed doors and unopened windows, that no stray breath of wind might carry abroad the subject of their deliberations. What on earth could they be talking about? for a grave seriousness sat on the time-wrinkled foreheads of both, and it was very evident that something, both weighty and terrible in its nature, was occupying their undivided attention. Dear reader! they were planning how John should win Mary Rivers, ignorant that at that very moment the young lady and Harry were whispering tender love-speeches under their very window!

"We will give a ball, Bessie," cried Sir Robert, after a long pause. "Eh!—what do you say?"

"I'm quite agreeable, my dear,—when shall it come off?"

"Let me see—say Friday;—John will be home by then, I think."

Lady Shirley shook her head. "Friday, Sir Robert, is an unlucky day all the world over. Fix it for Thursday—he'll be here by then, depend upon it; for he always comes a day or two before his time."

"Very well—we'll make it Thursday, then," said Sir Robert, laughing. "But mind, if John does not come until Friday, your ladyship will not lay the blame on my shoulders."

"No, that would be too bad. And who must we have then?"

"O, everybody you can cajole to come. Our friends at the Hermitage, of course—Sir Richard Wareham and his girls, if they are disengaged—Mrs. and Miss Ponsonby—and, in short, everybody we had when Harry came of age. Helen will remember them a great deal better than you or I."

"She shall write the notes in the morning," said Lady Shirley. "Mary will, of course, be the belle of the evening?"

"O, to be sure;—that little pug-nosed Miss Wareham had her turn last time, and John, the silly goose, paid her so much attention that the poor girl absolutely did not know whether she was standing on her head or her feet. I hope the Warehams will come, for I should like to see the young lady's conceit let down a little."

"O fie, Sir Robert," cried Lady Shirley, who was in high good-humour, and, of course, very charitable as well. "Lizzy Wareham is a very pretty girl, I'm sure."

"Ay, I don't question that," quoth the baronet, bluntly; "but, as Ralph says, when any of the hounds catch up a wrong scent in the field, 'she's a head like a buzzim.'"

"Poor thing, more's the pity!" said Lady Shirley, kindly; "but it runs in the family, you know; none of them are very clever."

"I don't know for that," retorted Sir Robert; "but we are forgetting the ball. I hope, my dear, you will manage everything well, for I wish to have it as grand as possible."

"That we may dazzle the heiress," cried her ladyship, vivaciously.

"Yes. We had better not say anything to John beforehand, but

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leave him to attack the fortification at his pleasure. If Mary does not strike her colours and surrender at discretion, I shall be very much disappointed, and the money will be thrown away into the bargain."

"The latter will not make much matter," said his auditor; "but perhaps she may take a fancy to Robert or Harry."

"The first is not very likely," said Sir Robert, testily, "when the lad wrote only last week to say he had no hope of being in England for a long time to come."

"She may like Harry, then," persisted the lady; "he's a fine-looking fellow enough, though he has nothing of the air of his brother John."

"She may," said Sir Robert; "but if she does, I shall think Miss Mary Rivers a much sillier young lady than I at present give her credit for."

"It would be a very good match for him," said Lady Shirley. "A wife with a hundred thousand pounds!—it would be quite a god-send."

"Far too good for the dog," growled Sir Robert; "besides, it can never be, for it would be lifting him quite over John's head."

"Ah dear! so it would; but still, Sir Robert, she may do such a thing, and, between you and me, it's very likely."

"O, very!" growled Sir Robert, with increasing ill-humour.

"Very, indeed, for they're always together, riding, walking, dancing, singing, and talking with each other—O dear! why did you not tell me you wanted John to have her, and then I might have prevented poor Harry's intentions;—it's not too late yet, perhaps."

Lady Shirley said the last half dozen words at a venture, but her spouse was now too completely vexed to listen to her suggestions; he sate for two or three minutes knitting his portentous brows in grim silence, whilst his poor wife sate quaking with fear lest she should fall in for a share of his ill-humour; it was, therefore, not without a sense of great relief that she beheld him lay his hand on her arm, and say, with a voice lower and fuller of hidden meaning than was usual with him,

"Listen, Lady Shirley, and I will tell you why I want John to marry Mary Rivers. She has money, and he has not, neither can I give him any, or, at all events, not as much as I could wish; he'll never make much by his profession, for these are not times for that sort of thing; Helen will be marrying, and of course her husband will expect something handsome with her; Philip, and Dick, and Willy, will need setting forward in the world too, and even you are aware that all this will very nearly exhaust my savings; it will be as much as I can do if I do all this without mortgaging the Langley estate, and that I should be sorry to do, for Robert will expect to get it as unencumbered as I got it from my father. Now you understand me; and though I do not wish Mary to be unfairly biassed towards John, I still do not see why she should not marry him."

Had Lady Shirley brought any fortune on her marriage into her husband's family, she would not have remained silent at the close of this long and singular speech; but when Sir Robert got up and walked straight towards the door, she neither attempted to stop him by

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speech or sign, and for many minutes after his departure she sate in a state well nigh bordering on tears, yet withal so stunned by what she had heard, that she had scarcely power left to breathe, and was quite unequal to the task of striking out any course to pursue in the difficult (I had well nigh written dishonourable) business her husband had entrusted her to accomplish. Had the pretty and portionless Bessie Arden been instead the rich, all-worshipped Miss Arden, whom Sir Robert Shirley wooed and won to rule over the future fortunes of Langley Hall, she might have acted differently; but, as it was, no alternative was left her, and she was constrained to act in a manner at once irksome and distasteful to one who, without any strong reasoning faculties, yet felt that she was compelled to descend to scheming to bring about a match, which, after all, might turn out neither happy nor suitable to either party.

"Here's a pretty scrape to get into!" muttered she, as soon as she could speak. "O dear! what shall I do?"

It by no means added to Lady Shirley's comfort when, chancing at that moment to glance up to the window, she caught a glimpse of Mary Rivers passing by, hanging, as usual, on Harry's arm; the sight of her beautiful face upturned so lovingly to that of her companion, and the earnestness with which Harry was evidently speaking, fell like a dagger on the heart of the poor trembling occupant of that darkening room.

Fortunate it was for her that the approaching ball, by giving her something to do, directed her mind from dwelling too intently on the difficulties of her situation. None but those who have lived their whole lives in the country, at a distance from any great town, know how great are the difficulties to be surmounted in such an undertaking. Invitations had to be written; musicians to be engaged; the whole house to be turned upside down, preparatory to being set to rights; ice, fruits, and pastry to be ordered from the metropolis; all the milliners in the next country town to be driven distracted by orders given, countermanded, and finally adopted, with strict injunctions that everything must be ready at least a week before they, by any possibility, can be completed. The gardener had to make all his plants flower just on one very particular night; the butler, in imitation of his monastic brethren, betook himself to his cellars, and never saw the light of day for a week; every man, woman, and child in the house grew rabid with the worry—everybody but Harry and Mary, and they alone were calm and unruffled amid all the hurly-burly that was boiling around them. Sir Robert Shirley fairly ran off altogether from the premises, and took refuge with the parson of the parish, and Lady Shirley thrice fainted away with the fatigue she had to encounter, and as many times magnanimously rallied again to complete the stupendous ramifications attendant upon one single night's party of pleasure.

The eventful day dawned at last, as every day devoted to pleasure should, with a cloudless sky, and just breeze enough to keep one's system cool and pleasant in the shade; everything promised fair, both inside the house and out; the marquees that were planted in the lawn cut a grand dash with their alternate stripings of green and

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pink, whilst the substantial viands in the shape of rounds of beef and sirloins of the same, legs of mutton and shoulders of mutton, lordly hams, and scores of fowl, of every possible variety the early state of the season could bring to the cuisinier's aid, some piping hot, and others deliciously cold, with stews and jellies, and ragouts, that make the mouth water but to mention them, were all marshalled before Lady Shirley's eye in the housekeeper's room, who, still flushed with her recent broilings, stood by in smiling happiness to receive her ladyship's final commands.

"Everything seems quite right, my good Griffiths," said her ladyship, as with a final glance around she moved from the room. Helen met her on the staircase.

"My dear mamma, John has not come yet, and here is Lady Elliott's roomy old coach rolling up the avenue," were the first words that saluted the mother's ears.

"Well, my dear," said Lady Shirley, with a calmness of voice that caused her a great effort, "as to the first, we really cannot help it; it's a great pity, for I certainly should have liked to see him stand up with Mary in a quadrille; and as for the second, you must go down to receive the city dame; my hands are dirty."

Helen passed on to obey this command, and Lady Shirley hurried to her bedroom. She felt terribly annoyed at the thought of Captain Shirley's non-arrival, but a glass of cold water soon revived her, and, sprinkling her handkerchief with Hungary water, she hurried towards her glass. She certainly was looking well, or what our French neighbours term *jolie*, and the knowledge of this brought the smile up into her face, and, before she could see more, the sound of fresh arrivals made her hurry away, as fast as her legs could carry her down, to receive her company.

"Ah, my dear Lady Shirley, how are you?—but I need not ask, for really I never did see you looking so well—you are a perfect wonder for good looks," were the first words that greeted her appearance in the drawing-room. "Charming weather for the fête champêtré—but you are always so fortunate;" and hereupon Lady Elliott folded her long skinny arms round the plump shoulders of her more wealthy neighbour with a great deal of apparent affection.

"And my dear Helen, too, looks quite beautiful," continued she, with a look as if she should like to do the same good office to her. 'Nay, Miss Helen, you need not blush, for I've heard from a very good quarter that you are to be the belle of all our balls this winter. But what has got your guest? for I'm dying to see her."

Helen ran off in search of Mary, and Lady Elliott, depositing her lanky, ugly frame on a fauteiul, straightway fell into conversation with her hostess touching the family, wealth, and talents of the aforementioned Mary Rivers.

"She is fishing all she can out of me to tell that hideous cub of hers," thought Lady Shirley, as she listened to the long, prosy cross-questioning of her guest. "Heigho! how I wish the girl was married; but here she comes, thank God! for it's a great relief."

And at that moment Mary Rivers entered the room, looking supremely beautiful in her ball dress of white satin; her long dark

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brown hair fell in redundant tresses over her beautifully arching shoulders, whilst the mingled self-possession and timidity of her bearing made her seem still more lovely when the angular Lady Elliott took her hand in their introduction.

Mary did indeed look singularly lovely, and no one felt it more than Lady Elliott herself, who rather abruptly finished the dissonant declamation she had been making to her hostess on Mary's entrance, and sate silent and constrained, but yet not so much abashed but that she could watch every movement and gesture of the heiress.

Fortunately for the whole group, new guests began to pour in at every moment, and Mary, relieved by the departure of Lady Shirley from the necessity of keeping Lady Elliott company, ran off to her own room, an unconquerable timidity impelling her to escape as long as she was able the broad stares and audible comments her appearance amid her country neighbours was beginning to produce.

She had sate far removed from all the din in her own room for a long time, when she was startled from a very painful reverie by a loud rap, and to her scarcely audible "come in" Harry Shirley entered.

"Mary—Miss Rivers, I mean—what on earth are you sitting here for, when the house is full of folks, all clamorous to see you? Come, come, away at once," cried he abruptly.

"O, Harry, I'm so frightened with the idea of facing such a mob that I can scarcely stand," was the scarcely articulate reply.

"Poh, poh, nonsense; none of them will do you any harm," said Harry, impatiently holding out his arm; "and John has come too, and my mother is half distracted you are not there; it really is too bad, Miss Rivers."

"But just fancy, Harry, how unpleasant it must be for me, a total stranger, to face such a crowd of people," urged poor Mary—"you, at any rate, ought to pity me."

O ye gods, how that one single look thrilled the blood in the lover's veins! Mary seemed to grow more beautiful every moment, and Harry was well nigh forgetting his mission as he gazed upon her speaking countenance.

"But, Miss Rivers," said he after a pause, "you must make your entrance sooner or later, and it had better be done at once."

"Ah yes!" sighed his companion, "I had better go at once; "but mind, Harry, you must keep close to me until we get to this redoubtable brother of yours; will you?"

Would he? ay, to be sure he would; what a fool you were, Mary, to ask him, when one word from your ruby lips would have sent him flying to the moon itself to please you! Harry half laughed, and would have spoken if he could have found words to express himself with; but he did press the pretty little hand that lay like a feather on his arm very tight in his way to the ball-room: Mary understood the pressure, and her own lips became locked as she felt his heart throbbing against the little hand almost as wildly as her own.

"There is John," said Harry, on entering the ball-room, pointing as he spoke to a tall, noble-looking man at the farther end. "Ha! he sees us, and is coming to pay his respects to you."

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All this was spoken by poor Harry in very glad tones, for he feared no rival in his love, and he was proud of his brother in the bargain too; but when John had been introduced, and Mary had seemed pleased with him, and Lady Shirley had bustled up and insisted upon his opening the ball with our heroine, Harry, for the first time, felt a pang shoot through his heart as he passed through the crowd, lonely and dispirited, and heard the never-ending expressions of admiration that rang on all sides on the beauty and grace which characterised the movements of the two chief actors in the drama of the evening.

"Ah, there is Captain Shirley dancing in the quadrille with the rich heiress," said a dashing-looking squiress to her neighbour; "upon my word he is a fine-looking fellow, and every way worthy of his partner."

"O yes, John is by far the finest-looking of the family," was the reply; and between ourselves, my dear ma'am, they say Lady Shirley wants to make it a match."

"O God of heaven, can this be truth?" groaned Harry to himself as the last words fell on his ear. The crowd at that moment parted in front of him, and at the same moment his eye rested on the forms of John and Mary, as they stood awaiting their turn to join in the dance. John was speaking, and Mary seemed to be listening so intensely to what he said; her cheeks were flushed more, he thought, with pleasure than exertion; and, as he turned from the spot, the memory of her beauty, and of the little scene that had passed between themselves but a brief half hour before, rose up to his mind more clearly and more vividly in contrast with the misery of the present moment.

How the crowd wedged him in! O for a breath of air to cool his burning brow! and for the precious luxury of the solitude of his own chamber! Every moment he lingered made him but the more wretched, and, stifling a cry of agony, he rushed at last from the room, heedless whither he went, so that he escaped from the sight of all that witnessed to the downfall of his dearest earthly hopes.

He found himself, at last, lying on the soft grass at the foot of a great elm, his throbbing breast pressed to the cold sod, breathless with the speed he had unconsciously used in his flight, and yet, worse than all, with the same wild feeling of unutterable woe clinging with a strangling force at his heart; he felt that he could have died at that moment, and yet a voice ever and ever rang in his ears the accursed sentence of his doom.

"O but this is terrible to bear!" groaned he, as the tears started to his eyes. "O Mary, Mary, why did you encourage my passion so far? But I will not blame you, for you knew no more about it than I did myself; it is I alone, poor silly fool that I am, that was to blame, for I might have known she was far above me."

He started up, and began to walk hurriedly along towards a rustic bridge that spanned a narrow yet deep brook that served in one place to divide the park from the neighbouring fields. The night was clear and starry, although there was no moon, and as Harry stood gazing

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down into the stream that reflected the stars overhead, the wind swept the music of the fête full upon his ear.

"Ay, play merrily on!" muttered he, with a dark scowl upon his fine features; "why should you not? for you know not how fearfully every note rings like a death-knell upon my heart!" He sprang, with the last words, into a path that led into the woods, and in ten minutes was far out of hearing of the dreadful sounds.

Lady Shirley, in the meanwhile, was in the seventh heaven of delight, for, move where she would, every tongue seemed to be trumpeting forth how well her son John looked when dancing with Mary Rivers, and what a handsome couple they would make.

"Ah, Lady Shirley, you are a happy woman to have such a fine family," said an elderly spinster, as chance brought the hostess in her way. "Look at the captain, how noble he looks; and his partner, too, the rich heiress, seems quite smitten with him."

Lady Shirley shook her head and attempted to look woeful, although she failed miserably in the attempt.

"Ah, my dear Miss Waddilove," said she with a simper, "happy you, that does not know all the troubles a family of children entail on me."

Miss Waddilove looked as if she would very well have liked to experience the misery, and Lady Shirley passed on.

Sir Robert met her. "My dear," whispered he peevishly, "John, the silly fool, has done nothing but dance with Mary all the night, and everybody is beginning to notice it; pray, go and separate them; he can dance with Bessie Wareham the next set, and you can introduce Mary to young Elliott;" and Sir Robert, smoothing the frown from his brow, hurried away.

"Young Elliott!" muttered her ladyship, as she walked away—"hum! a pretty fellow to introduce Mary to."

They were introduced, however, and danced together, although the gentleman was as much cut out for it as for flying, and John Shirley took the hint, and made himself as agreeable to the little, dumpy, pug-nosed Bessie Wareham as if she had been Mary Rivers herself.

But people cannot dance for ever, especially in the dog-days, and so, as a move was made to the tents, where the supper had been arranged, John tried hard to get away from his petite partner; but Miss Wareham was resolved to keep her handsome beau as long as she could, and grasped his arm so tight that it was in vain to hope she would let him off; and Dick Elliott stuck just as close to Mary; and so they were both as miserable as they pretty well could be.

"Hope you won't catch cold, miss," stammered out the gentleman, as he placed Mary right in the draft of a door; "silly idea, to set folks down to eat cold things, on a cold night, on the cold grass, say I."

"Pray, don't alarm yourself for me," urged his companion, "I am used to it."

"Very glad to hear it, miss; what do you take?"

Mary wanted a jelly, and as nothing of the sort seemed to be within reach, Mr. Elliott put his hand to his mouth, and, to her

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extreme horror, halloed out, in a voice that drew every eye towards them,

"Hoy! mister footman, bring a jelly here, if you please, and look sharp about it!"

Many were the titters that met Mary's ears on every side, and her cheeks grew scarlet as she remembered that, in all probability, she would be doomed to Mr. Richard Elliott's company during the whole of the repast.

His succeeding actions by no means tended to make her comfortable, for, after he had devoured a whole plate of pigeon pie, and had daubed his hands up to the wrists with gravy, it struck him that he ought to address a little conversation to his partner, and thereat laying a great greasy paw on Mary's satin sleeve, he fished about for a minute or two in his head to find something to talk about, his boorish countenance all the while being turned with an empty expression of bewilderment upon her.

"Good heavens, Mr. Elliott, are you ill?" stammered Mary, terrified at his extraordinary antics.

The question only confused him the more; what on earth could he say? Whatever, thought he, do gentlemen say to young ladies at a supper-table? Did they talk about eating? He heard a gentleman on the opposite side ask a young lady if she had seen the hounds throw off at all the preceding winter, and, seizing hold of the idea, he demanded, in a loud tone, if Mary intended being present at the badger-baiting that had to come off the next day.

Great as Mary's troubles were, this query almost made her join in the laugh that circled around them at this moment; but Dick, who was beginning to throw off his bashfulness, glared angrily round, and demanded, with a volley of oaths, "What d'ye laugh at, ye simpletons; I'll bet any man a cool hundred, that miss does go to the badger-baiting; and if you do go," added he, in an under tone, intended for Mary's own ear, "you'll see capital sport, for my cocker-bitch is a regular trump at drawing the old file: promise you'll come, and I'll take you myself."

Mary could not speak for confusion; and Mr. Elliott, interpreting her silence into consent, said approvingly, "You're a regular trump, miss, and whoever gainsays that shall eat his words, or my name isn't Dick Elliott."

"Pray, Mr. Elliott, don't trouble yourself for my sake," said Mary, with a great effort; "I really have no taste for such things."

"Whew! she don't take," mentally soliloquised Mr. Richard Elliott; but nothing daunted, he went on, with blunt eagerness, "but what d'ye say to a ride, then, miss; I'll lend you my horse, Grey Spanker; he's only a half-and-half blood, to be sure, but he has a capital action, and has a breast as broad as a wagon, say you, and a girth that plays the very devil with the belly-bands; his dam was a real Cheshire cross, and no mistake."

Fortunately Mary was saved a reply to this elegant harangue, by Captain Shirley coming up with a message for her from his mother; her ladyship wanted her, and Mr. Richard was constrained to let her

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go, though not before he had reminded her that she was booked for a ride the next day but one with him.

"How sorry I am I could not deliver you earlier from the boor's attentions," said John, offering his arm; "your face, flushed and terrified with what he said, almost drove me mad."

Mary drew a long breath, and clung closer to him, as if she feared that Mr. Elliott would even then dare to offer her his attentions: she really felt very ill, and Captain Shirley was not slow in discovering it, and told his mother so the moment they gained her side.

"My poor Mary had better go to bed," said her ladyship, kissing her flushed cheek. "Helen shall go with you, and you will be quite better by the morning."

Captain Shirley bade her good-night, and Helen coming up, the pair left the room, one, at least, very glad she had at last escaped from the party of pleasure, although she felt very much perplexed when she came to think that she had neither danced with Harry all the evening, nor even seen him after her introduction to his elder brother: she was, however, too much exhausted with her adventures to dwell long upon the subject; and so Harry and his rival, and Mr. Richard Elliott, and the fête itself, were soon all forgotten in sleep.

Very different was it with her lover; returning to his home only with the dawn, he lay tossing and writhing on his uneasy bed hour after hour, until completely exhausted, he sank at last into a dream-haunted and broken slumber, which neither brought quiet to his mind nor vigour to his wearied and jaded frame.

And time passed away at Langley Hall as swiftly if not as merrily as before. Every day witnessed to the growing intimacy of John Shirley and Mary, and every day witnessed to the increasing wretchedness of poor Harry. He had grown morose and silent, shunned the society alike of his family and strangers, and was rarely or never seen but at meal-times; and yet, strange to say, no one but his sister Helen noticed the deep-rooted melancholy that was fast destroying the powers of his generous mind. Sir Robert and his wife were too much occupied with John to give any heed to any one else, and as he shunned the society of all others, no one had an opportunity of making any discoveries in the matter. So Harry went on, every day becoming more dogged in his demeanour, and more savage in his disposition, whilst the Baronet and Lady Shirley shook their heads, and gloried in the pride of their hearts on the hopeful turn everything was taking in the darling wish of their hearts.

But such a state of affairs could not last long; and the demon arose at length in Harry's heart, and lashed him up to a pitch of frenzy, which when under its dominion, was capable of driving him to lengths from which his calmer and wiser nature would have recoiled with horror and dismay.

It was a fine autumnal evening, the sun had not long set, and the harvest-moon was just rising full and round over the distant hills, when the unfortunate young man, with little either of joy or anticipation stirring at his heart, drew near to the Hall; he was faint and weary, for he had not been near home since the morning, and had eaten nothing

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in the interval, and this alone would have made most people peevish and ill-tempered; lights were burning in one of the lowor rooms, and anticipating that the family were all within, he was about to push on towards his own room, when on turning a clump of evergreens, his keen eye caught a glimpse of two figures walking a little farther along. A moment's reflection made him certain that they could be none but John and Mary; and with a sterner step, and a heart throbbing with emotion, he made a detour of the lawn, resolved to confront them, and once and for ever to learn from Mary's own lips the sentence of his rejection; some undefined hope of punishing his brother as well for his share and conduct in the affair, impelled him to this step; but Harry's long-pent jealousy was roused to madness by the sight of the pair, and he rushed on, resolved to carry his mad project out at all hazards.

He gained the shelter of a giant elm, just as they emerged into the moonlight, a few paces distant, and folding his arms over his breast, and drawing his hat over his brows, he was about to step forward, when the sight of Mary's face, pale and tearful, and the mournful tones of her voice, drove him back for a few minutes, and as if impelled by some fatality, the apparent lovers themselves paused, as she said,

"O, Captain Shirley, how wretched the thought of all she must be suffering at such a distance, makes me."

"It must, it must, my dear Miss Shirley," answered her companion.

"And yet," said Mary more cheerfully, "she may even in that distant land at times think more happily of the time when we will be joined again."

"Yes, I trust so," was the response; "and yet," and here Captain Shirley bent down and whispered something in Mary's ear; Harry could not catch the words, but he saw from the crimson flush that mounted to Mary's cheek that it must be something of very great moment, and all his old suspicions revived, and he stood forward, and confronted the pair, the black veins swelling his high forehead, his dark eyes flashing fire, and a smile of baleful scorn deforming the lower part of his face.

"In the name of goodness, Harry, what do you mean by this intrusion," demanded his brother sternly; "do you not see that Miss Rivers and I are engaged?"

"I do," gasped his auditor, mistaking his meaning. "I have seen it from the beginning; but that does not satisfy me; I insist upon knowing what you said to her just now."

John's face crimsoned with anger, and it was as much as he could do to contain himself as he answered, "I refuse to tell you, so be kind enough to pass on."

"You do! you refuse!" screamed Harry, swaying backwards and forwards in his passion. "You shall not stir from this spot until you have told me all."

"Harry," ejaculated John, thunderstruck with the unwonted exhibition of his brother's passion, "you must be beside yourself to go on

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thus; go home now, and I will come to you when we return; there must be some great mistake in all this."

"I am mad," cried Harry incoherently, "I know I am, and it is you, villain, that has driven me to it; tell me all this minute, or by the God that is over all I will trample you under foot this very minute."

He grasped John's arm as he spoke, and fixed his working countenance on the thunderstruck visage of his rival, who, half terrified lest Mary should come to any harm in the struggle, was debating hurriedly what he should do when Harry stamped his foot wildly on the ground and reiterated his command.

"Harry, dear Harry, for heaven's sake contain yourself," gasped Mary, for the first time breaking silence. "O, for your own sake and for mine, listen to John."

"For her sake! the words maddened him the more, and relaxing his grasp of Captain Shirley, he darted a look of withering contempt upon the poor girl, and with a cry of horror plunged into the adjoining shrubbery and disappeared.

"Calm yourself, my dear Miss Shirley," said her companion affectionately, as he felt her frame grow heavy as lead upon his arm; and scarcely had he spoken when a groan burst from her lips, and stumbling forward, she fell to the ground.

He raised her up, and perceiving she had fainted, lifted her in his arms, and carried her to the house. Mary was put to bed by Lady Shirley's orders, and Captain Shirley himself rode off immediately to Drayton for a physician. The next morning the poor girl was in a high fever, and for days and weeks her life hung by a thread; she raved of Harry incessantly, and then for the first time the fatal news of their attachment fell like an earthquake upon Sir Robert and Lady Shirley's minds; what would they not have given for Harry to be with her now, but the unfortunate young man never was seen after that eventful night; and days and weeks rolled away, and things again settled into their wonted peacefulness at Langley Hall, although none were so happy as they had been before.

Three years had passed away—a solitary letter had been received by Mary Shirley from the fugitive; it had neither date nor place of residence attached to it, but the post-mark was Madrid, and Harry stated near the end that he had entered the Spanish army, and trusted that she would find in John a better partner than he could have ever made her. Harry had written his heart in the letter; and as Mary read it and re-read it until every word was imprinted indelibly on her mind, the bitter tears blistered the paper, until the writing was well nigh effaced; he said they would never meet again; but it was long, very long, before the poor girl could school her heart to believe such cruel news.

And at the end of that time, when the rose had forsaken Mary's lovely cheek, and her eyes had lost the bright hopeful smile they had possessed in happier times, it fell out that Robert Shirley, the attaché, caught an intermittent fever, and the whole family resolved to spend the winter in Paris, as he was too ill to be brought to England; Mary

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was to accompany them too: and with a great many apprehensions from Lady Shirley that her son should die before she got to him, and a little grumbling from Sir Robert, that he could not take his well-stocked cellar and his game abroad with him, the whole party set out, all, except Captain Shirley, who was forced to remain at home with his regiment, which had to run the chance of being sent to India for the next eight or ten years.

The invalid was found convalescent by the time they reached Paris, and so they had nothing to do but to settle themselves in their hotel, make themselves as comfortable as possible, and try to adapt their own peculiar ways of thinking and acting to that of the people amongst whom they were for the time being thrown.

"I think we will all go to the ambassador's ball next Saturday evening, love," said the baronet one morning at breakfast to his wife; "Robert is quite strong again now, and shall chaperon us there, and Helen and our Mary shall see a bit of the gaieties of Paris." Lady Shirley was quite agreeable, and so everybody began to make their preparations, and even Mary brightened up a little, and listened with some interest to the contest that ensued between Lady Shirley and Helen, touching what dresses each should wear on the occasion.

"I will wear a violet robe trimmed with swan's-down," cried Helen blithely.

"Pink suits you better, dear," observed Lady Shirley, "much better; so you must wear pink."

"Dear mamma, let me have the violet," said Helen in a wheedling tone, as she kissed her mother's cheek; "I shall look quite well enough in violet, and it's so much the rage just now——."

"If you do then, you must wear a white scarf," returned her ladyship;—"but what is my Mary going to wear?"

Mary's cheek flushed as Helen said in an under tone, "White—white satin becomes her best."

"No, no, not that," said Mary convulsively, as a sinking remembrance of the fatal ball at Langley Hall rushed to her mind; "I will wear black, if you please.'

"Black!" echoed Helen Shirley, with an involuntary stare. "Black, Mary, for heaven's sake don't, or everybody will stare at you."

"Is it not customary to wear black satin in a ball-room?" demanded Mary, as her pale cheek flushed crimson with emotion; "if it is not, I will not go."

"Why some people do wear it, dearest," observed Lady Shirley; "very dark beauties may, but you are so fair, love, that I would really dissuade you from wearing it; what do you say to grey satin; it's a sweet colour, and very subdued too, and you would look very lovely in it."

Mary cared little what she wore, so that she escaped the distasteful white, and so she acquiesced at once, and permitted Lady Shirley to issue orders for the grey robe, without interfering farther than intreating that it might be made with as little ornament as possible.

"Upon my word, Mary," cried Helen gaily, as they stood together in the drawing-room waiting for the carriage, "you look bewitchingly

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blooming to-night; Babette has dressed your hair to a miracle, and Robert will be quite dazzled when he beaus you through his chieftain's crowded rooms."

Mary smiled, and thought how Harry would have gazed upon her at that moment, had he been there; but the carriage was announced, and Mr. Robert Shirley at the same moment approached, and with a stiffly polite air offered his arm to escort her and his sister to it.

The rooms were crowded when they arrived, for they had set out late, and it was with great difficulty that the whole party contrived to edge their way to the top of the reception-room, where the ambassador and his lady were stationed.

"My dear madam, you are treading on my train," ejaculated a fat dowager as Mary approached her; but her words were unheeded, for at that moment our heroine's eyes fell on the form of an officer, (conversing with the ambassador himself,) who with a visage dyed to a rich brown by the heat of a southern sky, and a bearing so stately and majestic, that it seemed to mark him out as a being of a superior order to the mere every day folks around him, yet seemed not unknown to her searching gaze.

"O Helen, look, look," gasped she with trembling eagerness; and Helen turning her eyes towards the stranger, beheld him spring forward towards them, and then fall back again, as if deprived by some unforeseen circumstance of his former resolution.

"For God's sake, Mary, who is it? it is not John?"

Mary shook her head, and at the same moment the stranger again rushed forward, and grasping her hand, whispered, "Mary, dearest! speak, love, for it is your own Harry that stands before you!"

"Harry, dear, dear Harry!" were the only words Mary could articulate as she fell on his breast; Harry pressed her to his heart, and then for the first time, conscious of the crowd by which he was surrounded, he whispered a few words in Robert's ear, to which the only response audible to even his ears was, "No, still single, and disengaged, I believe;" and then loosening Mary's hand from his brother's arm, he drew her from the reception-chamber into a small apartment, in which a solitary lamp was burning: it was empty, and after embracing her again, he made her sit down in a chair, and taking her trembling hand in his, first received from her lips an avowal of her affection, and then gave her an account of his own adventures: these were soon told; he had fled to the sea-side, had taken ship for the coast of Spain, had been taken prisoner by a French privateer, had made his escape with a fellow-captive, who was both wealthy and grateful for his aid; had enlisted in the Spanish army, risen by his dauntless bravery to a high post, and was now in Paris on a political mission.

"And here am I, Mary, ready to undergo any punishment for my silly rashness; what a dolt I was to mistrust you, dearest!"

Mary's answer is not recorded, but in all probability she thought her lover had already been punished enough, for she fell on his neck, and now laughing, and now crying, hung there until she had grown calm enough to answer the thousand and one questions Harry's voluble eagerness compelled him to ask.

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"But, Mary," said he, as a tinge of sadness overspread his noble brow, "what were the words you used on that fatal night,—who was the person you alluded to in your conversation with John?"

"My mother, dearest Harry," said Miss Rivers, turning her truthful countenance upon her lover, "she is alive, though none but John and myself knew it until this last month; you forgot he had been in India, and you did not know he met her there in my father's lifetime, and it was this that made us walk and talk so much together when he first came to Langley; she was wretched without me, so by John's advice I wrote to beg she would come and live with her daughter in England; and I have got a letter from her since then, and she will be here in a month, and we are to live together in the fine old mansion at Langley Court, that your father bought for me last year."

Harry's cheek lost its bright flush, and Mary's hand dropped from his as he heard the last words; but Mary guessed what was passing in his mind, and said, with an arch smile, as she swept back the clustering brown hair from her lover's throbbing brow;

"And you must come to us, Harry, dearest, when we get settled in our new home, and ask mamma if she will take you for a son, for now that I have got a mother, her consent must be asked first of all, even before Sir Robert's."

"And so it shall," cried Harry, as he flung his arms round her graceful waist; and at the same moment the door burst open, and in rushed Sir Robert and Lady Shirley, followed by Robert and Miss Helen, who made a very pretty tableaux on beholding the naughty conduct of Master Harry and Miss Mary; Sir Robert chuckled, and Lady Shirley simpered, Helen laughed outright, and even the attaché himself relaxed the wonted grimness of his visage, as he beheld the confusion of the lovers, taken as they were in the very act and front of their offending.

Mrs. Rivers did arrive, and Mary presented Harry to her, and the old lady, who, though very brown and portly, was both good-humoured and shrewd, very gladly accepted him for a son-in-law; perhaps Harry's own swarthy complexion had some slight share in this, but certain it is, that one fine spring morning the bells of Langley church rang out a merry peal at Mary Rivers' wedding, that John was the first lucky mortal to give the beautiful bride a kiss, that even Harry forgot to be jealous of the theft, and that the Baronet and Lady Shirley, with the whole countryside at their heels, cried out what a good match it was, and that Harry and Mary are still living, the merriest, blithest couple of sweethearts in all merry Berkshire, and its neighbour Wilts to boot.

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SONG.

SWEET SIXTEEN!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! tell me not of sorrow,
My heart's too young for care,
A brighter wreath to-morrow
Than this shall bind my hair:
No, no, you shall not teach
My heart to spurn delight,
Though you a sermon preach
As long as winter night:
There's nothing sad in nature;
The singing birds, the flow'rs,
And every sportive creature,
Enjoys life's sunny hours.

My mother always tells me
She loves to see me gay,
And sure my heart impels me
Her wishes to obey:
At night, when round the hearth
A merry band we meet,
With songs and frolic mirth,
How swiftly moments fleet!
I'll hug my darling treasures,
While yet untouch'd by care,
And live on by-gone pleasures,
When Time has snow'd my hair.

With golden suns above me,
And flow'rs beneath my feet,
And friends that dearly love me,
Oh! surely life is sweet:
How can I hate the world,
That never hated me?
The sails of Hope unfurl'd,
Dance o'er a summer sea:
Then tell me not of sorrow,
My heart's too young for care;
A brighter wreath to-morrow
Than this shall bind my hair.

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NINETY-THREE; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FROM THE MÉMOIRES INÉDITS OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY J. W. LAKE, (OF PARIS).

THE JACOBIN CLUB.

O Liberty! thou beau-ideal
For which so many heroes bleed,
If we could once find out the *real*,
'Twould be worth bleeding for indeed!

J. W. L.

THE deputy who presided at the Jacobin Club this evening was Raffron, an ill-favoured, diminutive old man, in his eighty-fifth year, who had voted for the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI., without appeal and without reprieve. The day subsequent to this horrible feat, the hoary blasphemer had told Taillefer that he thanked heaven for having prolonged his days beyond the ordinary term of human existence, as he had thus been able to contribute his mite of patriotism towards ridding the world of a tyrant; adding, that he had now lived long enough, and could depart in peace, repeating the *Nunc Dimittis!** The hall of debate where these ruffians assembled was in the ancient church where Jacques Clement had offered up his prayers ere his departure for St. Cloud to plunge his dagger into the breast of Henry III., and where the successors of the regicidal monk had plotted the assassination of the successor of the last of the Valois. The business being opened with the usual forms, a soldier stepped forward, and placed upon the president's table a watch and a purse full of gold. The uniform of this disinterested *patriot* was amply studded with death's-heads and cross-bones, even the hilt of his sabre representing one of the former frightful images of mortality. After announcing himself by the name of Petit, brigadier in the death's-head regiment of hussars, he addressed the president in the following strain:

"Citizen, behold the watch and purse of one of those black locusts called priests, killed by my own hand."—("Bravo! bravo!")—"I offer them to the club, that they may serve to stimulate and reward those who will follow my example, and immolate other cheats like him."

Thunders of applause followed this scoundrel's rhapsody, and the pigmy old president gave him the fraternal hug, which was repeated by many of the members; and, to crown the whole, the honours of the sitting were conferred upon patriot Petit, who stood astounded that an action so simple and so natural at that period should have thrust such a host of honours upon him. A deputation of teachers and scholars being next admitted, one of the latter demanded that, "in-

* Religion had not yet been abolished by *law* in revolutionary France.

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stead of preaching in the name of a soi-disant God, the principles of equality, the rights of man and of the constitution, should be inculcated." This promising youth received the brotherly hug like the priest-killer, and, with his companions, was also accorded the "honours" of the meeting.

At length, Gouchon, the prime orator of the Faubourg Saint ntoine, and one of the crack* orators of the club, now rose:

"Citizens," said he, "in the name of the nation, I demand that the ci-devant Chateau de Tuileries—that late repair of the tyrant of whom we have just purged France—be sold for the purpose of being demolished, and that the price of the materials be appropriated to furnish shoes for the brave defenders of the soil who are barefooted."—(Loud and prolonged applause.)—"I farther demand, citizens, that the garden of the aforesaid Tuileries, which merely serves as a promenade for the insolent idlers of the aristocratic gentry—I demand, I say, that it be made a place of culture for *popular* vegetables, for the use of the people!"

This elegant proposition was vociferously seconded from all sides, and voted, by acclamation, to be laid before a patriotic commission.

"I," said Ducroquet, "move, that, during the present sitting, Pitt be declared the enemy of the human race!"

Armouville, styled Bonnet-Rouge, then rose, and at once exclaimed,

"The shopkeepers are all a parcel of vile cheats and forestallers, who plunder and famish the people!"

"'Tis true! 'tis true!" responded a unanimous howl of "*sweet voices.*" "Armouville for ever! down with the rascally dealers!"

Thus encouraged, the declaimer proceeded as follows:

"I demand, then, that all shopkeepers be compelled to sell their goods at prime cost, under the penalty of being hung up at their own shop-doors."

This congenial proposition induced an immense clapping of hands, and clattering of wooden shoes, in the tribunes or galleries, and, in fact, afterwards served as the basis of the Maxiam law, which, in one respect, went even beyond it, by forcing the tradesmen to sell at a loss! The Jacobin Club might thus be called the true laboratory of the laws of the Convention.

Cambaceres next called for the outlawry of all those who exhibited signs and emblems of royalty, which motion was reproduced before the Convention, and converted into a decree. Coupé (de l'Oise) required that all refractory priests should be proclaimed traitors to the people, and that every citizen should be commanded to denounce, arrest, or have them arrested, for the purpose of having them judged by a military jury, and, of course, executed in the twenty-four hours. This Coupé was a renegade from his religion, an ex-curé, had given his vote for the death of his sovereign, without appeal or reprieve, and, at the age of seventy-one, had renounced his sacred calling for the sake of marrying a young girl, a child of the people. Delagneulle demanded that every citizen who made use of the denomination

* Query, *cracked?* (Printer's devil.)

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"Monsieur" or "Madame" should be instantly arrested, and placed at the disposal of the public accuser, in other words, sent to the guillotine. This Delagneulle was an ex-procureur du roi, and deputy of the Convention; he, also, had voted for the king's death, adding that he did so "with *sensibility!*"

Varlet, one of the favourite orators of the visitors of the club, now moved slowly towards the rostrum. A profound silence ensued, and the speaker began:

"Citizens," said he, "the gorgeous palaces, the sumptuous haunts of luxury and licentiousness, offend the noble simplicity—"

"There is nothing '*noble*' now!" interrupted a worthy member, in the fervour of his republicanism.

"I mean the austere simplicity of republican manners," resumed the orator, under correction. "Great cities are the sewers of society, the reservoirs of sensuality, the receptacles of all the odious vices of the human race. Freemen need no other dwellings than huts scattered in the fields, arms to defend themselves, ploughs for cultivation, a few common manufactories, and each some acres of ground. I demand, therefore, that the population of our large cities be reduced to just proportions; that the superflux of their inhabitants be sent to people the solitude of the country; that orders be issued for pulling down the palaces, demolishing the chateaux, and levelling that multitude of splendid domes and stately towers, beneath whose aristocratic height and weight the earth groans, and the humble roofs of modest citizens are insulted. The axe of equality everywhere, and in everything, must perform its office; no head must rise above another; no man's house be higher than his neighbour's; and every Frenchman must be fed, clothed, and lodged alike; both rich and poor must be satisfied with their Lacedemonian broth."

It is scarcely necessary to say, *en passant*, that this harangue was hailed, on its delivery, with frenzied marks of admiration; and so much did the black broth of Lacedemon tickle the rough palates of the new republican red-caps, that orator Varlet had some difficulty in stopping the "sweet" throats of his *tricoteuses** in the tribunes. Silence, however, being at last restored, he resumed:—

"Now, citizens, I have to denounce to you"—("Listen! listen!")—"denounce to you the sisters of the Hôtel de la Nation"—(the Hôtel *Dieu* had just been so re-baptized by the atheists of the Convention);—"these women, whose fanaticism has never ceased, conceal at this moment in their hospital a refractory priest."—(Here a simultaneous movement of horror seized upon the whole assembly.)—"Yes," continued Varlet, "and they carry their audacious impudence so far as to have him celebrate, every morning, a mass for the repose of the tyrant's soul."—(The indignation of his virtuous hearers now amounted almost to madness.)—"Finally," concluded the orator, "I demand that they receive exemplary punishment."†

* Historical harpies, whose voices had considerable weight in that hall of demons called the Jacobin Club. They were mostly from the fish-market or Billingsgate of Paris, and were in the habit of knitting during the debates.

† Varlet was one of the leaders of the Jacobins. Gifted with interminable facilities of speech, he declaimed at the club, for a couple of hours at least, every evening:

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"That is our business!" exclaimed one of those knitters in the tribunes, rushing out of the hall, followed by a troop of sisterly furies. They all proceeded in a body to the sacred edifice of human suffering and pious charity. But nothing was held sacred to those tigresses of the galleries called *tricoteuses,* who were the hired familiars, and not unfrequently the instruments, of the most atrocious murders. The Sisters of Charity were torn from beside the beds of the suffering and the dying, whose prayers in their behalf were disregarded; they were dragged, amidst every brutal and unspeakable outrage, to the Place du Parvis, and there these sainted women, these tutelar angels of the poor and the sick, the honour of their sex and of humanity, were publicly whipped by the hands of infuriated harpies, the disgrace of both! All the victims were more or less ill; many of them afterwards died from the effects of this ignominious treatment; and one, seeking to escape, was seized on the bridge of the Hôtel Dieu, and thrown into the river, where she perished.

"Finally," adds the venerable eye-witness, "let it not be imagined that, either in this single recital of popular vengeance, or in that of the sitting of the Jacobin Club, I have overcharged the hideous picture; on the contrary, I have softened some of its dark and deadly hues. Propositions, whose absurdity rivalled their atrocity, were daily renewed in that assembly, and the more atrocious and absurd, the more they obtained favour. It was the same at all the innumerable meetings of sections, popular and fraternal societies, and revolutionary committees, which, like a monstrous and many-jointed serpent, wreathed their long and frightful lengths around Paris, around all France. Everywhere absurdity disputed the palm with ferocity, and never had nation descended so low as the France of 1793.

THE FRENCH WOMAN AT THE CONCIERGERIE;—MADAME ROLAND.

The revolutionary tribunal, probably doubting the ferocious constancy of its spectators, felt it necessary to vary its horrible repertory to attract the crowd. After the tragedy of Houchard, it prepared the drama of Madame Roland. It was impossible to offer a more complete contrast. I had resisted the offers of several of my acquaintances, who had proposed presenting me to that distinguished woman, when she held *bureau politique et de bel esprit* at the hotel of her husband, the minister of the home department; and, at that time, I had attributed her sudden celebrity, and the praises lavished upon her, to the spirit of party. Moreover, I had possessed the means of forming a pretty correct estimate of most of the females who had figured in the revolution, and hitherto I had not found a single one whom I could truly respect. On reflection, I had concluded that a woman appearing in the midst of such a horrible catastrophe, could only bring there the vices, and not the virtues, of her sex. Those amiable, and affectionate, and gently-attracting virtues of her nature, which multiply and develope themselves in the bosom of domestic peace and joy, are vitiated and destroyed in the heat of political debate, the bitterness of

he was, moreover, prime agitator of the Faubourgs, general instigator of riots, and chief manager of the *assassins* employed by the Jacobin Society.

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party feeling, and amidst the shock of the passions. The tender and delicate foot of a female cannot maintain itself upon those paths environed by torture and tainted with blood. To proceed thereon with assurance, she must assume the character and bearing of a man—and such a being I have always looked upon as a monster. Ah! let them leave to us the sad superiority of force, the field of dispute and the destiny of battles, we are formed and adapted for such cruel exploits; but for woman was designed another and a gentler part—to pour the balm of pity on the wounds—to dry the tears of humanity.

I held more than ever to this opinion, when a common misfortune made me acquainted with Madame Roland. Her arrival at the Conciergerie was an event of some importance, and I felt anxious to know a woman who, within the brief space of fifteen months, had risen from comparative obscurity to pre-eminence, had acquired numerous friends, and still more numerous enemies, had attained the most elevated station, the highest celebrity, was now in chains and destined to the scaffold.

Madame Roland was, at this period, between thirty-five and forty years of age; her features were not strictly handsome, but very agreeable, with light auburn hair, and large blue eyes. Her form was symmetric and full of grace, and her hand beautifully turned; her look was expressive, and even in a state of repose there was something noble and imposing in her face. Before she opened her lips, you felt persuaded that she was a woman of superior intelligence; but never did I hear a woman speak with more purity and elegance. Her frequent habit of conversing in Italian had made her give to the French language a new and veritable charm and cadence. The harmony of her voice was heightened and set off by her gestures, replete with gracefulness and truth, and by the expression of her eyes, which became animated as she discoursed; and every day I experienced a new charm in listening to her, less from the matter of her speech than the magic of her delivery. To these gifts, in themselves so rare, she possessed much natural wit, and an extensive knowledge in literature and political economy. It was thus that I beheld Madame Roland, and I confess that I saw her under the influence of an unfavourable impression.

From what she said, she had acquired the taste, or, to give her own words, the *passion* for liberty, by reading the great authors of antiquity. There she had beheld mankind in a state of elevation which she wished to see renewed (query, *realized?*) in her days. The ancient Cato was her hero; and it was, probably, out of respect to this "last of the Romans," that she had made her husband adopt the rudeness and the costume of her favourite. I am ready to believe that Madame Roland's passion for liberty was partly derived from a pure source; nevertheless, when she was transported from ancient to modern history, it was evident that the former government's neglect of her talents, produced under the name of her husband, was of some weight in her passionate admiration for the new order of things. She could not conceal the joy she felt at her husband being twice a "minister of state;" and laboured with so much art and eagerness to prove that there was nothing of resentment in respect to her famous letter

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to Louis XVI., that she ended by proving quite the reverse in the opinion of every judicious observer.

Moreover, this remarkable woman, quick and vivid in her conceptions, hurried along much farther by her head than she would have gone with her heart, attached to her opinions the violence of a passion. She loved all those who partook of them, and hated those who did not. In this respect she was pre-eminently unjust. She allowed neither talent, probity, virtue, nor discernment, beyond the sphere of Roland and his admirers. Everywhere else she beheld baseness, ignorance, or treason. She had inspired the entire party with this ardent prejudice, which not a little contributed to alienate many admirers, and to create her numerous enemies. More than once I remonstrated with Madame Roland on this point, which led to angry discussions between us. Amongst others, I recollect that one day we were speaking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. She had no mercy on his memory, and, with great vehemence, tore his character, as it were, to tatters. I took the liberty of reminding her of the regard due to misfortune; I remarked that the man to whom she denied any kind of merit, had, however, when surcharged by misfortune, displayed an elevated and admirable courage, and had shown true magnanimity by the manner in which he met his death. "That is all very well," she replied; "he behaved with sufficient grandeur on the scaffold; but no merit is due to him for that; kings are brought up as *actors* from their infancy." Irony profound, and which savoured more of the corruption of the ancient régime than of republican frankness and humanity!

The truth is, that *amour-propre* was the vehicle which had carried Madame Roland to the height to whence we looked up to her. She was constantly in a state of agitation, and sought not to conceal it. At the risk of lowering her husband to a mere automaton, and leaving him merely the credit of his doubtful virtue, she openly attributed to herself the best part of his literary productions, and all his political glory. She even forestalled the eulogiums of her admirers, by herself recounting her own performances in those respects. Nothing seemed to her more natural, and in so doing, she fancied she was but acting on the model of the most renowned personages of antiquity.

Incessantly impelled by her favourite idea of transforming the *French* into Greeks and Romans (!!!), nothing could make her acknowledge the absurdity of her system, which she defended with equal ardour and address; and when she thus astonished me by the beauty of her thoughts, the elevation of her language, and the gracefulness of her elocution, such was the magic influence of this eloquent enchantress, that, while listening, I could no longer recognise in her the woman who, by her own avowal, frequented the tribunes of the Jacobins, and sullied her feminine fame by visiting the foul and unseemly haunts of the Fraternal Societies!

Apart from the revolution, Madame Roland no longer appeared the same. No one defined, better than herself, the duties of a wife and a mother; no one more eloquently proved that a woman's happiness was only to be found in the accomplishment of these sacred obligations. The picture of domestic felicity from her lips took a most

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lovely and ravishing hue; tears fell from her eyes when speaking of her daughter and her husband; the woman of politics and of party had disappeared, and in its place was found again the gentle, affectionate, and tender-hearted female, who celebrated the beauties of virtue in the style of a Fenelon.

I had not sufficiently the acquaintance of Madame Roland to be able to say whether by her practice she justified the sublimity of her theory. Speaking of the union of two virtuous hearts, and of the energy it inspires, she exclaimed—"The cold-heartedness of the French astonishes me! Had my husband been taken to the guillotine, and I remained free, I would have stabbed myself at the foot of the scaffold; and I feel sure that when Roland is informed of my death he will pierce himself to the heart." She did not err in her conjecture.

I must not omit adding a fact highly honourable to the character of Madame Roland; she had created a moral empire even in the dungeons of the Conciergerie. At this terrible epoch no distinction was made between the rank, calling, or character of the prisoners—the prison-house was, indeed, a place of equality. On the same straw, secured by the same bolts and bars, were indifferently thrown together the Duchess de Grammont and a female pilferer of pocket-handkerchiefs; Madame Roland and a wretched street-walker; a pious nun and a frequent patient of the Saltpêtrière. This amalgamation was a cruel species of torture for females of birth and education, who were thus daily obliged to witness scenes of the most horrible depravation. Every night our slumbers were disturbed by the cries of abandoned women tearing each other to pieces. The chamber of Madame Roland had become the asylum of peace in the midst of this pandemonium. When she appeared in the court of the female prisoners, her sole presence produced tranquillity and good order; and those unfortunate creatures over whom no other human authority had the least influence, were withheld by the fear of exciting her displeasure. To the most necessitous she distributed pecuniary aid, and to all good advice, consolation, and hope. She walked encircled by females, who pressed around her as around a tutelar divinity; far different from that degraded courtesan, the opprobrium of Louis XV. and his reign, the shameless Dubarry,* who was then confined within the same walls, where she was treated with *energetic* equality by the most abandoned of her own sex.

The day appointed for Madame Roland's appearance before the Revolutionary Tribunal,† Clavières wished to charge me with a message for her. I at first refused; Clavières insisted, observing that an interview between her and himself might lead to the destruction of both; I, therefore, undertook to execute his *more* than delicate commission. I waited till I saw her come out of her room, and joined her in the passage, where she remained waiting at the iron grate until

* Madame Dubarry, one of the celebrated mistresses of Louis XV., by whom she was created a countess. Her death on the scaffold was dreadful;—she struggled, and uttered the most piercing cries to the last.

† To be *cited* before this tribunal of *Liberty and Equality* was, almost, equivalent to certain death. The exceptions were few indeed,—"few and far between."—J. W. L.

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her name should be called over. She was dressed with more than common care. Her robe (gown) was of white muslin, adorned with lace, and a ceinture of black velvet. Her head-dress was tastefully arranged; she wore a *bonnet-chapeau* of an elegant simplicity, and her beautiful hair fell in luxuriant tresses on her not less beautiful shoulders. Her features appeared to me more animated than usual; her cheek was tinted with ravishing hues, and a radiant smile sate upon her lips.

With one hand she held the train of her robe, the other she had ceded to a crowd of females who pressed forward to kiss it. Those amongst them who were better informed of the fate that awaited her, sobbed and wept at this painful leave-taking; all fervently recommended her to Divine Providence, for she had been the benefactress of all! No pen could pourtray the heart-rending scene! Madame Roland answered them all with affectionate goodness; she did not promise them that she should return; she did not say that she was going to certain death; but the last words in which she addressed them were so many touching recommendations. She exhorted them to peace and good-will, to courage, to hope, to the exercise of those virtues suitable to adversity. An old jailor, named Fontenay, whose good heart had resisted thirty years' practice of his cruel calling, wept as he opened for her the iron portal. I fulfilled the commission to her from Clavières. She answered me in a few words, in a firm tone. She was beginning a phrase, when two turnkeys from within called her to go before the tribunal. At this *dread* appeal, for any other save her, she stopped, and, pressing my hand, said,

"Adieu, Monsieur! faisons la paix, il est temps."

On lifting her eyes upon me, she perceived that I could only answer by tears, and that I was labouring under great emotion. She appeared to be touched by it, but merely added these two words,—"Du courage!"

In the midst of those gloomy scenes, which were daily renewed, the French women lost nothing of their native character; they sacrificed with their usual assiduity to the desire of pleasing. The part of the prison we inhabited looked upon the women's promenade. The only place where we could breathe a little more at our ease was a locale of ten or twelve feet in length, by seven in breadth, formed of two arches, on which rested the staircase, and which served as a passage from the women's court to the iron gate. This sort of corridor was our favourite promenade; it was, in fact, our only one; and there we descended as soon as the doors of our cells were opened. The female prisoners were let out at the same hour, but a short time after us. The toilet resumed its imprescriptible rights. In the morning it consisted of a *negligé coquet*, the details of which were assorted with so much nicety and grace, that the *ensemble* was far from indicating that the wearers had passed the night upon a miserable apology for a bed, or more frequently upon fetid straw. In general, the women of high birth who were detained at the prison of the Conciergerie, still preserved there their distinguished *bon ton* and taste. After having appeared in the morning *negligé*, they ascended to their rooms, and, towards noon, returned to their confined promenade, adorned with the

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nicest care, and their head-dress arranged with elegance. Their manners were not the same as in the morning; they were more decided, and evinced a sort of dignity: in the evening they appeared in *déshabillé*. I remarked that all the females, who had it in their power, strictly adhered to these three costumes of the day. The others substituted for elegance the neatness compatible with the locality. The women's court contained a treasure, in a fountain which supplied them with water at discretion; and every morning I remarked those poor unfortunates, who perhaps possessed nothing but what they then wore, assembled at the fountain washing, and drying their scanty wardrobes, with a sort of turbulent emulation. Daybreak was devoted to this laudable duty, from which nothing could distract their attention—not even an act of accusation.

I am persuaded that, at the period I speak of, no promenade in Paris presented an assemblage of females dressed with so much elegance as the court of the Conciergerie, at the hour of noon. It resembled a parterre ornamented with flowers, but encompassed with a framework of iron. France is, perhaps, the only country, and the Frenchwomen the only females in the world capable of offering such strange *rapprochemens*, and of bringing, without effort, all that is most attractive and seducing, into the midst of all that the universe can present of the most repulsive and horrible kind! I liked to see the ladies at noon, but I preferred speaking with them in the morning, and I partook of the more intimate conversations in the evening, when every circumstance was turned to account—the fatigue of the turnkeys, the retirement of the greatest number of the captives, the prudence of the others, the comparative calm which preludes the night,&c.; and yet those beings capable of such an inexplicable *abandon* had their death-warrant in their pocket. In these reunions every subject was spoken of "by starts, and nothing long." Marat, Robespierre, and Fouquier,* were turned into ridicule; and the Frenchwomen seemed to say to all that sanguinary *valetaille*, "You may kill us when you please, but you cannot prevent our being amiable."

I know not what good genius supported the courage of so many doomed beings; but I only witnessed one *man* who betrayed symptoms of pusillanimity,—this was M. du Chatelet. He arrived from the prison of the Madelonettes in a deplorable state of intoxication. He was thrown on some straw, where he passed the night. The following morning he had recovered his reason, which only served to expose him to still less advantage. He went about, crying and whining, and complaining, like a sick girl, and seemed astonished to find no sympathy for his unmanly complainings. He presented himself at the women's gate, and there, as elsewhere, wept and poured forth his lamentations. A young woman regarded him as something new and marvellous in that place, and, on inquiry, being told who he was, said to him:

"For shame then, Monsieur le Duc; what, a man and cry! Know, sir, that those who had not a *name* before, acquire one here; and those who have one ought to learn how to maintain it!"

* The execrable President of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

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It will be anticipated that this monitress was nothing less than an aristocrat; and so it was. But who will imagine in what breast aristocracy had, just now, taken shelter? It was with a poor wretched outcast of society, a wanderer of the streets, who sustained her part throughout with a species of heroism of which few of the virtuosos of Coblentz were capable.

EGLÉ.

The name of this remarkable character was Eglé, her age between seventeen and eighteen; she had lodged for two years in the Rue Fromantenu, on quitting the Faubourg St. Antoine. The unfortunate girl had, like too many others, been the victim of the corruption of our morals, and afterwards became one of its most active instruments. Nevertheless, a strong mind had been preserved in that form, sullied by a thousand degradations. She detested the new order of things, and disdained to conceal it. She published her opinions at the corner of the streets, accompanying them by seditious cries. The police had her arrested, and sent to the Conciergerie, with one of her companions, to whom she had inculcated her aristocratic ideas, and the rage of spreading them abroad. Chaumette had thought of having these two fallen creatures judged by the tribunal at the same time with the queen, and of sending all the three in the same cart to the scaffold. It was, however, decided that Marie-Antoinette should be taken to the guillotine alone; and poor Eglé was retained for another and a less distinguished occasion.

Three months had elapsed since the execution of the queen, and it is probable that Eglé and her companion might have contrived to have been forgotten, if the former could only have kept her tongue within the bounds of the most ordinary discretion. But she would have considered it a disgrace not merely to dissimulate, but even to withhold the loud expression of her thoughts, in which she indulged to such a degree, that Fouquier determined at once, and for ever, to cut short her treasonable declamations.

The judges of that period were by no means alive to compunctious visitings of legality. Like many other sticklers (before and since) for liberty, they made free with whatever suited their own purposes, without shame and without remorse. In one word, *their* liberty was a monopoly, their patriotism a mask, and their justice a savage mockery. Instead of drawing up a new act of accusation against Eglé and her companion, they had recourse to that which had been prepared by Chaumette, which was signified to the approaching victims in all its pristine and republican simplicity. Eglé and her friend were literally charged of having conspired, together with the "Widow Capet," against the sovereignty and liberty of the people!! I myself read this charge, and I pledge my honour to the monstrous fact.

Eglé was proud of her act of accusation, but indignant at the motives on which it was founded. She could not conceive how it was possible to make use of such stupid falsehoods, and broke out into a strain of sarcasms on the tribunal, which were not without merit, but

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only in her mouth. I interrupted her in the middle of one of those philippics, and said,

"Notwithstanding all that, my dear Eglé, if you had been conducted to the guillotine with the queen, there would have been no difference between her and you, and you would have appeared her equal."

"Yes!" she replied, "but I would have caught the villains famously."

"And how so?"

"In the most public part of the route, I would have thrown myself at the queen's feet, and neither executioner nor *diable* should have made me get up again till we came to the scaffold."

Before the revolutionary tribunal, Eglé avowed the royalist opinions and exclamations imputed to her; but when they came to the article charging her of having been an accomplice of the queen, she could no longer contain herself.

"As to that," said she, shrugging up her shoulders, "it is truly fine, and, *par ma foi!* proves your wit! I an accomplice of that murdered angel you call the Widow Capet, and who was your real and true queen, in spite of your teeth!—I, a poor unhappy girl, who gained a degrading livelihood at the corner of the streets, and who would not have dared to approach a turnspit of her kitchen! It is worthy of a set of rascals and imbeciles like you!"

Notwithstanding this outbreak, Eglé obtained the favour of the tribunal, where she had some *old acquaintance.* One of the jury observed, that probably the accused had been intoxicated when she uttered the seditious words attributed to her, and that even at this moment she might be in the same state; and others of the jury, to whom she was well known, supported this observation. But Eglé, with the same disdainful courage, spurned alike the protectors and the motives for such protection.

"If in this place," said she, "there are any persons drunk, it is amongst yourselves; I am perfectly sober; I know what I say, and maintain what I have said!"

To prove her assertion, she began to repeat, in their entire verity, the treasonable exclamations charged against her, and it was only by dint of serious compulsion that silence was imposed on her. They forced her to sit down; and the tribunal proceeded to interrogate her companion, who found amongst the jury the same *sensibility*, without doubt from the same acquaintanceship. Of a less decided character than Eglé, she hesitated, and then accepted the excuse of inebriety to save her life. Indignant at this, Eglé broke silence, and exclaimed to her companion that her feebleness was a crime, and that *she dishonoured herself* by it! Eglé exhorted her to be courageous and true, and the poor bewildered creature, trembling more before Eglé than her judges, abjured her momentary error, and confessed that she too had deliberately and coolly done what was imputed to her in the act of indictment. The tribunal, however, *mirabile dictu*, only condemned her to twenty years' imprisonment at the Saltpêtrière; but Eglé was sentenced to death. During the reading of her sentence, Eglé smiled

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at being convicted of counter-revolution, and at her condemnation to death; but when they came to the article which declared the confiscation of her goods and chattels—

"Ah, robber!" exclaimed she to the President, "I expected to find you there. I wish you good luck with *my* goods! Whatever you may devour of them will not give you an indigestion, I'll answer for that!"

On quitting the tribunal, Eglé reproached her companion for her want of firmness, and appeared proud of her own. The only apprehension she expressed was *d'aller coucher avec le diable;* I give her own words. The consoling spirit of the prison, the good Monsieur Emery, consoled her fears on that head; and the following day Eglé darted into the fatal cart with the lightness of a bird.

TRANSLATION FROM LAMARTINE.

(PENSÉE DES MORTS, HARMONIE I. LIV. 2.)

THE sapless leaves are dying,
And falling to the ground,
The rising wind is sighing
In the valley all around:
The wand'ring swallow's wings
Circle with countless rings
The stagnant marsh's water:
Whilst in the glades is seen,
Stooping, dead sticks to glean,
The cotter's little daughter.

The stream no more rejoices
The forest with its sound,
The birds have lost their voices,
The leafless bough's uncrown'd.
Ev'ning is near the dawn,
The sun is scarcely born
When straight his race has ended:
At intervals, his rays
Shed light, we still call days,
Although with darkness blended.

No zephyr of a morning
Breathes o'er bright, golden skies,
No hue, the waves adorning,
Sends splendour as eve dies.
The solitary main
Is desert, and in vain
The eye for vessels gazes.
Upon the echoing shore
The heavy billow's roar,
A plaintive murmur raises.

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The sheep search mount and hollow,
Without success, for grass;
Their lambs leave as they follow
Wool to the thorns they pass.
Beneath the beech-tree's bough
No music is heard now,
The rustic flute reposes.
Glean'd are the fields of grain,
The year is clos'd again,
And life thus also closes.

Around us all is falling
Before the sweeping blast;
A blast, from churchyards calling,
Reaps, too, the living fast.
Thus thousands fall and die,
As when the eagles fly,
They drop each useless feather,
Until new feathers spring,
To guard the daring wing
Against cold, wintry weather.

'Twas thus I saw ye languish,
Young buds, and fade away,
To whom, God, for my anguish,
Denied the rip'ning ray.
Although I still am young,
I stand alone among
Those, who the same years number;
And there, beneath the grass
On which I gaze, alas,
The lov'd were plac'd to slumber!

Their tomb is here—we're near it,
Below the mountain sward,
But then the heav'nly spirit,
Themselves, where are they, Lord?
The pigeon oft will bring
From India 'neath his wing,
The answer to a letter.
Ships steer again for shore,
But souls, return no more,
When once they've burst their fetter.

When through the boughs is whistling
The autumn wind so bleak,
When blades of grass are bristling,
When fir trees moan and creak,
When tolls the convent bell
It's deep, funereal knell,—
To all these sadd'ning noises,
To ev'ry wind that wakes,
To ev'ry wave that breaks,
I say—"Are ye their voices?"

Too pure for our hearing,
Perhaps, their voices get,
But words, sweet and endearing,
Their *souls* may murmur yet;

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For thoughts of them arise
On all sides, to surprise
E'en hearts where mem'ry 's sleeping :
As oft dead leaves we see,
Towards their parent tree,
Upon the wind come sweeping.

A Mother 'tis, who 's bending
Her looks upon this earth,
Her arms t'wards those extending
To whom she *here* gave birth.
T' entice them to that breast,
On which they us'd to rest,
Her heart a welcome 's giving ;
Tears chase her smiles away,
" Are ye," she seems to say,
" Lov'd as when I was living?"

A Bride it is, just married,
See, still her veil doth wave,
And of her youth she carried
But *one* thought to the grave.
Sad, e'en in Heav'n she feels,
T'wards earth she gently steals,
Around the lov'd to wander.
She says, " Green is my tomb,
Why in this world of gloom
Still tarry, when I'm yonder?"

A Friend it is, once lent us
By Providence, to be,
In days when grief had bent us,
Our prop since infancy :
But, though he is no more,
Our trials, as before,
He follows, till all 's fairer,
And says, " Of weal and woe
With which your souls o'erflow,
Who now will be the sharer?"

A Father 'tis, who for us,
When dying, sought to pray ;
A Sister 'tis, before us
A moment call'd away.
In the once happy Home
Through which we mourning roam,
But last night they were sleeping!
Our loss is still so fresh,
That flesh of our flesh
Can worms o'er it be creeping?

The Babe who, early dying,
Has left it's cradle bare,
Who in the grave is lying,
Slipp'd from the breast to there ;—
All those, in fact, with whom
Lie buried in the tomb

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Sweet hopes, whose loss has wreck'd us,
From 'neath the dust yet say,
"Oh, ye, who see the day,
Do ye still recollect us?"

Ah, shades belov'd of all who've tears to shed,
To weep for thee a ling'ring joy imparts!
Ourselves would be forgotten with our dead,
For are ye not like fragments of our hearts?

As o'er the path of life we journ'ying glide,
The past horizon seems more fair to bloom,
Into two separate halves our souls divide,
The best of which pertaineth to the tomb.

O God of grace, their father's God and theirs,
Thou, whom their lips so often nam'd when here,
Now listen to their brethren's tears and pray'rs,
Who pray for them—they, once to them so dear.

Whilst their short lives endur'd, they pray'd to thee,—
E'en when most sorely smitten, they still smil'd,
And bless'd thy hand, and humbly bent the knee,—
O God, all hope! could they have been beguil'd?

Yet this long silence! What can it portend?
Have they forgotten us 'mid joys above?
Have they quite ceas'd to love? These doubts offend,
For thou, my God, art *thou* not all of love?

But if they spoke to *us*, their mourning friends,
And told us of the bliss which is their dow'r,
Before the time, we should fulfil thine ends,
And fly to join them ere th' appointed hour.

Where dwell they now? What orb upon their eyes
Sheds rays more durable, more mildly bright?
Say, do they soar betwixt us and the skies?
Or do they people starry isles of light?

Or do they wander 'mid eternal flames,
Where they have lost those names so dear and fond,
Of Mother, Wife, and Sister? To those names,
Once their's on earth, do they no more respond?

No, no, my God, for if the joys they taste,
Had banish'd from their thoughts all dreams of us,
They from *our* mem'ry too, would be effac'd,
Thou wouldst not let our tears flow vainly thus.

Oh! may their souls upon thy bosom rest,
But still within their hearts our places keep!
At ev'ry joy of our's, they once felt bless'd,
Without *their* joy, what pleasures could we reap?

Thy hand in mercy, Lord, o'er them extend!
True, they have sinn'd—but is not Heav'n a gift?
Suff'ring another innocence can lend,
And love, like their's, the weight of guilt uplift.

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Before they pass'd Death's portals,
They were what we are still,
But feeble, fragile mortals,
Blown by each wind at will.
Their feet, p'rhaps, paus'd to rest,
Their lips, p'rhaps, oft transgress'd,
In thoughtlessness or passion:
But yet, ere thou condemn,
O, Father, see in them,
The likeness thou didst fashion!

If even dust thou weighest,
It flies at thy command;
If with the light thou playest,
It tarnishes thy hand;
If thou sound them with thine eye,
The columns of the sky,
And those of earth are shallow;—
E'en Innocence would see
Her virtues veil'd, were she
To plead before thee taken.

But thou, O Lord, thou livest
In thine eternity,
And all the joy thou givest
Aids thy felicity!
Thou tell'st the sun to beam,
And straight doth daylight stream:
Thou tell'st old Time t' engender,
Obediently he hears,
And long, uncounted years
At once he doth surrender.

The worlds which thou repairest
Grow young—Time's nought to thee,
Not for the Past thou carest,
'Tis like the time to be:
And, thus do years glide by,
All equal to thine eye,
And ne'er hast thou to borrow,
Those three sad words, which man
Must use for ev'ry plan,
"Of yesterday, to-day, to-morrow."

Lord, nought by thee would measure,
Measure thyself by nought;
But if it be thy pleasure
To weigh the works we've wrought,
In the same balance place
Thine own almighty grace.
Father of all things living,
Thus let thy vict'ry be,
Thyself in all to see,
And triumph in forgiving!

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THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

" When I said that I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—SHAKSPEARE.

" The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With sweet emotion.—
Nothing in the world is single."—SHELLEY.

" What treason to the country to write London and August on the same sheet of paper!" said Mrs. Clifford to her son, as she commenced a letter.

" I have had some such thought myself, and really must accept one or other of the invitations I have for shooting."

" Shall you go to Sir Thomas Crofton's?" inquired the lady.

" No; for Lady Crofton will expect that if I kill her husband's partridges in the morning, I shall infallibly make love to his daughters in the evening: her imagination is so fertile, she never sees a man but she enumerates his acres, speculates on marriage settlements, and has visions of white satin, and all the pretty et ceteras of matrimony."

" Lord Barford's? there are no daughters there."

" True, but his wife is a deep, deep blue—bores you to the death with her literary attainments, or non-attainments. I think I shall run down to Dacre's—I have not been to Woodlands since I stood godfather to my little namesake Frank, nearly five years ago. I shall feel at home there; no fussy parties, prim and starched as an old bachelor."

Mrs. Clifford smiled.

" Well, if I am a bachelor, and mean so to continue, I am, at least, not a starched one," continued her son, interpreting the smile.

" Why should you be one at all, Frank?—you, who have so many of the requisites to make a woman happy?"

" Why, my dear mother, women are so artificial—live for display—sigh for an establishment—and, not to be too hard on the fairest and sweetest part of the creation, I ask so much in a wife—I require so many of the nameless somethings and nothings indispensable to female fascination—and, not to speak it irreverently, when I think of the caprice, the vanity, the jealousy, that are the usual characteristics of the sex, I can but be thankful I am a doomed bachelor. No," continued he, as if pursuing a train of thought, " I have drawn an image on my mind so fair, so pure, that I feel nothing less than the realization of the idea will satisfy me; at the same time, I know that it is one that for me can have no existence—it was the dream of my boyhood, and it is past."

Frank Clifford was handsome, candid, generous, the soul of honour, with an income of three thousand a year—thirty-six, and a bachelor, and such he had mentally and verbally resolved to continue; and yet, in spite of all this, he had still his visions and fantasies—starry skies,

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flowery valleys—the still, quiet woods, enjoyed with some dear, sympathising *friend*, haunted his day dreams and night visions.

It was a bright day when he travelled to Woodlands; the meadows were enamelled with a thousand gay blossoms; the busy hum of myriads of insects filled the air with their soft, drowsy music, and Clifford felt how soothing are such sights and sounds to man's unquiet spirit. And then how cordial was the welcome that awaited him—how happy was Dacre as he romped with his children on the lawn—and how proud of the gentle being who shared his joy at the long-promised visit of his friend!

"You have greatly improved this place, Dacre—it is impossible to conceive a fairer scene. How gracefully blended are these flowers with that green-bowery-looking wilderness in the background; it is like a fairy land."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dacre, "and created by the magical wand of Affection, aided by the fairy Good-will.'

"Mary made all these pretty flowers grow," said a lovely girl, insinuating her little hand into her mother's—"Mary does everything that is nice."

"Your portfolio boasts some exquisite paintings," said Clifford, as he turned over the leaves; "I did not know you were so fine an artist."

"They are indeed beautiful," replied Mrs. Dacre, "but I may not claim the merit—that belongs to Mary."

At this moment dinner was announced, and he could only wonder who Mary was. In his bed-room, some bold spirited drawings attracted his attention, and his eye quickly detected the name of Mary in the corner; all in the room bespoke female taste and consideration, and Dacre had said all had been arranged by Mary. Some of Dacre's occupations were too commonplace for the somewhat fastidious Clifford, and he delighted in solitary rambles; in one of these he passed a neat cottage; the gay flowers in the little garden before it arrested his steps, and he paused to admire the deep crimson stocks, and the beautiful double wallflower, often seen in such perfection in the cottage gardens of ——. An aged woman invited him to rest in her humble dwelling.

"Take this seat, sir," said she, pointing to one whose very look bespoke comfort and ease; "I suffer a great deal from *rheumatis*, and Miss Mary, from the Great House, sent me this chair."

Clifford seated himself in it.

"Oh! she's a nice lady, so free and kind; she brought me these worsted stockings herself," continued the garrulous dame, putting out a foot not exactly a prototype of Taglioni's.

Clifford had a Byronic passion for the name of Mary, and it had come upon his ear so often in his brief sojourn at Woodlands, that he began to feel quite a sensation when it was named, and no small curiosity to see her who had a right to the title.

But it was the first of September; and guns, dogs, and birds, were formidable rivals to the unknown Mary. The sky was clear—the air bland—the birds, "those fairy-formed and many-coloured things," sung gaily—and the stream looked pure and bright, as it "broke into

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dimples and laughed in the sun." Clifford and Dacre were out early, and, with a quick eye and sure aim, returned laden with the spoil. Dacre lingered behind to give some directions, and as Clifford crossed the lawn, he heard the gay laugh of children, and the tones of the most musical voice mingling with theirs. He paused to listen—the sounds came nearer, and in a moment he was in the midst of the group. "O! Mary is come home—dear, sweet Mary—and we are so happy," burst from the lips of the delighted young ones.

Clifford was slightly embarrassed, but seeing Dacre, he said, "Will you come and introduce me to this lady; who, I presume, boasts some other name than my favourite one of Mary?"

"O yes, her name is Dacre; the orphan child of my poor brother Frederick," he added, in a lower tone; "and this, Mary, is my old friend Clifford, of whom you have heard honourable mention. But tell me how are the Powells and Grace, and how came you home so early?"

"To answer your last question first, Grace drove me in the pony-chaise to the park-gate; and we had such a delightful ride, everything looked so fresh, it seemed to have all the charm of novelty. I have been as happy as a bird; but I began to long for my dear *dulce domum*, and a romp with my darling pets," said Mary, as she stooped to kiss the children.

When Clifford descended to the breakfast-room, Mary was seated at the table, and as he entered, she was talking in a cheerful tone to Mrs. Dacre, whose simple matronly cap and fair gentle face, contrasted sweetly with the profusion of dark brown curls which hung in beautiful luxuriance over the more animated countenance of her companion.

"Our truant has returned at last," said his hostess, "and she tells me you have met."

The brow of Mary Dacre was a sweet clear page, where you might read all that passed in her kind and noble heart. Her beauty did not fascinate for a moment, but it attracted by its grace and intelligence; it was a face to gaze on and return to, to flit across "the mind's eye," haunt you at all hours, unbidden and unexpected; in fact, she was a dangerous invader of the rights of bachelorship, and Clifford, scarcely resisting the fair assailant, found the strongholds of celibacy one by one giving way, and each stern sentinel that had hitherto guarded the avenues of his heart, deserting his post.

"What folly," thought he, as he stood gazing on the light form of Mary, as she tripped like a wood nymph over the lawn, "to fancy so young and fair a creature would ever mingle her fate with mine; nothing but love, the purest and profoundest, could ever tempt me to marry: and then I must have equal devotion—one who would share my aspirings after better things than earth can offer, and sympathise in all my hopes. It is folly, rank folly and egregious vanity, to imagine she could ever love me thus."

But Mary was not insensible to the polished manners and winning grace of her uncle's friend; nor did the delicate attention he paid, or the friendly interest he evinced for her, pass unappreciated. Agreeable first impressions facilitate intercourse amazingly, and it is asto-

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nishing what progress love makes in a country-house, where communion is unfettered and free.

"And so we are going to have a dinner-party to-day," said Clifford to Mary, as she was gathering flowers for the vases; "how I wish it was over—I hate such affairs."

"I see you are spoiled," said Mary, laughing; "you have been petted by my aunt, and praised by my uncle, till you really are beyond bearing."

"Who are coming?"

"A great many agreeable people."

"Country squires mostly are—they will talk of the corn laws and tithes, and the pedigree of their horses, and other interesting 'sayings and doings.' Will you tell me any of their names?"

"Sir Edward and Lady Talbot; he, grave and sedate, she, all sparkle and suavity. Mr. and the four Miss Arnolds; he a clever, shrewd man of the world; his daughters worthy of such a sire. Pretty, accomplished, and sing and play enchantingly. Lord Lucas, fond of a 'feast,' though not of 'reason;' he is a bachelor," continued Mary, archly, "therefore I must be merciful to him. Then Mr. and Mrs. Powell, MY Powell's two sons, and dear graceful Grace—beauty, wit, and goodness enough in her own dear self, to make the dullest dinner charming."

"Does your enthusiasm extend to the whole of the family?" asked Clifford, assuming an indifference he did not feel.

"O yes, indeed, I wear them all in my heart of hearts."

Clifford was satisfied.

"You cannot imagine how much ore may be extracted from such folks as these you seem to hold in contempt," continued Mary, "by the exercise of a very little moral alchemy; will you try?"

"I will do anything for you."

"Well, be thankful then for this petite historiette—you ought, for I have scarcely left ten minutes for the graces." And away she ran, laden with the flowers, looking, as Clifford thought, the very personification of Flora.

"Your niece is very lovely," said Clifford, a day or two after the above conversation, breaking a long silence, and thus indicating the current of his thoughts.

"Yes," replied Dacre, "pretty and portionless; my poor brother was ever heedless of the future, and he left her little beside his blessing; but I cannot talk of that even to you, Frank."

Clifford spoke of his protracted visit. "I have been here six weeks! surely never did time pass so rapidly."

"You must not, my dear fellow, think of going yet, we have all been so happy in your society."

Clifford wondered if Mary was included in that imperial pronoun *We*. Another and another week flew on, and still he lingered: he was less cheerful, and when alone on his wanderings, which became more frequent, he felt life flat, void, fruitless; but ever on his musings he imagined a bright, fair vision, which he believed was the only charm required to make it very different—he became decided that love was not all a delusion—an airy nothing—sparkling but to

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make the gloom more apparent at its vanishing. "Mary!" he softly breathed, and, as if she had heard the scarcely uttered sound, a turn of the path brought her to his side.

"How fresh all things look," she exclaimed; "how pleased and glad nature appears! listen to the matin song of the birds; is it not sweet music, is it not all delightful?"

"It is lovely, but it is something brighter than all that makes it appear fair and bright to me!"

Need we go on, or say how beyond "all count of time" that morning walk was extended, or how Mrs. Dacre forbore a reproof when they entered long after luncheon, or how Mr. Dacre smiled when Clifford said,

> "How noiseless falls the foot of time,
> That only treads on flowers,"

and smiled still more when he asked for ten minutes chat in the library. Mary, in the interim, with eyes overflowing with tears, whose source did not spring from woe, was quite confidential with Mrs. Dacre; and it would have been difficult to have found a more happy party than that which met at the dinner-hour that day.

But spring is come, with all its green buds, and every blade of grass is full of fragrance, and the air is "making sweet music, while the young leaves dance;" and Mary, with a tearful eye and smile like a sunbeam, has just received the nuptial blessing. In the pretty primitive-looking church where her vows were registered, there were no inspiring paintings—no gothic aisles, sparkling shrines, or delicate carvings; but in after life how dear was the memory of that humble sanctuary where Mary Dacre had become a Bachelor's Bride.

E. S. F.

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CONDEMNED, BUT NOT EXECUTED.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Such of our readers as may do "My Aunt's New Companion" the honour of remembering her will here find a few more passages of her life registered for their amusement.

A convulsion of passion, a flash of withering scorn, a writhing of recoiling aversion, passed over Diana Slade. If her eye could have blasted, poor Leonora Keane would doubtless have laid upon the floor a heap of smouldering ashes.

But no such thing. Leonora Keane lifted up her blue eyes with either the most guileless or the most guileful simplicity to her face, and, instead of there appearing to be a struggle to subdue either passion or sorrow, one might almost have fancied that the least possible tinge of triumph took advantage of her timidity to shine through the graceful veil of her gentle dejection. If such were the case, the feeling showed itself in a very injudicious manner, and at a very ill-timed moment, and, had Leonora Keane known it, she would, very properly, have been very angry with her own feelings—as many other people ought to be.

However, lifting up her blue eyes to Diana's blazing face, she said, in a voice soft as a sigh,

"I am so glad that I have found you. I feared you had gone out, but I thought I heard your voice."

"No doubt you might," replied Diana, with another flash. "I am not in the habit of whispering my opinions. I may be heard without *listening*."

"Ah yes, you have such a fine voice for recitation. Dear Mrs. Shrubsole, what a treat it would be to hear Miss Slade read Lady Macbeth! I wish I could persuade her, but ah! I have no power. Will you? You have."

"It pleases me better to express my own sentiments than those of any other person, and I am greatly tempted to avow mine now."

"Diana!" said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, warningly.

"I was looking for you," resumed Leonora.

"And perhaps *listening* for me."

"Diana!" said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, threateningly.

"I thought at first that I heard your voice, but I knew myself to be mistaken the moment after."

"And why mistaken?"

"Because whoever spoke, spoke angrily, and I knew that could not be you," said Leonora, coaxingly.

"I can be angry upon occasion—when the occasion is worth it—and sometimes when it is not," said Diana, scornfully.

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"Angry, my dear Miss Slade! O no, you wrong yourself. *You* are too kind, too gentle, too amiable, ever to be angry."

Something like a stamp of the foot only half executed, a scathing flash of the eye called back half way, a toss of the head cut short in the middle, showed in what loving and liking temper Diana Slade received these compliments.

"But, at all events, I am glad that I have found you," continued Leonora.

"Might not the pleasure have been greater to have lost me?" said Diana, bitterly.

"How cheering it is to see you cheerful! Lose you! Ah! what should we do then, dear Mrs. Shrubsole, if we were to lose Miss Slade's delightful spirits? My misfortunes have so much depressed me, that only your kindness of heart, dear madam, would tolerate my dullness. When I look back upon the past—"

The blue eyes of the New Companion filled with tears, and she cast them on the floor.

"What sweetness! what sensibility! what gratitude!" said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole to Diana, in a voice pretending not to be intended to be heard.

"What—"

Whatever it might be seemed to threaten Diana with choking.

"For shame, Diana!" angrily expostulated Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole. But of course the New Companion did not hear—how should she, when it did not suit her?

"I wanted to find you at once, because I have brought you a little offering," said Leonora. "See! I have here a bouquet of the first spring violets. "Mr. Hope"—and here the New Companion cast down her own blue orbs—"told me it was your favourite flower, and—and—as he was pleased to say—but that was the error of his over-kindness—resembling me—I thought that if I presented them, I might be with them associated in your favour—in your heart, where I would fain be."

"Edward Hope told you this was my favourite flower," exclaimed Diana, losing at a blow the frail mask which she had heretofore held over her passions—"Edward Hope told you this! Then go back to him, and tell him this also!" And as she spoke, she snatched away the tastefully arranged and daintifully tied up bouquet, and, tearing it into fragments, scattered them fiercely around her on the floor.

Now, truth to tell, Diana certainly looked like a fury; her eyes glaring, her cheeks blazing, her person dilated, her head elevated, her arms thrown wildly around her. Looking at her, Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole rose into a towering, indignant passion, and the New Companion, shrieking, covered her face with both her hands.

And now a [illegible] actor came on the scene; it was Edward Hope, brought to [illegible]neld of battle by the New Companion's melodious voice.

"O save me! save me!" exclaimed the New Companion, holding out her white hands imploringly to Edward Hope as he entered, and looking beseechingly up to him with her blue eyes. "O save me! protect me!"

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"Protect you! yes, with my life!" exclaimed Edward Hope, and throwing himself before her, she clung to his arm, hiding her sobbing face upon it.

"Nay, fear not, I am with you!" said young Hope, soothingly, encouragingly.

But still the New Companion gasped and trembled, and, perhaps, all the more.

Poor Diana! Alas! nobody pities the passions which rend and tear the heart of the sufferer like the bursting of the boiler of a steam-engine. Everybody says, just in the same way, "Why was it not made thicker and stronger?"

"What *is* the matter?" exclaimed Edward Hope.

"Is she not insane? Do you think she will recover? Is she not fearful?" whispered the New Companion pantingly.

"Don't expose yourself still more—if you can help it," said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, bitterly and threateningly.

Now, *ex*posure and *com*posure being the antipodes of each other, it follows that losing the one lays one sadly open to paying the penalties of the other. Diana looked at her aunt, who had heretofore petted and pampered her, and helped to make her a spoiled child, feeling, as we are apt to do, more at the loss of a blind indulgence than at a rational disapproval, however severe that may be. The New Companion had evidently superseded her with her aunt, who had hitherto encouraged and rather admired her refractoriness, but who now stood angrily and menacingly before her. Diana's next glance fell on the face of Edward Hope, who was gazing on her reproachfully, wonderingly, and anything but admiringly. Diana's whole frame shook, and a perfect convulsion passed across her features;—for what woman could look into the eyes that had once beamed love upon her, and, finding in its stead aversion and disgust, retain her own sober senses? If any other woman could, Diana Slade could not; and when, glancing down from the countenance of her once admirer, she encountered one glance of the New Companion's face, just hastily and stealthily raised from Edward Hope's arm, and as hastily dropped down again—a glimpse caught only by herself, and yet a glimpse of the expression of exulting triumph—why then, we say, at the sight, the small remainder of her senses flew off, without the slightest leave-taking, and Diana was left free indeed from the restraints of her reason, but a perfect slave to her passions.

"Ay!" she said—"ay! exult, rejoice, triumph over me! When had honest sincerity any chance against duplicity and artifice? Ay, cower away from the eyes of those whom you have injured! Guilt may well be abject!"

"Diana!" angrily expostulated Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Miss Slade!" ejaculated young Hope, in a tone comprehending everything of wonder and disgust.

"Ah, poor thing!" softly whispered the New Companion. "Is she often thus? Will this paroxysm soon pass away? Can I do anything to help her?"

"You are too good! too kind! too guileless!" whispered Edward Hope, but not low enough to escape the sharpened hearing of the

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angry lady. People in a passion have a marvellous talent at guessing what those around them think as well as say.

"*Guileless!*" she repeated with unutterable scorn. "O yes! most guileless! Full to overflowing of innocent simplicity, and a perfect angel in the diffusion of her love!"

"Miss Slade is nearer the truth than she intends," said Edward Hope, severely.

"O, how I would love her if she would only let me!" softly murmured the New Companion, casting up her blue eyes.

"Love *me!*—love anything! Why, you can love nothing in this world but yourself, and me you *hate*."

"Hate you, dear Miss Slade! O, test me, try me, prove me! Let me love you, and let me show my love!" and the New Companion timidly motioned as though she would have laid her hand on Miss Slade's garments.

But Diana snatched herself away as from the touch of some noxious reptile, and said, with withering scorn,

"Do not give yourself the trouble to *pretend*. I know you. You cannot impose upon me."

"Alas! alas! she cannot mean it! she cannot know what cruel things she is saying!" plaintively exclaimed the New Companion, raising her cambric handkerchief to her eyes. "I would have loved her, ah, so well! if she would only have allowed me! I came here with my heart so desolate, so ready to cling to the first kind object, and I have felt, O, so acutely! every word and look that seemed like unkindness! But I would not then—I do not even now—think it was unkindness—though sometimes I might even imagine I was treated with aversion;—but no, that was impossible in a heart so kind and generous as Miss Slade's, and more particularly to one so desolate and depressed as myself. No, no; I am sure that the hardest-hearted being in the world could not have wronged, and wounded, and insulted, and reviled, one so sorrowfully situated as myself, much less—ah! much less! a woman, and one like myself in all but the gifts of fortune! No! no! It is impossible!—*impossible!* I could not—I cannot believe it. O no! no!"

"Gentle, generous, forgiving creature!" said Mrs. Shrubsole to Edward Hope. "She would melt a barbarian."

Edward Hope looked as if she had melted *him*.

"Ay, that will do! that will do!" passionately exclaimed Diana. "Go on! go on! more in that strain! You see it takes effect! it takes effect! You cannot do better!"

The New Companion burst into tears.

"What strange delusion possesses her? How shall I soften her? How shall I mollify her heart towards me? O that I could open my own heart and show her what I feel! show her what is there!"

"I see it already, without giving you further trouble," said Diana. "There are such things as living transparencies."

"O do me justice!" said the New Companion, imploringly.

"I do!" replied Diana. "Rest satisfied. I *do*."

"*I* do you justice, too," said Edward Hope. "You are an angel!"

"Nothing less could so have borne this outrage!" exclaimed Mrs.

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Shrubsole. "Diana, I am utterly ashamed of you! And so unladylike! Looking like a fury!"

"Go on!" said Diana, not answering her aunt, but speaking to the New Companion, "Go on! you see that you are infinitely successful! I congratulate you! Ha! ha! ha!"

"O, hide me from her fury! How her eyes glare!" faintly ejaculated Leonora.

"Ay, go on! go on!" again exclaimed Diana. "You see that their credulity quite fits and meets your artifice! Go on!"

"Do not be angry with her!" said the New Companion, beseechingly.

"What! am I to be spared at *your* intercession. I who am the child of the house, whilst you are the stranger of yesterday! I who have been nestled from an infant at the heart which you—the hireling—have stolen from me! Spared, and for you!"

"Do not hear her, dear, *dearest* Mrs. Shrubsole!"

"Say what you will to me, madam!" said Diana, turning somewhat defyingly upon her aunt. "You, who are a woman, ought to see through the artifice, which may well enough dupe one of the infallible lords of the creation!"

"O, be generous enough not to hearken!" said the New Companion to young Hope. "I, who am a woman also, know how she will, afterwards, when her frenzy has subsided, bewail this exposure of her passions. You, who are in all things so kind and noble, be generous enough now not to listen to her!"

"I shall be much honoured by the expression of any and all of Mr. Hope's sentiments," said Diana, with an air the very incarnation of pride.

"They would not please you," said young Hope, severely.

"Then they would the better please Miss Leonora Keane, the young lady who has done my humble aunt the honour of becoming her New Companion."

"Miss Keane," said young Hope, with the greatest possible show of respect, "allow me to lead you from a scene altogether unfit for your delicate nature. I also am weary of this altercation."

"A scene in which it is unfit for any lady even to be a spectator, much less a sharer," said Mrs. Shrubsole. "Edward, give me your other arm."

"Aunt! Edward! cousin!" gaspingly exclaimed Diana, "I will not put you to the trouble of leaving me—I will leave you. I will deliver your house of a presence which art and machination have made distasteful to you. Aunt! cousin! think you that when I am no longer in your hearts, I would remain another moment within your dwelling? Farewell, and it may be for ever!"

Miss Slade's maid had no sinecure of her situation for the next half hour, for her lady mistress stood over her goading her on with as much of the lash and the spur as that keenest of all lashes and sharpest of all spurs, the tongue, could be made to do duty for. Burning with intense desire to escape from everything she loved, (and this desire,

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when it is excited, is much stronger than that of leaving what we hate,) Miss Slade hurried and flurried and worried her poor maid through the operation of packing without the slightest degree of mercy. For any one whose heart was in their sleeves, the poor thing must inevitably have been broken, in the reckless pushing and crushing which ensued. A sad massacre, indeed, took place amid the satins and silks and brocades and gauzes, and ruffs and puffs and cuffs, and furbelows and flounces, for all were buried alive undistinguishingly, indiscriminately, and without the slightest respect of person, in one common receptacle. Winter cloaks were thrown upon summer bonnets, shoes huddled up with artificial flowers, and white satins packed with unstopped bottles of fragrant oils. Some people might have thought that no great deal of time was saved by this pains-sparing mode of operation, but what with piling up pyramidically, and then compressing and smashing by stamping down the lids, it is just possible that none was lost; and certainly the satisfaction was gained to Miss Slade of having done a vast deal of mischief in a very little time.

This praiseworthy object having been accomplished, Miss Slade had nothing further to do but to stamp about her room, shawled and bonneted and gloved, and all but suffocated with internal heat, waiting for the postchaise which was to carry her away from that contaminated spot in which she had suffered such a robbery of hearts.

Had Miss Slade allowed her maid to have taken her time in packing as comfortably as the stable-keeper allowed his ostler to take his, and his ostler allowed his horses to take their's, the party might have been all comfortably ready together; but this appearing to her altogether irrational and unreasonable, it simply followed as a consequence that she was left either to get cooler or hotter, walking up and down in her own room, waiting till the man and the horses chose to come. Instead, however, of her two hundred degrees of Fahrenheit subsiding, the thermometer of her passions got higher, and the idea of murdering some half dozen people, commencing with the New Companion, and including her aunt, young Hope, herself, and the tardy postilion, and some one supernumerary to make up the number, just in the rotation which we have given them, grew quite into the aspect of a magnanimous virtue, classified under the third of the cardinal. To prevent the consummation, however, of this piece of heroism, the postchaise at length rolled up to the door, and Diana started off to dart into it. One impulse carried her into the hall, but when there another stopped her. Should she leave the house of her aunt, that house which had been like another home to her, and that aunt who had petted her till her babyish tempers had grown into her present passions, without a farewell word? Should she leave Edward Hope, who had loved her in every way but the way of words, without giving him an opportunity of repenting and being forgiven? Every particle of blame she was liberal enough to bestow upon them, and it was therefore great generosity to allow them a pardoning moment. The desire—it was the desire of her affections—struggled with her for a moment, and then conquered. Yielding to it, she turned hastily round and opened the door of their usual morning sitting-room. People talk of

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certain sights being good for certain states of disease of the eye, but certainly the sight which met Miss Slade's eyes was anything but salutary to her's. The New Companion was gracefully reclining on an interdicted sofa, which was usually considered too good to be used, her head leaning on Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's shoulder, who was very affectionately propping it up, while Edward Hope was kneeling at her feet, and most tenderly chafing her hands. Around them were scattered in plentiful confusion, salts and essences and fans and perfumes, and a good provision of wind and water, the one coming in through the wide open windows, and the other plentifully supplied in proper hydraulic flasks of cut glass. At the sound of the door opening, the fair sufferer half opened her blue eyes, and Diana again caught the expression of subtle latent triumph which had before so goaded her; but the lids, with their silken fringes, were instantaneously lowered again, and all mundane things shut out. That beam of the eye, however, had operated as effectively as one of the sun shining through a lens, and had at once set fire to the tinder of Diana's passion, making it blaze up again as briskly as ever. Now, whatever may be said of the beauty of tears, we are sure that real physical emotion is utterly destructive even to the finest features, putting, as it does, the whole machinery out of order. Leonora Keane had certainly learnt this fact in natural history, for no convulsions of the muscles distorted her pretty face. She looked, indeed, like a suffering angel; while Diana, as if she were a walking magazine of gunpowder, flashed out at the ignition of a spark into perfect fury—the evident admiration with which Young Hope was gazing upon the angelic lady, acting like that wind instrument usually found in the culinary departments of our establishments, as well as being a Vulcanism appendage, to blow the fire of her passion into a blaze.

"Excellent actress!" exclaimed Diana, looking from Leonora to young Hope. "Excellent actress! I, too, admire you!"

"Miss Slade, no more of this," said young Hope, rising from his bent knee, that knee bent to another, and speaking sternly with a knit brow to Diana. "No more of this! your unwomanly violence towards a gentle, unoffending girl, and one cast, from the helplessness of her position as well as from her child-like lovingness and trustfulness, on your compassion, has already almost destroyed her. Behold your work, and if it does not carry remorse and conviction to your soul, at least, that you may no further humiliate yourself, withdraw from a room where your very presence must wound and irritate every individual within it!"

"This from you, Edward Hope? from you?" exclaimed Diana, not dwelling so much upon the words as the feeling which dictated them—"This from you? And now, madam—aunt—I came but to bid you farewell—what are *your* parting words?"

"That I blush for you! am amazed at you! am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Then farewell, and may it be for ever!" passionately exclaimed Diana, as she darted from the room, clapping the door most vehemently behind her.

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It is a senseless folly to imagine that the least of our actions, the most trifling of our words, the words and actions of immortal beings, can ever fall to the ground and be as though they had never been. Every cause has an effect, and every effect becomes a cause, in an endless perpetuity of linked chain, from Adam's earliest action when he first opened his eyes on the light of Paradise, till the last of our race shall open his in heaven or in hell.

To suppose, then, that our passions, those frenzied ebullitions of our tempestuous feelings, can gush out their lava, and the searing words be forgiven and forgotten; that no effect shall be consequent upon them, and no action their result, is certainly mightily unphilosophical. Passionate people usually congratulate themselves upon their extreme candour, forgetting that they have forgotten to establish their right even of *thinking* the malignant things which they suppose it to be so very meritorious to *say*. Had Diana Slade possessed just common sense enough to have restrained that unruly member the tongue, she would have stood in a far better position, have retained her own higher ground, would not have plunged herself into such an ocean of difficulties; and even supposing that Leonora Keane were really the moral blackamoor she believed her to be, she could by no means have gained for herself those advantages of situation which Diana herself had so liberally aided her in acquiring. Altogether things might have been bad, but she had certainly made them very much worse.

In the present position of affairs, Diana Slade's own ungoverned passion had so powerfully aided and abetted the New Companion's warmest desires, that she could not in common moderation wish for anything better, and ought certainly to have been most highly obliged to her, which perhaps she was. Without such a powerful coalition, it might have taken her much longer to effect her labour; and, single-handed, she possibly might never have succeeded at all. Had Diana suffered things to have gone quietly on, young Hope's generosity would have lain dormant, and he might by slow degrees have arrived at a true knowledge of the charming Leonora's genuineness of character. As it was, he was first hurried into new feelings, and then hurried into their avowal. Seeing so gentle a creature thus roughly injured, outraged, and insulted, could he do less than do all? Ay, *hurry* is a mighty steam-power sort of thing, doing a great deal of work in the world. Hurry drives many a man into many things which had he only kept his composure he would never have done. His feelings being hurried, Edward Hope took occasion of Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's being hurried also, in search of first one essence and then another, as restoratives for her New Companion, to whisper certain soft somethings, it would have been as well if they had been certain soft nothings, into her ear, and thus taking advantage of sudden gasps, and the intermissions of palpitations, and tremors and flutterings, and fears and agitations, by the time the New Companion was able to hold up her head and keep her blue eyes open for two consecutive minutes, poor Edward Hope was—what do they call it at the police-offices, Union Hall, and Queen Square, and Marlborough Street, and so on?—*committed*.

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"Revive, dear girl, revive," softly whispered Edward Hope. "Let not the unfeeling violence of my infatuated cousin crush your gentle spirit. Her passion can but be the ebullition of a distempered mind. In all other eyes, and to all other hearts, you are perfection."

"I may—I must—mourn and weep for the strange prejudice which makes her so misinterpret my character, and so widely misconceive my feelings! Being *your* relation, I would have even humbled myself in the dust at her very feet to have won an entrance into her heart; but, alas! it is shut against me. Perhaps I might have felt the less had she not been one of your own family."

"Ah, let my feelings be more and more your own, to repay you for such a generous self-forgetfulness! Then, was it for *my* sake that you have borne so much from her frightful violence?"

"It was nothing—with such a motive how much more would I bear!"

"How can I repay your generosity?"

"Ah, there is no generosity in yielding to our feelings! I could not do less if I would! And besides, I know that this strange frenzy is Miss Slade's misfortune, and not her fault, and I ought to bear with it, were it only for your sake; but being so, converts even this pain into a pleasure. I ought to endure it, I say, because it is the single solitary exception of my life. Until I met with your poor cousin, every human being that I have ever known, has done my feelings justice—has always loved me, I may say."

"How could they help doing that?" said Edward Hope.

"Ah, you do it also, but from a child it has been the same. Could you have seen with what reluctance that kind banker and his lady parted with me when I came to town, with what motherly love she held me to her heart, grieving that I was not her child indeed, and with what tears the daughters embraced me, whispering to me as they bade me farewell, 'Oh, that this were a sister's kiss!' and how that fine, highly-educated young man, their son, stood looking after me, until the first-class carriages in which I was seated dashed away from his ardent gaze, you would say that the world had conspired to spoil me. And then how kindly your dear aunt received me—and you—O you——."

"That young man—a sister's kiss"—said Edward Hope, evidently employed in the process of spelling and putting together, "I have often wondered why, if you were all so fondly attached, you should still leave them."

"There were reasons—but you must not ask me—I did not say anything to lead you to think—I did not indeed!"

"No, no, but your guilelessness is like a gossamer veil, and makes you show what all the while you fancy you are hiding. Come, now I will read this riddle"—and Edward Hope looked wonderfully knowing, and exceedingly congratulatory upon his own discernment. "But first of all tell me what this banker's son was like?"

"O, a very fine young man! and so talented, so amiable, so kind, so generous, and so handsome—but that was the least of all.

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Beauty is of little worth, either in man or woman." And saying this, the New Companion looked up into Edward Hope's face, so innocently handsome, as though she were, in the partnership spirit of generosity and humility, depreciating herself, while he looked again, as though she had made a particular mistake, and entirely overreached herself, by producing a precisely contrary effect.

"And you refused him?"

"O, I did not say so! I did not say so!" exclaimed the New Companion, in most amiable confusion.

"I know you did not say so, but you cannot deny it."

"O, I never—you must not believe any such thing—indeed—indeed——"

"You are much too ingenuous to be a good dissembler. But being so perfect as he was, I am anxious to know why you refused him."

"I did not say that I refused him! I did not tell you that he had even offered! but if he had—ah, these hearts of ours are sad wayward things! I had not then met with—with—my *beau ideal*, but it was formed in my own mind."

Edward Hope could do no less than look as if he were laid under unspeakable obligations. Let people rail as they will at the ingratitude of the world, self-love has an immensity of thankfulness in its compound.

"He was everything that most woman's hearts could have desired," resumed Leonora, "even those whose expectations are most elevated; but I—I had foolish fancies—dreams of perfection—and yet there are sometimes realities like our dreams—are there not?—and then, too, he had another great, *great* fault—but that ran through the family."

"It is the first time that I have heard you speak of any human being as possessing a fault—I am anxious to hear the exception to your general charity?"

"Ah!" said the New Companion, shaking her head with an impressive air, "they were rich. They lived in such style. Their mansion was such a palace! The house, the grounds, the furniture, the establishment, were all on so magnificent a scale. The number of domestics was so great, that you could not move without your slightest action being retarded by offers of services. I love simplicity, and humility best becomes one brought up, it might be, in quiet retired elegance. We had nothing but a cottage, but ah! it was such a sweet one! I wish you could see it, (she told a little fib there, that Miss Leonora Keane!) so much grandeur had a painful effect upon me; and besides, after all that had passed there, it would have been too distressing to my feelings to have remained. I could not bear to see the family that I loved so well in such oppressed spirits. Such things are too exquisitely painful to sensitive minds. So I came to dear Mrs. Shrubsole, and you can hardly imagine what a relief it was to me to find her living in this comparatively humble style of modest happy comfort. Everything so neat, so comfortable, so orderly. No greatness, no grandeur, no ostentation!"

Now everything in this world being comparative, Edward Hope could only conclude that Leonora Keane had been used to a very superior style of living, though how he had happened to take it for granted that her present state of temporalities was superior to any she

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had ever enjoyed before, he could not for his life imagine. It was, however, very kind in one accustomed to splendour, to content herself with Mrs. Shrubsole's modest gentility; and kinder still in one who could have commanded so wealthy a match, to be satisfied with his own moderate modicum.

"That which would have been the highest attraction in other minds less generously unselfish, was in yours then a repulsion."

"I would not marry for wealth! I would not indeed! My heart would not suffer me!"

"I am then to count myself happy in the moderation of my own circumstances, since in your disinterested eyes wealth itself would be a disadvantage and an obstacle."

"Ah, to live with one who might be all to us in themselves! Without adventitious advantages, without what the world might call poverty, just enough for a cottage—a cottage *ornée* perhaps—with a pretty shrubbery, and a lawn and a flower-garden—something like dear Mrs. Shrubsole's here—and just domestics enough to supply one's modest wants—ah, my humble heart could desire no more."

"You delight me, because, dear Leonora, I could offer you no more."

"Ah, mention it not! I will not hear you! Such a heart as yours is wealth enough for me! Give me only bread and water with you, and a lindsey-wolsey dress, and let the world bestow its smiles on less favoured objects. With a wild rose in my hair, you would think me as fairly robed as though I wore a coronet of diamonds."

"Dear, generous, disinterested girl!"

"So," said Edward Hope to himself, "I am an engaged man! How very odd! Here have I slipped into this new position quite without knowing how. I who was so cautious not to say a word to Diana until I had fairly considered all the *pros* and *cons*, am actually all but married to another, without the slightest premeditation. What a pity that Diana should have showed her dark side, and yet what a good thing it has been! I was certainly rather fond of her—but then what a fury she has proved herself, and how divinely this sweet girl behaved through it all! No, I cannot repent. It would be shameful ingratitude to her in return for her generous preference."

"Ah!" soliloquised Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, "what a terrible thing for Diana to throw herself into such a passion, and abuse that poor destitute girl in that horrid way! I declare I am quite ashamed of having such doings in my family! I never knew anything so unladylike in my life! And such an affectionate girl as she is! How devotedly she has attached herself to me! Diana never paid me half the respectful attention that Leonora does. She disputes with me, and fancies I am wrong, and wants to set me right—according to her own opinion. After all, Diana *is* very self-opinionated—but my New Companion has the most entire trust in my understanding—is entirely guided by it—cannot imagine it possible for me to be wrong, and all because she loves me so fondly. She is a sweet, grateful, forbearing,

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forgiving disposition after all; and Diana has treated her very shamefully! But it is a shocking bad match for Edward. I never could have thought of such a thing, only I was so hurried into it. Diana's violence threw everything into such an agitation, and the poor creature seemed so ill-used among us, that I felt obliged to agree to the thing on purpose to make her amends. I'm sure if I had had time to cool I never should have done any such thing; and what will his uncle, old Edward Hope, say?"

To this uncle, old Edward Hope, had Diana Slade flown in the first transport of her passions, and in the gush of their overwhelming violence had vowed and declared that she was the most injured and ill-used of mortal beings! That aunt Shrubsole's New Companion was the vilest of the vile, and that she had most infamously and artfully stolen and purloined the heart of poor innocent credulous Edward Hope, who was notwithstanding the most base and perjured of his faithless sex; and that, in addition to all this, she had perfectly blinded, deluded, and infatuated Aunt Shrubsole, who nevertheless was criminal beyond all calculation in not seeing clearer. And Diana having, in a multitudinous torrent of words, thus vented her injuries and her passion, wound up the climax of her eloquence, by bursting into a frenzy of bitter natural tears; whereupon the old gentleman, taking up the cause of her grief and injuries, and feeling highly indignant against the vile, worthless, wicked, hypocritical, coaxing, carnying, wheedling witch who had caused them, kissed her very affectionately, and in his turn, feeling himself in a sort of generous self-satisfying passion, declared that Edward Hope should never make such a fool of himself, with his permission, as to marry that Circe—that creature—that he should not! and if he did it without, why he would cut him off with a shilling, that he would!

THE LAND OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! prize it—'tis enchanted ground,
All objects sweet and rare,
All lovely images, abound
In rich profusion there;
And it descends in every age
To Man, unclaimed, unbought,
None may invade our heritage,
The glorious Land of Thought.

There, the bright treasures hoarded lie,
Amassed from Learning's store,
Strains of enthralling melody,
And tales of ancient lore;
There, Fancy's fresh and blooming flowers,
With glittering dew-drops fraught,
Sheltered from outward blasts and showers,
Bloom in the Land of Thought.

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And there, we greet a cherished host
Of friends long-loved and dear,
There, the lamented and the lost
Before our gaze appear;
Death woo'd them to his mansions chill,
And won the prize he sought,
But tender Memory guards them still,
Within the Land of Thought.

And there are glimpses pure and bright
Of many a holy thing,
Of golden harps, of fields of light,
Where radiant seraphs sing;
No eye may fully pierce the screen,
Yet trustful Hope hath caught
A faint perspective of the scene
In the wide Land of Thought.

Wearied by sorrow, fear, and doubt,
Oppressed by earthly din,
Oft turn we from the world without,
To seek the world within;
Nor may the mightiest of mankind
Restrain or fetter aught
The freedom of the lowliest hind
Who owns the Land of Thought.

Oh! is the land thus brightly decked
Ever with weeds defaced?
Can it become, through rash neglect,
A black, unlovely waste?
Yes, oft has Passion's 'whelming storm
Appalling ruin wrought,
And bade perpetual thorns deform
The ravaged Land of Thought.

Then is its hapless owner led
Through worldly haunts to roam,
Turning in wild and shuddering dread
From his mind's wretched home;
There, frown unchanging shades of night,
By Sin's dark spirits brought,
And Conscience casts a withering blight
O'er the dim Land of Thought.

How may we watch and guard it best?
Thy bounty, Lord, alone
Hath made us of this land possest,
Oh! take it for thine own;
And blessed shall its produce be,
If we by Faith are taught
Timely to consecrate to Thee,
The hallowed Land of Thought.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL REVERIES."

CHAPTER XVI.

"We'll may be return to Lochaber no more."—SCOTCH SONG.

"THE die is cast then!" I exclaimed inwardly, as I stepped from the vehicle that had brought me; "here I am beyond the borders of my country! Alas! to what have its mad innovators reduced me! They have driven me to abandon that fair France—to forsake my family—to leave my heritage;—and have forced me to renounce a station whose advantages had been earned by many years of otherwise fruitless labour."

Long and well had these lost blessings all been weighed in my mind; but was it for *them* to carry the day against my conscience and my honour? Yet how much resolution is needed in such a case to prevent a man from sinking under regret; above all, when he knows not if the star he takes for his guide shall ever conduct him back to that which man holds most dear,—the hearth of home, the household gods! Fondly I hoped it,—but at this first moment of quitting France all the grave reflections of M. Bergasse came back upon my mind, and I should have stood lingering, overpowered with the thoughts they brought, had not the light sound of a bell summoned me away to table.

But what spectacle, long strange to me, awaited my entrance into the dining-hall! It was filled with Frenchmen, all displaying the white cockade! I breathed once more! They enjoined my assuming mine, and I needed no pressing; I felt new life in the middle of this throng from differing and distant provinces, all speaking the same language of loyalty to their king. Not one was known to me, but we were in a moment as much at ease together as if we had lived always in company; each related to me what regiment or province he came from, what route he had taken, and what difficulties he had had to surmount, whether in quitting his corps or in passing the frontier; for, notwithstanding the pretended right granted to all Frenchmen to leave the kingdom, officers who sought to do so were daily arrested on the frontier; they were often stripped of their baggage and ill-treated, under pretence of being deserters, and many even carried back to their regiment to be subjected to a trial. In fact, the exasperation of the Jacobins became so great upon the refusal of the king to sanction the decree which condemned us to death as refractory to the new military law, that many of our comrades incurred the

[1] Continued from p. 287.

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greatest dangers in the attempt to escape from the soil tainted with rebellion.

We all knew that during their abode at Turin, the French princes had carried on secret intercourse with different parts of the kingdom, and particularly with the south, for the purpose of producing a rising against the new order of things; they had flattered themselves with a hope that it might be possible to form upon the soil of France itself a sort of nucleus, round which the discontented might assemble, till a sufficient body should be collected to allow of their putting themselves at its head, and marching at once upon Paris, to rescue the king from the hands of the factions.

Lyons had been chosen as the chief rallying point in this attempt. M. de la Chapelle, the general officer in command there, was charged with the execution of the project; he had made many persons residing in Lyons and its environs acquainted with it, and, among others, the artillery officers of the garrison of Auxonne, one of whom, M. de la Motte, had in part informed me of what was intended; and I only waited further tidings from him to repair thither, anxiously hoping to draw along with me any of my comrades and our cannoniers who would listen to the call. It was fondly trusted, that were but a movement once made, the greater part of every regiment would come to rally round our princes; many gentlemen of Auvergne had already taken their way to Lyons, furnished with horses and arms; but, unhappily, some indiscreet and many ill-combined measures, added to the distrust which was already beginning to separate Frenchman from Frenchman, even among those devoted to the cause of their monarch, occasioned the overthrow of a scheme which might have saved France, and especially its noblesse, from many misfortunes. The thing having been discovered, many persons were endangered, and some actually put under arrest; and the nobles of Auvergne, deceived in their expectations, preferred making their way to the princes to returning to their own province, where they could no longer have been in safety nor together; and this comparatively slight event had a singular influence in deciding the plan of emigration, for the princes, regarding it from that time as impossible to form anywhere *within* the kingdom the muster they were desirous of attempting, imagined it might be easier to effect it without the frontiers; and the more, as some of the foreign powers made a show of lending themselves to the project, and even of affording assistance. They, therefore, circulated notice to that effect throughout France, and thus the nobility were no longer permitted to hesitate as to the part they had to take, especially after the king's attempt to escape from the hands of the factions, and the tenor of his declaration on quitting Paris. It was impossible after these circumstances not to respond to the call of our princes, who had just raised at Coblentz the king's banner; knowing too, what there was no doubt of, that the elder of these princes had, before he left France, possessed himself of that monarch's ulterior designs and opinions.

The princes fixed themselves near the frontier, to be more within reach of the army, large portions of which they hoped to see arrive to join them, if it did not come over *en masse*. The Count d'Artois obtained leave from his uncle, the Elector of Trèves, to establish his

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quarters at Coblentz, where Monsieur and Madame joined him as soon as they made their way out of the French territory; whole the Prince of Condé was established at Worms, with the permission of the Elector of Mayence; and to these two points of rendezvous the royalist emigrants daily flocked, resolved to shed their blood for the cause. The noblesse in general sought indifferently either of these places of meeting, according to which happened to be nearest to the spot where they crossed the frontier, or which was said to contain the greater number of officers of the same regiment, or gentlemen of the same province with themselves; or most to promise them a meeting with members of their own family, with friends or patrons, upon whose attachment or protection they might reckon amid the difficulties of the intended crusade. Men of high rank at court, however, generally selected the city in which the brothers of the king had taken up their residence; whilst those more regardless of grandeur assembled round the Prince of Condé, some drawn by the circumstance of their inability to make the requisite appearance in the more brilliant circle, others by the hope that the command of the advanced guard would be given to that prince in any encounter with the rebels. In the seven-years' war he had greatly distinguished himself, and had beaten the Prussian army, under the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, at the battle of Johannisberg; and, in 1788, he had had the command at Saint Omer, where the Dukes of Bourbon and Enghien, his son and grandson, accompanied him, and where he was adored by the soldiers. After the close of that war, he fixed his habitual residence at Chantilly, where, surrounded by men of letters, artists, and characters of eminence, he led a life of tranquil delight, and received in that enchanting spot the visits of every foreign prince or sovereign who entered France. Amongst these guests, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick was one who presented himself, and Condé, aware of the arrival of his former and defeated opponent, ordered the removal out of sight of a trophy formed from the cannon taken at Johannisberg, which, some years after the peace, had been presented to him as a mark of favour by Louis XV., and which formed one of the principal ornaments of the château.

"Prince," exclaimed the vanquished general, perceiving they were gone, and struck with the delicacy which would have spared him a painful recollection, "you have twice conquered me! by your arms in war, by your modesty in peace."

But it remains for historians to relate all that was noble in his life, and for me merely to speak of what I observed while serving for ten years under his orders. Long before emigrating, I had longed to rank myself among his followers, and, as soon as I arrived at Geneva, I declared my intention of doing so to those of my countrymen who, like me, were making their way to the post of honour.

I soon agreed with three of them to hire a conveyance which should carry us to Basle, whence we might make our way by posting into the Palatinate; but one thing weighed heavily on my mind,—the anxiety to let my father know that I was beyond the frontier. I could not post a letter to him from Geneva without exposing him to danger, and my mind was harassed with perplexity as to how I should in

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future ever obtain any tidings from, or hold any communication with, that home, which was the object of all my thoughts; like every one else, I formed projects of having recourse to indirect addresses and invisible inks; and confiding my difficulty as to the arranging this with my father to M. Bergasse's agent, he was so good as to promise to convey for me a few lines of thanks to that gentleman, and to get a letter to my father posted at Lyons.

[M. de R.'s narrative is then continued in a series of letters and journals, addressed to his father, and from which we will select the most striking parts.]

Worms, Nov. 1791.

. . . . . .

Our assemblage is composed not only of nobles and military men, who have hurried hither from every province, but also of men in office, merchants, and even labourers, all alike burning to assist in releasing the king from his fetters. Nothing can be more frank and loyal than the language of every heart; they seem all to belong to one family; while, among so many individuals of differing age and character, some have left behind a magnificent château, others but a simple mansion or a rustic dwelling, in which to them, however, there were a thousand charms. Many have quitted the wife of years, the young bride of yesterday, aged parents or tender children, for their country's sake; undertaking, to save her, this last of crusades, whose object is the support of Christianity and the rights of Monarchy. They have undertaken it, resolved to support, as simple privates, cold, hunger, and exile,—the dangers and the chances of war,—rather than ally themselves with men, traitors at once to their king and their country; and under the conviction that there was nothing better left them to be done, as Frenchmen and as Christians, than to come and enrol themselves under the banner of the lilies, beneath the guidance of the sons of St. Louis.

To hear them talk, the greater part of those who form, as it were, a people apart, in the midst of a foreign nation, one would believe that we should be in Paris within six months at the latest; a few persons, less sanguine in their hopes, dread the ascendant which the factious may attain during the course of the winter, especially if we do not, as many have been hoping, see any of the commanders of the fortresses come forward to offer to give up the keys to the princes, which would give us an advantageous footing on our own territory; but the others build upon an interview which the Count d'Artois had lately with the Emperor and the King of Prussia, at a country-house belonging to the Elector of Saxony, in which it appeared that these two sovereigns had taken the resolution of resorting to arms to stop the progress of the general overthrow. Independently also of the powerful support of these two monarchs, the King of Sweden, Gustavus III., appears to feel yet more for Louis XVI., and has appointed a meeting with the Prince of Condé at Aix-la-Chapelle, to concert with him a plan of attack upon the rebels: great success is looked for from an expedition directed by a prince of such chivalrous character; and with so much the more reason, as the Empress Catherine of Russia has promised aid in the enterprise. These, my dear father, are the grounds of the

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political discussions which day after day sees us renew; they, at least, serve to calm our uneasiness about the future, and to sooth the impatience caused by our present state of inaction.

Yesterday our joy was beyond everything! a rumour suddenly spread that the King had escaped from France. The Prince of Condé, who happened to be with the Princes at Coblentz at the moment they received the tidings,—instantly sent off an officer of his household to the Princess Louise, his daughter, in order that the body of emigrants at Worms might be informed of it as early as possible; and nothing could exceed the stir it occasioned amongst us; in an instant, streets, squares. inns, and the apartments of the château were filled with Frenchmen, all wild with joy; all abruptly accosting one another to obtain better information as to the foundation for news so important: everywhere men were seen grouped together, figures hurrying from one group to another, embracing, clasping each other's hands, all hearts full of a kindred feeling; some running to call those who were not there, and hastening backwards and forwards like men beside themselves, in the hope of learning more of what prognosticated so much; but it was necessary to wait for the Prince's return to learn the particulars at greater length: all feasted that day, few slept that night, each made a sacrifice to partake a repast a little costlier than his usual frugal meal, chiefly for the sake of the company of others, for the vehemence of our joy needed sympathy; the King was out of France! out of danger! The very Germans who looked on, sincerely shared in our delight, though without thinking it necessary to express their satisfaction by putting themselves into quite such a tumult. But, alas! for the morrow of so bright a day! The news was false; it was no doubt a mystification intended us by the Jacobins. An officer stationed by the Princes at the extremity of the frontier, had received the information, which was conveyed to him with great address, and notifying even the hour of the King's arriving at Remme, with his whole family, and he concluded it his duty immediately to despatch an express to the Princes, without waiting for further particulars; while they, taken by surprise, did not think of the necessity of examining into the reality of a fact which so answered their proudest wishes, before allowing it to be made public.

I have just had an interview with the Prince of Condé, who received me with the kindness of an old acquaintance, and a countenance that expressed peculiar pleasure to learn that I was an officer of artillery; it is a frequently-expressed wish of his to see himself surrounded, with men trained in that branch of military science. The chieftain has not forgotten that it was to the cannon himself had planted, he owed the victories of Grammingen and Johannisberg; their well-sustained and well-directed fire, crushing the masses of Prussian infantry, and allowing him to penetrate their ranks with his battalions.

The Prince questioned me a good deal as to the disposition of the officers and privates in my own regiment; and appeared to take much interest in what I told him of the state of Marseilles and

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Lyons, as well as of the general tone of feeling in France, as to the duration of the new constitution and the sincerity of the King's acceptance of it. I had the honour also of being presented to the Duke of Bourbon and the Duke d'Enghien: the affable mien and manner of both of whom have a charm which promises much for those who shall be so happy as to serve under their orders.

On the day of my arrival I had been favoured with an introduction to our general's daughter, the Princess Louise, as well as to the Princess de Monaco, both of whom are residing with the Princes in the Elector's château. Candour and kindness unite to give expression to the former's angelic countenance, while to the figure and air *distingué* of Madam de Monaco are added a look and manner in which there would be something far more imposing, were it not softened by the grace and gentleness of her address. Once enrolled in the army, you may present yourself at the château, whose saloons are always open to those who wish to do so, and of which two are vast enough to contain at once all those emigrant officers who may happen to be unoccupied, large as their number is; and thus you may find at any hour of the day a crowd of gentlemen in the great hall, who think they can never be near enough to the Princes, and fix themselves there from eight in the morning till eight at night. As soon as the Prince receives any news of importance, he communicates it to his brothers in arms, as he calls us; while we would give our lives as security for his, and those of his beloved children. There being some reason to fear an attempt on the part of the neighbouring garrisons to seize and carry them off, (a fear prophetic not *yet* to be fulfilled,) that of Landau in particular being but twelve or fifteen leagues distant, and a rumour having spread several times that the troops quartered there were likely to make an incursion upon Worms, (a report which cost more anxiety to the inhabitants than to us, whose whole impatience was for the moment when we might face the enemy,) the nobles who surrounded the Prince, entreated to be allowed to form themselves into a guard, an idea which he at first repulsed, replying to the request with a greatness of soul beyond the reach of lesser minds; all the leaders of our body, however, having persisted in their demand, and entreating it as a favour in the name of their subordinates to be allowed to provide for the safety of the Princes, the grandson of the great Condé replied, "I will consent, but upon one condition, that there shall be but twelve on duty at once, and that my comrades shall every day take their places at my table." To this circumstance we owe the honour of frequently taking our meals with his highness, and I have already mounted guard in this agreeable manner twice, and played a game at billiards with the young Duke d'Enghien; a prince of nineteen, and full of grace and spirit, and who treats us as comrades without losing that natural dignity which would retain us, even were we disposed to forget it, in the attitude of respect which himself and his father constantly maintain towards their chief, the Prince of Condé, and which resembles that of simple officers to their general.

The Prince has caused a few hundred muskets to be procured,

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which serve as a security against any *coup de main* seizure that may be attempted; and the officers of artillery collected at Worms, while waiting for brighter days, and above all for pieces of cannon, pass the day in their apartments practising with their weapons, and the evening in making ball-cartridges, of which we are forming a little depôt in the château, carrying them up there in a portmanteau, and M. de Montessor being our magazine-keeper. You see our army is as yet but ill-provided, so do not betray us!

Worms, Dec. 1791.

The day before yesterday an old officer of the regiment of Hesse Darmstadt, decorated with the cross of Malta, was discovered amongst us, and recognised by one of our officers as a very suspicious character; he mentioned it to two or three of his comrades, and they, without seeming to perceive anything, contrived to draw him into their lodgings, where they desired to know what he was doing here: finding himself known he lost confidence, and when more closely examined and threatened with death, he trembled excessively, and at last, upon a promise of pardon if he confessed his errand, avowed that he had been commissioned to assassinate the Prince, for whose death he was to receive ten thousand francs. It makes one shudder!

The name of this officer was Bazelot; he has just been transferred to a fortress, after having given the names of many of his accomplices in France.

The inhabitants of Worms, tormented by thoughts of the vengeance which may any moment be wreaked upon their town by the new rulers of France, for having received within its walls the Prince of Condé and his faithful companions, have just sent a deputation to his highness to entreat him to remove. The Prince immediately addressed the following notice to the troops.

"Gentlemen:—Our removal is requested; our wishes are thus crossed; but the further we proceed the more frequently shall we find it so; it is for us to raise ourselves above such things by our courage and firmness. I again promise, on the word of a prince and a gentleman, that I will never separate from you."

We know not yet *where* we are to go; it seems it is beyond the Rhine; into Suabia or Brisgau, perhaps into the principality of Ettenheim, which belongs to the Cardinal Prince of Rohan, as Bishop of Strasburg; it is a little territory, consisting only of a few villages, where assuredly we shall be closely packed. The Prince, however, thinks himself happy in the good intentions of the Cardinal, whose generosity has led him to offer everything he possesses to the Princes and their followers, without a thought of the inconvenience which may hereafter result to himself. We shall find ourselves there in larger force, as we are to be joined by several bodies of emigrants of recent formation, among others by the Legion de Mirabeau,—the Viscount Mirabeau, that true French chevalier, being its commanding officer.

Many sovereigns of states, alarmed doubtless by the menaces and virulent attacks levelled at them in the Constituent Assembly, re-

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ceive us under their protection with a very ill grace; and some even go so far as to interdict our entry into their limits.

This unlooked for and hasty decampment has thrown alarm into the minds of those who hurried hither in the persuasion that perhaps they might be even too late to join our martial progress into France. Some of these arrived with little or no money; many indeed could not well do otherwise, but then they had the good sense to put themselves, from the first, on a very frugal regimen; taking, some of them, but one meal a day at an inn, and contenting themselves with dry bread for the rest; while others boarded cheaply among the townspeople, or marketed for themselves in conjunction with some of their comrades. This comes the less amiss to officers who have long superintended the provisioning of their soldiers, and who now set about the same trade for themselves.

More than two-thirds of us no longer touch wine; and as for all else, the necessaries of life are cheaply procured in this part of Germany. The Prince of Condé, reflecting that many of us might stand in need of assistance to defray a journey we had not calculated upon, charged the commanding officer of each company to make it known privately that any one who wanted money should be supplied with three louis per month; the generous Bourbon, like the old crusaders, though deprived, like his companions in arms, of his revenues, yet resolved to share with his faithful chivalry the wealth he had brought along with him. We each looked in our purses, and every one who could find there a few louis, cried, "That will suffice me, with God's help!" For myself, I have scarcely five and twenty left; and regret amazingly now the money spent in vehicles and coaches between Geneva and Worms!

Oppenau, Jan. 1792.

The uncertainty we were under as to the object of our march, with which there mingled a sort of hope, together with the pleasures afforded to many by a mere change of place, dissipated in a great measure the clouds that overhung our minds; and all the companies composing the assemblage at Worms set off from thence in succession during the early part of this month, under the command of their respective captains, who are all general officers.

Orders were given not to march in troops, or in too large numbers, because, having to traverse the Palatinate and the Margraviate of Baden, it was well to avoid all risk of getting into difficulties. We marched, however, in small platoons, and scattered along the roads were to be me parties of nobles, some on foot, some on horseback, all with head erect and that gaiety of mien which implied no change of lot. Yet it was easy to discover under these different masks that they were men made to have played *another* part. The greater number carried upon their shoulders an enormous knapsack, containing the few articles of clothing necessary to a soldier, and, thanks to my youth and my strong shoulders, I contrived to introduce into mine my whole library, consisting, however, of only three books, "The Christian's Manual," the Artilleryman's, and a little German grammar; others slipped into theirs a pack of cards. The rest of

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our effects were to remain in depôt at Worms, till we should be once more stationary.

With some difficulty we crossed the Rhine at Manheim, the bridge of boats being unlinked and the river frozen; a few hours later and we should not have passed; and we are now regularly settled in the principality of Ettenheim. The Cardinal has fixed his residence temporarily in this little town, (Oppenau,) and has expressed a wish that the Princes should do so, as the place offering the best resources for their household; the gentlemen of the army are distributed by companies in the other towns under his authority, and he has given such positive orders to the different magistrates to treat us with all the attention due to men of rank in misfortune, that we are loaded with civilities.

The artillery are cantoned at Oppenau, with two divisions of the corps of infantry which is composed of nobles. The place is situated in a charming valley, offering us many resources; besides which we already know how to submit to privations; our recent route has given us a lesson, and the greater part of us make our soup ourselves, each one in turn; while nobody blushes to go and buy his meat himself, and carry it through the streets home; a singular contrast to our past life! What matters it? Everything is honourable our lot as soldiers of our King involves.

You will be curious to know how we pass our time in this lengthened exile: by day we ramble about the open country and the environs of Oppenau, endeavouring to trace out all the positions in which Turenne was able, by his genius, with so few soldiers, to make head against and repulse Monteculi, at the head of a much larger army. In passing Salsbach we stooped to kiss the turf where the fatal bullet cut short the days of that illustrious leader; and I, as an artillery soldier, recalled with pride to my comrades the noble speech of the artillery-general, St. Hilaire, wounded by the same shot as the Marshal, to his son, "It is not for me, but for that great man, you should weep!" There is no fragment of a ruined castle, no vestige of fortification, no point of rock, which we have not climbed, chart in hand, to figure to ourselves the combats of which history retraces such glorious memories; and often with an impatient hope that the thing is not to rest *there*. At our return from these certainly soldierlike excursions, we invariably find our soup most excellent, and the rest of our dinner only too little; and after dinner, in default of the Prince's fine saloons at Worms, we spend a part of our time in large apartments found in the inns here, called *stubs*, and very well warmed by enormous stoves, an advantage not to be appreciated in this cold climate.

The whole country being covered with pine-forests, every inhabitant has his store of wood, and there is no labourer or mechanic even who has not his little *salon* with its constantly lighted stove. The floors of these rooms are boarded, and they are generally very clean, and it is there that the family sit all day, taking their meals at a round table placed always either in an angle of the apartment, or in a kind of little turret so full of windows as to be a perfect lantern, in each of which a small lattice opens, of just size enough to admit a per-

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son's head through; and if anything is passing in the street or the fields near, everybody seizes upon one of these openings and puts his head out, the effect of which is extremely amusing to an out-of-door spectator, for we have a repetition of the picture every time a troop of us happen to go through a town or village street. Only fancy five or six heads, more or less, thrust all at once out of every house, and from story above story! a sort of school of *relief*, which seems to be a part of the architecture of every dwelling, the greater part painted in fresco, the visages cold and inanimate, the effect laughable from the variety of countenance and of coiffure.

This curiosity on the part of the worthy Germans is, however, very natural in a country where for two-thirds of the winter you cannot put your nose out of doors.

If the royalists who are still in France ever send a thought to us, as without doubt they do, they must wonder how those contrive to get on here who are by this time moneyless; a fate that becomes in time that of every one of us, for unhappily *none* of us foresaw that our absence might be long. Each has to economise his failing store, one to buy a horse with in the spring, another to support his wife or his children, another to nourish and retain the faithful domestic who has followed him from France, counting it his greatest happiness to remain with his master. Many are the instances we see of men of this class, noble and generous-hearted as their masters, coming and entreating them to accept their little hoard, the savings of twenty years of service, and the only resource left them against age and infirmity; and this without troubling themselves whether it be ever likely to be in their master's power to return what is all they have. They weep to see men, accustomed to every comfort, deprived of things made necessary to them by habit, the glass of wine or the cup of coffee their health requires,—while they themselves are contented with a glass of water and the few remains of their master's dinner-table. In fact, so anxious are they to have their grateful offers accepted, that the attack is daily renewed, in the hope of overcoming the delicacy which leads us to refuse them.

I see two of these men daily, whose conduct and proceedings I cannot cease admiring; nevertheless, my dear father, I congratulate myself on having followed your counsel, and left my own servant behind me, especially since I have youth and spirit to set against the difficulties of our career. I only wish I had set about economising sooner; but I was very far from aware, when at Marseilles or Geneva, how possible it was for a man of our grade to live upon fourpence or fivepence a day, and that without any risk of getting thin upon it.

Nevertheless, healthy as is this active and frugal life, and easily to be supported by young persons like me, it grieves one's heart to see many of our companions in the cause going through what to them must be great privations; magistrates, landed proprietors, once prosperous merchants, old chevaliers of Saint-Louis, retired after long service; easy citizens, who have left their rich hotels, accustomed to every luxury within, and every convenience of equipage abroad;—and now, what can one think to see them following on foot a column of the army through snow, rain, mud; often leading a wounded horse;

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or an animal laden with fodder; and with nothing to look forward to after their fatigues but one or two wretched beds, for which they must draw lots with straws, to see who among ten or twenty is to have one,—a scanty meal that is very little savoury,—and if they are ill, a rough cart to convey them, without any covering or shelter, from place to place? Happily a sort of polish of early education, which is never lost, leads us naturally to do all we can to provide for the need of these unwonted brethren in arms. What should we not be ready to do for such men, whose trade was never, or was no longer, war, with its toils and sufferings, but who have quitted their country and all they hold dear, to fight in this new crusade against the ingrate, the perjured, and the felon, let loose from hell to delay the blessings that France was looking for from the promises of the kind-hearted Louis!

Those emigrants, too, who are residing with their families in the frontier towns, come also to pay their court to the Princes, and beg to be put upon the lists of the army, their intentions being to enter our ranks at the first shot fired against the rebels.

An intelligent woman, very well known here, who has come from Alsace to do some commissions, and assures me she is certain of her passage over the Rhine, takes charge of these few lines for you, under the agreed address. She appears to me to be a trustworthy person, and one who detests, as we do, all *patriots*,—so at last a few words will reach you from your son; words not indeed all *couleur de rose*, and yet not altogether gloomy. They are, indeed, but a repetition of what I wrote you yesterday in the form of a journal, which perhaps you may receive, and look over some day, to show you that I often thought of you, when deprived of the means of any regular correspondence.

Adieu! health to you, and freedom,—I dare not add happiness! We must *hope* for that.

Oppenau, February, 1792.

We had a momentary hope of entering Strasburg, but must renounce the idea. The Prince of Condé caused the commandant of the city to be sounded, at least so it appears, hoping he might lend a hand to an enterprise, our object in which was to free the king and to save France,—(how often have we not heard this prince, Frenchman to the core as he is,—express his passionate wish to make his way to the foot of the throne without the aid of foreigners! and is it to be believed that French officers will obey without blushing the popular tyrants, when they see the standard of France approaching in the hands of the Bourbons?)—a fortuitous circumstance furnished him an occasion to concentrate his little army in the proximity of that fortress, and he thought that, if his entry into it were in any way facilitated, possession might be obtained, and chances result very advantageous to the repose of the country,—while in hazarding an attempt of this nature, he built upon the three thousand devoted hearts who waited but his orders to show the fourfold strength the arm can gather from chivalrous loyalty: but this happiness was not reserved for *us*; the art with which the Assembly put in motion its multiplied spies and emissaries defeated the plans of the Royalists,

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both here and among our comrades in Strasburg. The wrath of these mad demagogues redoubles; and shows itself not only in decrees against us, but still more in the anti-monarchical spirit they take pains to sow in every foreign state; it rises to such a point that many of the lesser sovereigns of Germany will not even grant an asylum to any emigrants in their territories, so great is the prevalence of timidity and ill-will in their councils.

We are now about shortly to quit this part of the country, to go, it is said, into the Electorate of Mayence, or into that of Treves; the government of either being among those most favourable to antique France. We are soon to lose sight, therefore, of the magnificent cathedral tower upon which our eyes so love to rest! our country's last boundary! Alas! the fortitude it needs to turn one's back upon one's native land! But can we shrink when it is a Condé who leads us?

[The reader may probably remember, in connexion with the events of this chapter, describing the shelter given to the family of the Condés, and their little army, in the territories of that proud house, which once made its motto, "*Prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis*"—a paragraph in the newspapers one or two years ago, that is, in forty or forty-one, noticing the death of the Princess de Rohan, and describing her as the wife, by an early and concealed marriage, of the flower of Condé's house, the young and ill-fated d'Enghien. The attachment was probably formed at this time.]

THE ISLAND OF PENANG.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "LITERARY LEAVES, OR PROSE AND VERSE."

I STAND upon the mountain's brow—
I drink the cool fresh mountain breeze—
I see thy little town below,
Thy villas, hedge-rows, fields, and trees,
And hail thee with exultant glow
GEM OF THE ORIENTAL SEAS!

A cloud had settled on my heart—
My frame had borne perpetual pain—
I yearned and panted to depart
From dread Bengala's sultry plain:
Fate smiled—Disease withholds his dart—
I breathe the breath of life again!

With lightened heart, elastic tread,
Almost with youth's rekindled flame,
I roam where loveliest scenes outspread,
Raise thoughts and visions none could name,
Save those on whom the Muses shed
A spell, a dower of deathless fame.

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I *feel*, but oh! could ne'er *pourtray*,
Sweet Isle! thy charms of land and wave,
The bowers that own no winter day,
The brooks where timid wild birds lave,
The forest hills where insects gay*
Mimic the music of the brave!

I see from this proud dizzy height
A lovely Lilliput below!
Ships, roads, groves, gardens, mansions white,
And trees in trimly ordered row†
Present almost a toy-like sight,
A miniature scene, a fairy show!

But lo! beyond the ocean stream
That like a sheet of silver lies,
As glorious as a poet's dream,
The grand Maldyan mountains rise,
And while their sides in sunlight beam,
Their dim heads mingle with the skies.

Men laugh at bards who live in *clouds*—
The clouds beneath me gather now,
Or gliding slow in solemn crowds,
Or singly, touched with merry glow,
Like giant shapes in snowy shrouds,
Or lucid veils on Beauty's brow.

While all around the wandering eye
Beholds enchantments rich and rare,—
Of wood, and water, earth, and sky,
A panoramic vision fair,—
The Dyal‡ breathes his liquid sigh,
And magic floats upon the air!

O lovely and romantic Isle!
How cold the heart thou could'st not please!
Thy very dwellings seem to smile
Like quiet nests 'mid summer trees!—
I leave thy shores—but weep the while—
Gem of the Oriental Seas!

* The bill trumpeter. † Nutmeg and clove plantations.
‡ A bird resembling the Indian nightingale in the sweetness of its note.

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MEN AND WOMEN.*

However dissimilar in outward form, books are like paintings; a library resembles a picture gallery. It may be true that the heavy looking volumes ranged in their long regiments of tiers upon the shelves of the one bear but little visible likeness to the gorgeous outspending of colours or the graceful outlines of forms which charm the eye and delight the mind with their glowing beauty as displayed upon the walls of the other, and yet, notwithstanding a difference, which is one of formation alone, books are as much pictures to the mind as are paintings to the eye. The author *paints the thought*, the artist paints the thing, and the similitude is close between the twain.

Now, though we are accustomed to hear fashion spoken of as a being, the breath of whose nostrils is caprice, we are tempted ourselves the rather to believe that its fluctuations are but reflections of other progressing changes. That strange, grotesque, ever-varying vision which hovers around us, dazzling and confusing our eyes with its flashings and flickerings, so all unlike a tangible shape in any of its attributes, appears to us but a reflection on a mirror rather than a self-existing form. Looked upon as a great body corporate, society is subjected to those impulses, which, like the tides of the ocean, save it from becoming stagnant. "Change is the diet on which all subsist, created changeable;" and without this restlessness of motion the world would be enthralled as with a mighty paralysis. What we call fashion does but reflect these changes, and instead of decrying their capricious variableness, we ought the rather to consider them as the exercise keeping the great body in health; as that play of the muscle and exercise of the limb requisite to their due developement; and if in obeying the great law of nature which has decreed that use of the functions is necessary to their due improvement, the world is sometimes thrown into grotesque and ungraceful action, we may perhaps be allowed to smile at the attitude which meets the eye, but not to scorn the exercise which is needful as a sanatory measure.

That these fluctuations are as much, nay, even more, evidenced in the pages of our literature than in any other reflecting medium, is self-evident. The tone and fashion of imaginative works vary perpetually as the feelings of society fluctuate. Sometimes we are sentimental, sometimes facetious; sometimes the highest flights of romance delight us, and then we fly off in the familiar vein; now we follow with breathless eagerness the deeds of high emprise, performed by the knights of the lofty days of chivalry, and then we betake ourselves to the knights of the Newgate Calendar: at one time we weep over the sorrows of a pair of spotless Damons and Delias, mingling our tears with theirs, and then we carry our sympathy to Tyburn Turnpike, and are lachrymal over the fate of a hero housebreaker, and some unhappy being whose womanly virtues

* By the author of "Susan Hopley."

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are all reversed and perverted, both odorous of that palace perfume rife at the corners of almost every street. But it were endless as well as needless to follow on the fluctuations of our fancies and our feelings; change we must have, and that not by gradations but extremes.

Thus it is that in late days we have descended from the sublime to the ridiculous. Miss Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and her spotless Wallace, have been compelled to give place to "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist." The annals of the pauper child have superseded the memory of the suffering patriot. We quarrel not with these changes. So that we be not insulted by the companionship of a Jack Sheppard, we are not only willing but glad to follow the footsteps of the parish foundling: and anxious, too, to learn the covert lesson of humanity lying in the path. And indeed extremes generally lead to their own cure. A just medium is often found between the two, marking the meeting-point of right feeling and good taste; and this brings us to the work which has elicited these observations.

In this just medium has the talented author of "Susan Hopley," a work yet fresh in the memory of all, fixed the position of his "Men and Women." Equally removed from those regions of false excitement, artificial sentiment, and all the bombast of grandiloquism, as from the coarseness of those scenes which unhappily have been too much hackneyed and paraded before our eyes of late, "Men and Women" stands on that scarcely before occupied middle ground which the impulses of authors have hitherto so generally overshot. In it we have simple Nature undistorted by the endeavour to strain after false effects, and undegraded by the coarseness of low associations; and it is in this just medium that the passions which bias us are marked by their strongest expression, have their fairest play, their fullest operation. Though possessing a most positive individuality, we are yet powerfully reminded of old favourites. Thus in the first few chapters of "Men and Women" we seem to be once again listening to Miss Edgeworth in her palmy days, when she brought plain good sense into fashion, even making it bear a premium; but then we lose sight of this sterling lady, by finding ourselves carried into a vein of sensibility and a tenderness of feeling which she might possibly have eschewed as perhaps tending to disorganize the elements of her philosophy. But this strain is not continued long enough to enervate the mind: we are suddenly introduced into scenes perfectly dissimilar, where perhaps our author is more peculiarly himself, from being most unlike all others. The simplest dialogue,—a simplicity which is the perfection of art because it is competent to hide the source of its own creation,—a dialogue replete with character, and full of the mental portraiture of every speaker, being perfectly just to the distinctive peculiarity of each individual, not only makes the reader perfectly familiar with all the depths as well as the surfaces of their nature, but carries him into a story of so much interest as at once to engross him from that which he had before conceived in the early portion of the narrative, for the different class of actors there introduced to his notice. For awhile he sees not how his clashing feelings of interest can be made to unite, but presently he is startled into a perception

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of the masterly power of the author, by discovering that the threads of the two narratives have been running simultaneously to a common point of union, from which they afterwards progress together. There is something strikingly effective in this most skilful arrangement of material. The mind naturally loves surprises, and here it is surprised into one. In the early portion of the work, the author paints with powerful pen the gamester and his family. We have a fine picture of the insane man hazarding his all of wealth upon the hazard of a die. It is a strange fact that whilst the sins in most cases tread on each other's heels in occupying the hearts of men, "the seven other spirits more wicked than itself," rushing in after the opening breach of entrance to take possession; yet in a few rare cases one solitary sin seems to engross the heart, making up, by its sole expansion, for the customary plurality. Thus the gambler is a man of a single fault, the enormity of that fault appearing to suffice for the contentment of the very Spirit of Evil. While hazarding not only the peace but the daily bread of a wife, whom while loving he was destroying, and of children to whom he could deny nothing, although he deprived them of everything, yet could that single sin have been expunged from his character, he would have stood out singularly amiable and loveable. We would be understood to speak of the gambler in the earlier portion of our history, before that dark cloud lowered over him, which we are not here intending to disperse. We are now only contemplating the man in the midst of his family; and pausing over the family group, we cannot but be struck with that air of truth and simplicity which pervades it. The girls in their undimmed beauty, unsullied by a single care, enjoying the world with a heartiness of appetite, enhancing into painful intensity the feelings of the wife and mother, who, rather than bring one shade of sorrow over those bright faces sooner than necessity enjoins, bears still the corroding care of the certainty of coming ruin pent up in her own heart, until the burning anguish has well nigh consumed her life. This family group is indeed inimitably painted, and the transition to rustic life is powerful from the comparison. We are carried at once into the quiet village, the sylvan scene, where Nature spreads out the fields with all their fair enamel, and robes the trees with verdure, and sets the sun in the heavens to pour out its flood of light over all. There, where the piety of those village forefathers have reared the spire which marks the spot where they themselves repose,—where, under the thatched roof the "swallow twitters from its clay-built nest," and from that happy spot beneath ascends the blue smoke, wreathing and curling in the quiet air,—there, round those happy hearths where parents and children gather, love making *home* the prototype of *heaven*,—does our author carry us. Seemingly strange, yet with a clear estimation of the truth, has he made anarchy arise in the spot where peace outwardly assumed its sovereignty, marking his perception of the fact that the calmest region offers the easiest occupation. It is from this locality, indeed, that there commences a narrative, which for powerful effectiveness may well thrill the heart. Without the slightest attempt to enhance the horrors which ensue, or even to convey them to us in touching language, the author has contrived to

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affect the mind far more powerfully by the apparent absence of design than he could have done by the utmost elaboration of skill. From the moment he enters on this, the engrossing portion of his narrative, it is extraordinary to note with what talent he has combined his plot together. Circumstances which at first sight appear irrelevant, and only told out of pure simplicity, afterwards show themselves to have been vital portions of the narrative, without which some link in the chain would have been imperfect; and it is only when we read the final page that we discover the singular skill of the combination which has thus made up so perfect a whole.

Reverting to our first observations, we should say that the favour with which this new school of design, peculiar to this author, and introduced by him, has been received, is a sign that a more healthy tone and more unadulterated taste is manifesting itself in the public mind. Equally removed from the false in sentiment and the vulgar in feeling, we have here all the simplicity of truth and nature. The phraseology is quaint and unaffected to a degree; the various characters are such as we may meet with in ordinary life; they speak, and move, and have their being, like those with whom we fall into daily communication, but they are placed in new and exciting circumstances, and thus we have the double advantage of seeing the familiar in the light of the new. The plot is one of admirable ingenuity and intense power, and, altogether, "Men and Women" is a work calculated not only to confirm, but to enhance, its author's reputation.

We introduce our readers into one of these scenes.

"From this period, Eastlake became hateful to the boy; the beauty and the splendour which had delighted him, whilst he hoped they might one day be his, now only served to aggravate his regrets; and he was glad when, being recalled to his father, he was relieved from the painful reminiscences they excited. Colonel Rivers, however, did not long survive his return to England; he died, and the young man found himself possessed of a little patrimony, upon which a person who had never looked higher might have lived very contentedly. Not only had his father sold out before his death, and realized a handsome sum, but Sir John Eastlake, when he suddenly found himself so rich a man, had generously presented his sister with a considerable addition to her fortune, the whole of which became the property of the young Marmaduke. But, unhappily, he could not forget what he had once expected; and shortly after the death of her husband, Lady Eastlake was surprised by the intelligence, that Mr. Rivers, as the next heir to the estates, was moving to throw them into Chancery; an intention which was immediately followed up, and executed; and although for the fifteen years that ensued, till her son came of age, the allowances were so handsome, that the result of these proceedings did not in reality make much difference to her, yet it widened the breach between her and the young man; and on her part, if not on his, converted dislike into a much stronger feeling.

"Thus, as we have observed, should her son die before her, leaving no posterity, her situation would, in every respect, be a very painful one—but how should he die? A man in the prime of life, with the most vigorous constitution, reasonably temperate and careful; neither hunting, nor riding steeple-chaces, nor driving tandems, nor tenacious, nor quarrelsome—and surrounded by all the circumstances favourable to health and life that wealth undeniably affords—it seemed so improbable that Lady Eastlake, whose calculations postponed her own death to the latest

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possible period—a period so remote that she could only discern one thing certain with respect to it, and that was, that it would precede her son's—considered herself as assured of enjoying her present condition, provided her son remained single till the last hour of her existence, as if the baronetcy, together with the estates and honours annexed to it, had all centred in her own proper person. In short, that he would outlive her, was a point she as little doubted as that he lived at all.

"Thus, all her influence, which was considerable, and her policy, which was deep and vigilant, were devoted to the one darling and selfish object, of keeping her son unmarried; and as he was already past the age in which people live in the imminent danger of falling over head and ears in love every day of their lives, and as the habits of celibacy and the confirmed love of roving were also propitious to her wishes, the chances seemed considerably in favour of her gaining her object.

"Sir John had written to his mother that, if she did not hear to the contrary, she might expect him to dinner on that evening. Towards the middle of the day, the groom arrived with his horses; his master, he said, had dismounted, and intended to come home by the wood in order to shoot a few pheasants. Mr. Groves was with him. However, when the dinner hour arrived, Sir John had not made his appearance. Lady Eastlake and her guests were assembled in the drawing-room.

"'He can't be shooting now, at all events,' said the hostess. 'He must have stopped somewhere on his way. Perhaps at Otterly.'

"'Not unlikely,' said Lord Belton. 'He has fallen in with Grenville somewhere, and he has insisted on taking him home with him—once there, there would be no possibility of his getting away. If persuasion wouldn't keep him, Grenville would rather tie him to one of the bedposts than let him escape. I know Grenville of old.'

"'Yes,' said General Goring, 'Grenville has the mania of hospitality to a degree that's truly alarming. One has as much difficulty in escaping out of his house as if it were a prison, or an asylum for the insane.'

"'I avoid him as I would a bum-bailiff or a sheriff's officer,' said Colonel Wrangham. 'Once caught, its all over with you.'

"'What a terrible man!' said Lady Colman. 'And do you suppose he has really caught Sir John?'

"'Upon my word, I'm afraid he has,' said Lady Eastlake. 'I can't imagine anything else that could detain him.'

"'Unless he has been taken in one of his own snares,' said Captain Wilmot.

"'Then he's got Groves with him to set him free,' said Lady Eastlake. 'I should be uneasy if Groves was not with him.'

"'Trusty Mr. Groves!' said Lord Belton. 'Groves is a jewel.'

"'He's not without his faults,' said Lady Eastlake; 'but he's very much attached to Sir John. There's eight o'clock,' she continued, as the or-molu clock on the mantel-piece began playing 'Charmante Gabrielle.' 'We really must not wait any longer. I'll ring for dinner. No appearance of your master, Burton?' she said to the butler, when he answered the bell.

"'No, my lady.'

"'Then it's no use waiting—we'll have dinner;' and presently afterwards it was announced.

"'Who will take my son's place? Lord Belton, will you do me the favour?'

"'With pleasure, though I shall be a very unworthy representative. Sha'n't I, Lady Frances?'

"'It's a matter of taste,' said Lady Frances, who was yet unmarried, as was also Lord Belton.

"'I rather fancy Frances is of a different opinion, as well as her 'her,' said the Countess of Carleon, in a low voice, to Lord Belton.'

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"'What are you saying about my opinion, mamma?' said Lady Frances. 'I wish you'd only answer for your own;' for poor Lady Frances was too conscious of the correctness of the implication not to shrink from hearing it.

"'Oh,' said Lord Belton, who did not value Lady Carleon's implied compliment enough to appropriate it, 'Eastlake's a capital fellow! I don't know a finer fellow than Eastlake. We were at Eton together, and we were always great friends—and what a fine place this is of his! Excellent sporting country, too—by the bye, I wonder Eastlake doesn't keep hounds. Lady Eastlake, I wonder Sir John doesn't keep hounds. There couldn't be a better country to hunt over.'

"'Why, my son, I'm happy to say, is not very fondof hunting; and he has, therefore, the less merit in conforming to my wishes in that respect. When he went out with the hounds as a boy, it used to make me so dreadfully nervous, that I conjured him to give it up, and he has very kindly done so.'

"'Well, Lady Eastlake, you may flatter yourself that you have more influence than most wives would have had,' said Lady Colman. 'I never knew a man that gave up hunting—or anything else, indeed—to please his wife, in my life. There was poor Mrs. Greatorex—how she did entreat Mr. Greatorex to give it up—at last, she actually went on her knees to him. But he wouldn't; and I believe it was the very week after that he broke his neck.'

"'Well, I think he deserved it, for his obstinacy,' said Lady Eastlake.

"'But *she* didn't deserve it, poor thing!' returned Lady Colman. 'You know she was left miserably. She'd had no settlements, for it was a runaway match; and his personal property was almost nothing.'

"'And didn't he make any provision for her in his will?'

"'He never could be persuaded to make one,' said Lady Colman. 'Many a time she conjured him to do it, but he wouldn't.'

"'Ah,' said Lord Belton, 'he was afraid she wouldn't air his linen so carefully, I dare say. Greatorex was extremely curious on that point. He was persuaded he was to die some day of a damp shirt, and he insisted on her superintending that branch of his personal economy herself.'

"'Well, really, till Greatorex died,' said Captain Wilmot, 'I never could comprehend his wife's devoted attachment. I remember, pious Mrs. Huntingdon used to lift up her hands, and pronounce it a beautiful instance of conjugal affection.

"'Well, it's a shocking thing to be left in that manner,' said Lady Colman, 'after being bored with a man so long—taking such trouble about him as she did, too.'

"'You know, Greatorex was a bit of a chemist,' said General Goring. 'Perhaps he analyzed the nature of her affection a little too curiously.'

"'She got just as much as she deserved,' said Sir James Colman. 'She's a d——d—humph—I won't say what.'

"'No, for heaven's sake don't!' said his wife.

"'I hope Lady Colman's wasn't a runaway match,' said Lord Belton, in a whisper, to Lady Carleon.

"'Oh, no; a splendid settlement,' said the countess.

"'I'm sure she's a very good woman,' said Lady Colman. She took the greatest possible pains to cure him of his horrid habit of swearing.'

"'Her success was not altogether perfect, I'm afraid,' said Captain Wilmot. 'I understood he died damning his groom for not having drawn his girths tight enough.'

"'Ah, he died before his education was completed—that was not her fault, you know,' observed Lord Belton.

"'Eastlake has been staying at Calderwood, hasn't he?' said General Goring to Lady Eastlake.

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"'He has been there nearly a fortnight,' replied she. 'I expected him home last week. I can't think what has kept him there so long.'

"'There's capital shooting there, I believe,' said Captain Wilmot.

"'And two remarkably pretty girls,' said Lord Belton. 'They were in London last season. You must have seen them, Wilmot?'

"'Very handsome creatures, indeed,' returned Wilmot. 'I'm not surprised at Sir John's protracted visit.'

"'I shouldn't wonder if he's gone back again,' said Lord Belton. 'Tried coming away, and found it wouldn't do.'

"'Gone back to look after his heart,' said Wilmot.

"'Hush!' said Lady Carleon. 'You're on dangerous ground—there are some things that shouldn't be mentioned even in jest. You know he's not to marry.'

"'He will when his time comes, like everybody else,' said Lord Belton. 'It's like dying—people can't help it.'

"'What a cheerful simile!' said Wilmot. 'It quite disposes one to matrimony—doesn't it, Lady Frances?'

"'It does not dispose me,' replied Lady Frances, who thought Lord Belton was manifesting a great deal more indifference than became him. 'I think people are much better single.'

"'So do I,' said Belton, 'if one could only keep so.'

"'What sort of neighbourhood have you here, Lady Eastlake?' inquired Captain Wilmot.

"'Rather dispersed, but very good,' replied the hostess. 'You'll see them all on the twentieth.'

"'Ah, I recollect, Eastlake mentioned you were going to have a ball.'

"'It's his birthday,' said Lady Eastlake, 'and I always like to distinguish it by some sort of celebration. A day,' she added, 'which I have so much reason to rejoice in.'

"'You have every reason, indeed!' said Lady Carleon. 'Every motive for pride and satisfaction.'

"'I am very fortunate,' said Lady Eastlake; 'and very sensible of it, I assure you. Burton! Where is Burton?' she added, looking round. 'Why does he leave the room?'

"'He was sent for, my lady,' replied one of the footmen. 'Somebody wanted him.'

"'Wanted him! Who could want him? Is it your master?'

"'I don't know, my lady.'

"'Go and see! I dare say it is.'

"'No, my lady,' said another footman; 'it's only Mr. Groves.'

"'Without his master? How very extraordinary! Desire Groves to come here, directly!'

"'He's shut up at Otterly, rely upon it,' said Lord Belton. 'We shall be obliged to make a *sortie* to effect his release.'

"'Where is Groves?' said Lady Eastlake. 'Why doesn't he come and explain where his master is? Desire him to come immediately.'

"'Groves is the ambassador,' said Lord Belton, 'sent to entreat our aid.'

"One servant after another left the room, but nobody came back again, though, by the sound of their voices, they all seemed to be congregated in the hall.

"'This is really insupportable!' exclaimed Lady Eastlake, about to rise from her chair.

"'Give me leave!' said Lord Belton; and, going to the door, he called out, 'Mr. Groves?' in a tone of authority that produced an immediate 'Yes, my lord;' and Groves stepped forward.

"'Come in!' said Lord Belton. 'Lady Eastlake wishes to speak to you.'

"Mr. Groves was a good-looking young man, with a fair complexion,

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gray eyes, and light brown hair, with the air, dress, and manner of a valet of the first water; grave, silent, and, when in his usual assiette, perfectly collected and self-possessed. His complexion was generally rather florid, but it was now stone colour; and his features had a fixed expression of sternness that looked as if he had been screwing himself up to the degree of firmness, or hardness, necessary to the dreadful task of communicating to Lady Eastlake the lamentable fate of her son. His hair, which generally curled, was now quite wet with perspiration, and hung matted and disordered over his forehead.

"'Where have you left your master?' said Lady Eastlake; 'why is he not returned?'

"Mr. Groves' lips moved; but in spite of the efforts he had made to work himself up to the desired pitch of resolution, his voice failed him, and nothing audible proceeded from them.

"'Where?' said Lady Eastlake; for the candle-light and the position in which he stood somewhat concealed the expression of his countenance, and seeing the motion of his lips, she fancied he had spoken.

"'There has been an accident,' said Mr. Groves, in indistinct accents.

"'Where? at Otterley? I don't hear what you say, Groves. Come here.'

"Groves advanced a few steps, and said, with more firmness,

"'Master has met with an accident.'

"'An accident!' cried Lady Eastlake. 'Good God! What accident? Why don't you speak out? Why do you keep me in this suspense? He's not hurt—he's not seriously hurt? Where have you left him?'

"'He's in the wood, at the Four Stones.'

"'In the wood at this hour! What, has he sprained his ancle? He hasn't broken his leg?'

"'No,' answered Groves.

"'But what *has* happened?' said Lord Belton. 'Have the goodness to explain. What is the nature of the accident?'

"'His gun went off—'

"'O God of heaven!' cried Lady Eastlake, sinking back in her chair—'he's wounded! he's killed!'

"'No, no,' said Lord Belton. 'I hope not—the man's bewildered with the fright. Here, Groves, take a glass of wine;' and, pouring out a tumbler of Madeira, he handed it to the valet, whose hand shook and teeth chattered against the glass whilst he drank it. 'Try and collect yourself, and tell us what has happened. Where is Sir John Eastlake wounded?'

"'Here,' answered Groves, laying his hand on his own breast.

"'Oh!' groaned out Lady Eastlake, clasping her hands, and closing her eyes, which had been hitherto intensely fixed on the narrator of this dread story.

"Lord Belton hesitated to pursue the inquiry. 'I think,' said he looking towards the ladies, 'you had better conduct Lady Eastlake to her chamber!' The ladies rose.

"'Speak!' said Lady Eastlake, quitting her recumbent attitude, and sitting erect in her chair, with her eyes again fixed on the face of the valet—'speak it at once—is he dead?'

"'He's dead!' said Mr. Groves, and having said the words, nature sunk under the too great effort, and he fainted.

"The gentlemen rose; the ladies collected round Lady Eastlake, and Lord Belton advanced to offer her his arm, but she motioned them all back; whilst slowly, and with a calmness almost awful under such circumstances, she rose from her seat and quitted the room. Mr. Groves was carried away by the footmen to the steward's room; Lord Belton and General Goring in one carriage, and Burton, the butler, with two footmen, in another, started immediately for the Four Stones, calling at the village for the apothecary as they passed. The rest of the company resumed their

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seats; Sir James Colman finished his dinner, which he saw no reason for relinquishing because his host was dead; the gentlemen took several bumpers of claret, and recommended the ladies to fortify their nerves by the same remedy; and then, in a low tone, and with countenances where amazement still sat, they discussed the dreadful occurrence and its consequences."

* * * * * * *

"'Describe how he was shot? From what direction?'

"'From behind my back.'

"'Did you look round to see who it was?'

"'No, I couldn't take my eyes from him.'

"'What did he do when he was shot?'

"'He held up his whip at the person, and swore.'

"'Then he saw the person who shot him?'

"'I think he did.'

"'Did he say anything else? Didn't he name anybody?'

"'No; just as he was falling he called out for Mr. Groves twice.'

"'And that was all?'

"'Yes; that was all.'

"'And you have no suspicion whatever of who it was that did it?'

"'None.'

"'You have no reason to believe that it was any relation of your own?'

"'Not any.'

"'How far is the spot called the Four Stones from where you live?'

"'About five miles.'

"'And did you go there alone?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did your father and mother know of your going?'

"'No,' replied Hannah Graham; 'we knew nothing about it.'

"'Hush, woman!' said Geordie; 'wait till you're spoken to.'

"'Allow me to ask you what was the motive of your taking so long a walk by yourself?'

"Lucy was silent, whilst Hannah looked all eagerness to speak, but was restrained by her husband's reproof.

"'You must have had some object,' continued Mr. Dimond. 'You must tell us what it was.'

"'I went there to meet a friend,' replied Lucy.

"'Your brother?' inquired Mr. Granger.

"'No,' eagerly answered Hannah; 'it wasn't her brother.'

"Lucy also answered 'No.'

"'You must tell us who it was.'

"'It was a young man.'

"'Your lover, perhaps?'

"'Yes,' answered Hannah, in spite of Geordie's frowns.

"'What is his name?'

"'William Bell,' answered Lucy, in a faltering voice.

"'And did you meet him?'

"'I saw him.'

"'Was it before Sir John was shot, or afterwards?'

"'Afterwards.'

"'And what passed after his arrival?'

"'I bade him fly,' said Lucy; for now she saw that a candid relation of what had passed was more likely to exonerate William than any attempt at concealment. 'I bade him fly, for I thought it was he that had done it; but he said that he had no cause to fly, for it was not him. Then he loosened Sir John's cravat, and sprinkled water on his face, to try to bring him to himself, but he found he was quite dead.'

"'Had he seen Sir John fall?'

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" ' No, but he heard the report of the gun.'
" ' Where was he at the time?'
" ' In the wood, coming towards the Four Stones.'
" ' And did he not mention that he had seen anybody on his way?'
" ' No; he said he had seen nobody.'
" ' Have you any reason to believe that your brother was in the neighbourhood at the time?'
" ' No, not any.'
" ' Have you more than one brother?'
" ' No, only one.'
" ' Where is he now?'
" ' I don't know.'
" ' Have you seen him since Sir John was shot?"
" ' No.'
" ' How long is it since you saw him?'
" ' Three or four days. He's away from home.'
" ' But,' said Lord Belton, ' you saw Mr. Groves, didn't you?'
" ' Yes, I did.'
" ' And was the young man you speak of with you when Mr. Groves arrived?'
" ' No, he was gone.'
" ' What! did he leave you there alone with the body?'
" Lucy blushed, and was silent.
" ' Pray, what time,' said Mr. Dimond, ' may have elapsed between Sir John's death and the arrival of Mr. Groves?'
" ' I should think about half an hour, but as I fainted I don't know.'
" ' And did anybody assist in recovering you when you fainted?'
" ' William Bell threw water in my face.'
" ' Then he arrived whilst you were in a state of insensibility?'
" ' Yes, he did.'
" ' And this young man had left you before Mr. Groves arrived?'
" ' Yes.'
" ' That seems very singular. What was his reason for going?'
" Lucy was silent.
" ' He'd reason enough,' said Hannah.
" Lucy's eyes filled with tears, and the large drops began to chase each other down her cheeks, whilst Geordie cast at his wife a look of indignation and reproach.
" ' I am sorry to distress you,' said Mr. Dimond, ' but we must be informed of the young man's motive for leaving you.'
" ' We heard Mr. Groves coming,' sobbed out Lucy.
" ' Oh, that was all! I understand. And you did not wish to be found together?'
" Lucy was silent, whilst her mother gave a significant ' Humph!'
" ' Perhaps,' said Lord Belton, kindly, ' your attachment is not sanctioned by your parents.'
" There was a moment's silence, and then Hannah Graham, with a glance at her husband and daughter that said ' I will speak,' blurted out, ' He's a deserter from his regiment, and that's why he durstn't be seen!'
" The tears rolled over Geordie's face, and Lucy's sobs were like to rend her breast. The magistrates were affected; Lord Belton turned away, and drew his hand across his eyes; Burton looked extremely sympathetic, and Mr. Groves wept outright.
" ' Perhaps you had better retire, Groves,' said Lord Belton. ' Your nerves have been so shaken that you are not able to bear this painful scene. I believe,' he said, addressing the magistrates, ' his attendance may be dispensed with at present.'
" The magistrates acceded, and Mr. Groves attempted to rise, but his trembling knees would not support him, and Burton had to assist him out of the room.

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"'This is becoming very distressing,' said Mr. Dimond, 'and I am very sorry to press you with further questions, but we must be informed of every particular that can tend to throw a light on this unfortunate business. This young man, then, is a deserter?' Lucy answered only by her tears. 'Pray, on what account did he desert? Was it on your account?'

"'I believe it was,' sobbed Lucy.

"'The truth is,' said Hannah, hardening herself against her husband's looks and her daughter's tears, 'the truth is, that he was jealous of the squire; that it was brought him here.'

"'No, mother,' said Lucy, 'it was because he didn't get any letters from me that William came.'

"'Here's his own words,' said Hannah, drawing a letter from her pocket, and presenting it to the gentlemen—'he tells himself plain enough why he deserted.'

"This proved to be William's letter—the one that Lucy had got from her cousin at the post-office the day before, which Mrs. Graham had found in her daughter's bosom, when she undressed her and put her to bed, in a fainting state, on the preceding evening.

"The letter consisted of but a few lines. It had no date, but the post-mark showed that it had been sent from a place about thirty miles from Eastlake, two days before. It was evidently written under considerable irritation and excitement, and was to the effect, that the writer 'had deserted from his regiment, at the certain forfeiture of his life, in consequence of the reports that had reached him about Sir John Eastlake, and her refusing to explain them and satisfy his doubts, in spite of his repeated entreaties that she would do so. The writer then proceeded to say, that be the risk to himself what it might, he was determined to see her; that he would be at the Four Stones for that purpose at such a time, where, if she wished to prevent the *most fatal consequences*, she would meet him—if she did not arrive within a certain period, he should at once proceed to the village. The words *most fatal consequences* were underlined with double marks. The letter was signed 'William Bell.'

"After conferring for a few moments amongst themselves, the gentlemen proceeded with the examination.

"'Then the young man, William Bell, left you because he didn't wish to be found by Mr. Groves?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did you know it was Mr. Groves that was coming?'

"'No, we didn't know who it was; but in his situation he didn't wish to be seen by anybody; besides, he was afraid that, being a deserter, he would be suspected of the murder.'

"'He said that, did he?'

"'Yes, he said so, when I pressed him to stay, because I knew he was innocent.'

"'How do you know that?'

"'I'm certain of it. He told me so, and I should have known if he had not been telling the truth. Besides, if he had done it, he would have owned it to me at once.'

"'In all probability, under such circumstances, he would,' said Lord Belton, in a low voice, to the magistrates.

"'There's no saying,' replied Mr. Dimond. 'There's almost always a re-action immediately after a desperate act is committed; a man loses his nerve, the motives that caused the crime appear weak and insufficient, and his terror extinguishes his passion.'

"'Then the young man was gone before Mr. Groves arrived? Which way did he go?'

"'He got over the wall.'

"'Over the wall! Pray, can you mention what he wore upon his head—had he a hat?'

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"'No; he had a fur cap.'
"'Had he any arms?'
"'None, that I saw.'
"'And have you no reason to suppose that Mr. Groves saw him?'
"'No, I'm sure he did not.'
"'What did Mr. Groves say when he arrived and saw his master dead?'
"'He asked me who did it?'
"'And what did you say?'
"'I said I believed his gun had gone off and shot him.'
"But why did you say that, when you tell us that he was shot from behind you, and that you believe Sir John saw his assassin?'
"'I wasn't sure of anything.'
"'And what did Mr. Groves do then?'
"'He looked to see if Sir John was quite dead, and then he said that if I would stay there, he would come to the castle for assistance.'"

THE WIFE OF A POPULAR MAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! what grief in my family circle was shown,
When I wrote a refusal to Benjamin Drone,
Young, handsome, good-natured, of character clear,
And owning estates of three thousand a year:
Mamma gave me heart-stricken looks through the day
Like Jenny's sad mother in "Auld Robin Gray,"
But the thought in my head unremittingly ran
That my hand would be sought by a Popular Man!

My lover all tastes and all fancies must hit,
Uniting the scholar, the sage, and the wit;
At home with the gay and the grave he must be,
Skilled alike in wise converse, and brisk repartee;
His presence must light o'er the drawing-room fling,
Entranced amateurs must conjure him to sing,
He must write—learned critics his poems must scan,
And stamp the young bard as a Popular Man.

I was soon by the gay, gifted Brightly addrest,—
(Oh! what evil oft lurked in a granted request!)
I wedded—and deemed in ecstatic delight,
That fairy-land soon would beam on my sight;
But often the fairy-gift mocks and deceives,
And mine was converted to withering leaves,
When the process of stern disenchantment began,
Known too well by each wife of a Popular Man.

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I find Brightly's spirits are ever in tune
At the lecture-room, library, hall, and saloon;
No shadow presumes o'er his genius to come,
Till it casts off its visiting habit at home;
There, the envied possessor of fame universal
Divides the dull hours between sloth and rehearsal;
There, toils the *bon-mots* and impromptus to plan,
That the world daily claims from the Popular Man.

I thought by reflected effulgence to shine,
And deemed that his wit might do duty for mine;
Vain hope—all his friends, I can easily see,
Stand amazed how his choice should be fixed upon *me*.
I fail in light banter, or sage conversation,
I am never prepared with a happy quotation,
And they say in their hearts—"What a clog and a ban
Is a common-place wife to a Popular Man!"

Meanwhile, like a cherished young queen on her throne
Is the bride lately wedded to Benjamin Drone:
She sings in fair style, and he hangs on her strain
As though Malibran charmed a wrapt audience again;
She writes album lyrics with passable taste,
And he deems L. E. L. to the world is replaced;
Poor girl!—what shrewd eyes her pretensions would scan,
Were she known as the wife of a Popular Man!

Our scanty finances grow weekly more low,
We have nothing for comfort, and little for show,
Yet Brightly, contented new laurels to gain,
Talks and writes about riches with noble disdain!
His "greatness of mind" constant flattery claims
From poetical maids and romance-writing dames,
But alas! not a soul of the blue-stocking clan
Ever flatters the wife of a Popular Man!

A moment's attention I rarely can find
From these high-flown etherial "daughters of mind,"
Save my raised fevered flush gives the cheering presumption
That I glow with the deep hectic tint of consumption!
Then, my symptoms by each anxious damsel are reckoned,
Who longs to become Mrs. Brightly the second,
And would fain see the days dwindled down to a span
Of the wife so ill-matched with a Popular man.

Learn wisdom, dear girls, at another's expense,
And smile on the suitor of plain homely sense;
You may still take an interest (tempered by reason)
In the bard of the boudoir, the star of the season,—
Nay, sometimes rejoice such a partner to get
In the acted charade, gallopade, or duet;
But don't think of trying the conjugal plan
With society's idol—the Popular Man!

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The War in China. Narrative of the Chinese Expedition, from its Formation in April 1840, *to the Treaty of Peace in August* 1842. By D. Macpherson, M.D., Madras Army, attached to the service of his Highness the Nizam, and lately with the 37th Grenadier Regiment in China. Third Edition.

The high opinion we expressed of this interesting work on its first appearance at the close of last year, renders it scarcely necessary that we should do more than announce the publication of this its *Third* Edition. We understand a considerable number of copies have been called for in China, and certainly Dr. Macpherson's gallant associates could not have paid his work a higher compliment. We observe a great improvement in the present edition. The omission of the dispatches and other official documents, which have so generally appeared in the papers, and instead of these the insertion of a good map of the coast, a view of the harbour of Chuck-pie-wan, Hong Kong, and an excellent portrait of the author, in the costume of a mandarin. We also notice another improvement, which is in the title; it is now called "The War in China," &c., which is the fact, for it details the whole of the occurrences of that important period, and may therefore take its place in the library as the only complete and authentic record of our late brilliant achievements. We cannot forbear quoting the following interesting remarks, with which Dr. Macpherson concludes his very able narrative:—

"Our repeated victories on the coast of China, the noble display of so many British ships close to the gates of the ancient capital, our possession

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of the great canal, the chief artery of the empire, and the extraordinary and unnatural power imputed to our *devils' ships*, or steamers, have at length convinced the emperor and his advisers of the utter futility of further resistance on their part; and in dread of a nearer approach to the capital of the empire, they were glad to 'bow gracefully,' and conclude peace on any terms.

"Our moderate demands will for ever redound to the credit of Great Britain. We have paved the way to the utter extinction of that exclusiveness and idea of supremacy hitherto insisted on by the Celestial Empire; and we have laid open a most valuable mart of commerce to the world at large; and, with the help of Providence, we yet may be instrumental in sowing the seeds of Christianity amongst a skilful and intelligent people."

Nelsonian Reminiscences. Leaves from Memory's Log. By G. S. Parsons, Lieut., R.N.

Literature, like men, may be divided into two classes: the one numerous as a host, the other few as its leaders: the one seeing nothing but the actual, the apparent, the positive, standing in a fixed position on immoveable ground: the other imaginative, suggestive, fluctuating, and impelling the thoughts into new regions and a succession of unceasing changes. In short, books are so far like men, that the multitude may well be read with ease, and their contents made matter of facile mastery; whilst the few are suggestive of contemplations which may lead the intellect into illimitable discursiveness.

These Nelsonian Reminiscences partake of this latter character. They have a strong tendency to induce this travelling of the mind. Their highly graphic cast seems to realize the interesting scenes which they describe, and the actions of those scenes impel the thoughts into many a new as well as varied channel. It can hardly be said that the book belongs to a class, possessing as it does a distinctive character of its own. The new spirit of literature which has been breathed over the brave, the manly, the energetic race of our seamen, has not only imparted an elevation of character to their dauntless courage, but has assuredly exercised a moral influence over their mental constitution, always distinct from that of home-loving, land-loving men. Previously to our own times, it was a rare thing to see letters cultivated in the vast sea-world, and men unwisely thought that literature would find a soil as little genial to her fructification as would the trees of the earth planted in the ocean. That there is something eminently distinctive in these sea-born productions is not only undoubtable, but highly recommendatory; it gives a raciness to these marine volumes which is their greatest charm. Marryat, Chamier, The Old Sailor, and many others, are thus distinguished as sea-authors, but Lieutenant Parsons, the author of these "Nelsonian Reminiscences," stands distinctly separate from them all. No taint of coarseness pollutes his merriest mood: a certain air of candour and truthfulness recommends him to our confidence, and a degree of feeling and humanity, which we would fain believe to be inseparable from true bravery, seems to respond to every claim upon their sympathies, and these, if we may call them so, qualities of his own, are distinguishable in every page of his writing.

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The world has ever a pleasure in exploring fresh scenes, in investigating fresh characters: the sea is that new world, and its citizens those new people. After all that has been done, we are not yet familiarized with them, and rich veins of humour and deep channels of intellect remain to be exhibited. The heart of man is a many-fathomed well, and deep must be the line which can tell its soundings. We speak not now of the imaginative, but of the real. The seaman is altogether different from the landsman. He has a thousand peculiarities, a thousand prejudices. If he have no new passions, the old are differently proportioned. At the least, the surface of his character is varied, whatever may be its depths. His mirth is as reckless as his daring: his love of frolic all but equals his love of enterprise. The habits, too, of these floating cities are most unlike to those whose foundations are laid on *terra-firma;* the sternest discipline is maintained in the extremity of frantic riot; the madness of mirth may echo amid the raging of the hurricane; curses alternate with laughter; the dying shrieks of the slaughtered with the acclamations of the victors. In no condition of life is man's wild frenzy more infuriated, or his passions more fearfully excited; and yet, contrariwise, in no condition are the quirks and pranks of a vagrant merriment more welcomed or more cherished, or practical jesting carried to a greater extent. With such elements to work upon, there is little wonder that when the spirit of authorship is breathed over the waters there should arise many new creations, many vigorous and powerful combinations; in short, that there should spring up a new class in the arena of our literature.

But the work before us, in addition to this novel interest, possesses also another, opposite but even more powerful. It not only presents us with what is new, but revives all the powerful associations that rivet the old upon us. Men, whose names are illustrious in the annals of our country, are here brought into intimate association with us: and, most of all, the hero whose public life was spent in devotion to his country, is prominently and faithfully exhibited before us. These Reminiscences of Nelson are interesting in a double aspect, both because they are graphic and animated, and because they bring before us the private life of the man whose victorious career has made the legacy of his name a watchword for naval valour. It often happens that men who live to the world in public live to themselves in private, and it is a curious speculation to trace out the extent of what a man does to satisfy the expectations and win the approbation of others, and what he does simply to please and satisfy himself. Our author is an honest chronicler: if he have any leaning, it is to that of a naval pride in the great naval hero; and, for our own part, we are always sensible of a tendency to look with leniency on the liking which is apt to grow up in the feelings of a narrator towards the subject of his pen. There is, indeed, something paternal in the attachment which an author contracts towards his hero, whether it be in real or fictitious narrative; but when we remember that Lieutenant Parsons is writing of one who was the world's hero as well as his own, and one under whose flag he performed his own seaman's duties, we wonder the less, or rather we should have wondered the more, if it had not been so. And yet there is no undue laudation: it is in feel-

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ing rather than expression that the love lingers, and we must needs say that we like the book the better for this amiable tendency.

As a picture of sea life this work is admirable: its bright and sombre aspects are both powerfully reflected on its pages: the mirth is playful and pleasant, and, rarer still, divested of all coarseness; but scenes of exhilarating amusement are alternated by descriptions, powerful because real, of the dark, the fearful, the appalling things of strife and bloodshed. We never remember to have been more impressed with the horrors of war's earthly hell than while following Lieut. Parsons through these reeking scenes so fearfully deluged with man's lifeblood. Everything seems real in them: because the author has both felt and seen, we seem to do so too. His own impressions are imparted to our minds, and they are at once vivid and vigorous.

The publication of these Reminiscences results from a somewhat inverted order of things: it is not done in the hope of obtaining popularity, but because it has been already obtained. "Leaves from Memory's Log" have already had their place in our Magazine, and the favour with which they have been received has induced their present publication; and this also is the reason why we refrain from extracting from a work from which otherwise we should have rejoiced to enrich our pages.

Suggestions for the Improvement of our Towns and Houses. By T. G. Maslen, Esq., many years a Lieutenant in the Army.

The spirit of improvement is a good spirit, and we are always ready to meet and welcome it in every way and every walk of life. Nevertheless, ardour sometimes makes a man overleap his own mark; they who strive to do overmuch often defeating themselves, and so accomplishing less than they otherwise might. We believe that improvement must be progressive, being something like, if we may be allowed the phrase, the education of things, and, like education, as opposite as may be from all sudden revolutionizing. A great city cannot, like a great building, be planned beforehand: the perfect proportions of the one may be duly contemplated, those of the other cannot even be speculated upon. Who can tell how the few houses which, it may be, dot the margin of some river, or sleep in the bosom of some smiling valley, may hereafter grow into vast cities, and expand beyond the bounds of any ordinary calculation? and this being the case, all architectural anticipations must be futile. From such an embryo has our London sprung, and its heterogeneousness has been the consequence. The question is, how far it is capable of improvement, and what means are available to such an end: and here come our author's suggestions, but they are of so comprehensive a nature, that even the most sanguine must despair of even a tithe of their accomplishment. Great things have indeed been done during the last fifty years; much of the old has been swept away, and that which is new is altogether on a better scale. More, doubtless, remains to be done, but we believe that it must be gradual, and not on the gigantic scale which Mr. Maslen would recommend. Some of his projects seem good, though carried to excess; others rather contrary to the gravity of our English

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ideas. We have ever held imitations in every shape to be inferior things, and we have no desire to see London assuming the aspect of Paris. The buildings of a country partake of the genius of its people, and assimilate with its climate; and taste, more especially French taste, will not bear transplanting. Paris may be called a show city; London a substantial one. The French live in public, the English in private. There is a distinctive difference between the people, which pervades everything that is associated with them, or that emanates from them. We would not, therefore, have London imitate Paris, and neither can we concur in desiring to see Mr. Maslen's projects carried into effect of making sections assume the semblances of other countries, and so forming a miniature China, with its pagodas, grotesque railings, and fanciful bridges, or a little Turkey, with its crescents, mosques, and minarets. The old English hearthstone, over which the glow of the cheerful fire flashes, and round which the parents and their children gather in peace and love, has a hold upon the native heart which seems to put fanciful innovations out of all place, and to render them distasteful among our domestic feelings. But, after such deduction has been made, the amount of proposed improvement is still on a scale too extensive to be practicable. Mr. Maslen's projects are large and comprehensive; were they carried into effect, London would be almost remodelled, and so great a co-operation of purpose as would be requisite could hardly be expected from dissimilar individuals. Still, though all cannot be done, part may, and these "Suggestions" may be valuable in keeping attention on metropolitan improvement, a subject already so powerfully occupying the public mind Neither has Mr. Maslen confined his attention to London alone. He has drawn out plans of great magnitude for comprehensive alterations for York, Leeds, Halifax, Manchester, Chester, Liverpool, Colchester, and Hull. We are well pleased too to see his attention strongly drawn towards the dwellings of the poor. They who spend their lives in incessant labour, nominally to win their own and their families' daily bread, but in reality that the vast machinery of society should be carried on, have a paramount claim on the parental care of government. Sanitory measures are now being taken, but public solicitude cannot be too strongly directed to this object. There is, indeed, sound prudence, as well as true humanity, in this care for the labouring classes. Comfort excludes disaffection, while misery and penury are its fruitful parents; and thus, the combined motives of sound policy and true philanthropy press upon us the necessity of care over the interests of the operative classes.

Strafford. A Tragedy. By JOHN STERLING.

We know of no portion of English history more replete with sad and touching interest than the reign of the first Charles, or in that era no more heart-rending incident than the sacrifice of Strafford. This, the foul blot of the unhappy monarch's life, would have sufficed to have covered his name with obloquy and his memory with shame, had his own days not come to their own fearful close. It is only in the deep gloom of the scaffold, or in the vision of the block and

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the axe, that we lose sight of the crime which had beforetime consigned the faithful counsellor and the devoted friend to a similar martyrdom. Had Charles ended his days on a throne, the legalised murder of Strafford, which he sanctioned, would have for ever tainted his own memory, while now, through the intervention of his own sorrows, it is obscured, if not partially forgotten. But as repentance can never undo an action, so neither can any after train of circumstances, and the fact stands stamped and recorded in the pages of history, that the king consented to the sacrifice of his friend for no other crime but that of faithfulness to himself. Were we to look for a moral from this history, we should at once fix upon the danger of a strong mind influencing a weak one: the strong can never give their strength to the feeble, and while they are able to dictate some one out of a long tissue of actions, they are unable to exert a consecutive influence, and both adviser and advised are brought into jeopardy; the vacillation of the weak affecting and perplexing the higher purposes of the strong, and the strong doing little more than involve the weak in difficulties, from which their own dread might have exempted them. As it was, Strafford's courage brought Charles into positions of difficulty, without the power of prolonging his sustaining help for a time sufficient to carry him triumphantly through; and the consequence was, that when thus environed, the king purchased a paltry and but temporary compromise, by yielding up his friend to the block. Charles undoubtedly lived on a point of time dangerous from being insulated between two powerful popular tides. Monarchical power was on the wane; democratic power rising with a fearful rush. Had Charles possessed the indomitable spirit of Henry or Elizabeth, it is just possible that he might so have browbeaten the plebeian spirit around him, as to have brought them into an attitude of submission; or, on the other hand, had he yielded to the stream, he might have sailed on to the end in personal safety: it was by struggling either too much or too little that Charles was undone.

The conflict of feelings, opinions, and actions of this period, are full of interest. Those spirits imbued with the principles of the divinity of the right of kings, as with a religion, rallied round the tottering throne, while the staunch, unyielding, dictatorial body of the Commons ranged themselves under the broad unfurled banner of rebellion. The collision between those on the one hand who were actuated by an old faith which had "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength," and on the other by men under the fanatic excitement of a new doctrine, might well scatter and upturn the community as with an earthquake. Into the midst of this struggle has Mr. Sterling carried us in this new tragedy, Strafford's downfall and death forming his simple plan. We look upon it as a closet work, rather than as an acting drama: the style is fluent, easy, and well sustained; and if it be not irradiated with the sudden flashes of genius, it has few weak lines, and nothing of the sickliness of fictitious sentiment. Perhaps, indeed, the air of repose which pervades it is appropriate, the author's perception of his hero's character being that of a mind imbued with a lofty dignity, and exempt from vehement passion. Allowing as we do a few lofty exceptions in our tragic literature, we believe, however,

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that it is these *agonies of our humanity*, rather than any of our mental attributes, which, firing the soul of an author, scatter their kindling sparks into the very heart of our sympathies, and fan into flame within us the like reflected and counterpart emotions. Some such feeling as this must have been in Mr. Sterling's mind when he led Lady Carlisle into the scene. By means of a devoted woman, he must have contemplated enlisting the gentler feelings of our nature. We think he erred in this. The heart is not easy under, even if it submit to, enforced sympathies, and unsanctified affection seems an unsanctioned thing. Besides, when we remember that Strafford had been the husband of three wives, romance appears to be sadly out of place. This sort of episodical passion is, however, rather attached to, than an inherent of, the play. Strafford's dignity of character is the grand strength of its construction—the primary element, and it is a noble one. We have said already that we like the unaffected style—a style perfectly pure from the pollution of meretricious ornament; and though we do not remember to have met Mr. Sterling before, we can scarcely believe that this is a first production, because its faults are too few. At all events, we are sure that he has laid a fair foundation for reputation, if he only choose to build upon it.

Launcelot of the Lake; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By C. J. RIETHMÜLLER.

The author comes before us with what a merchant would term a "letter of credit," in a "Proem" which it is impossible not to "honour;" inasmuch as it contains indubitable evidence of a highly poetical mind. The tragedy is of King Arthur and his Round Table Knights, and is introduced to the reader by a few stanzas, so beautiful that we must quote two of them.

"Gone is the antique age of knightly deeds,
The glory of the minstrel's day is past;
Now that in Beauty's cause no champion bleeds,
The visions of Romance are fading fast:
Yet dear to man, howe'er his lot be cast,
The old, heroic constancy of mind—
The courage unsubdued by fortune's blast,
And faithful love to every doom resigned;
And for their sake this tale may still acceptance find.

Or should thick shades of human guilt and woe
Blend with the brightness of the poet's dream,
Shall we forbid the pitying tear to flow,
Because a thrice-told fiction is the theme?
O priceless are those little stars, which gleam
Through the black night of time!—for they impart
Some faint reflection of the morning's beam;
And simple tones, beyond the reach of art,
Speak from long-vanished years the language of the heart!"

The plot of this play is extremely interesting and well contrived; the dialogue easy and natural; and there is a total absence of the

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"rant" which too frequently characterises the dramatic productions of the day.

We hold it to be unfair to the reader as well as the author to develope the plot of the drama, and shall therefore proceed to justify our opinion of its poetical merits by a few quotations. The course of true love does not appear to have run more smooth in the days of "long hanging sleeves," than in our own, as the reader will gather from the following dialogue between Gwenever, the queen of Arthur, and Sir Launcelot, her former admirer.

Sir Launcelot. Is it for me to dwell
Upon the past? Did I first break the charm,
That clothed our life in beauty, and adorned
This common world with radiance not its own?
Did I tear down the temples of old faith,
Turning to mockery all things sacred else
By that one profanation?—'Twas thy choice—
Thy free, unfettered choice—to barter love
For gems and gewgaws of imperial state.
If it were wise (and who shall doubt its wisdom?)
Thou shouldst be happy now!

Gwenever. Hold! I will answer thee.
Not that I would recall the past—the dead—
But that hereafter thou mayst think of me
Without reproach or bitterness. Let's be frank
With one another! Both perchance have erred.
When first thou camest to my father's court,
I was a very foolish, innocent girl,
Who ne'er suspected harm: in thee I saw
The young, bright hero of a maiden's dream,
And trusted thee, and gave thee all my heart.
Nor did I stay to question, if such love
For an unknown adventurer, without sanction
Of friends or parents, could be counted wise,
Or blest of heaven.

Sir Launcelot. This then is all thy grief—
That thou didst love unworthily.

Gwenever. No—ah, no!
My instincts did not err: I had chosen well.
But was it prudent—was it kind—to shroud
Thy ways in mystery, and thus leave me dubious
Of my own fate? Has lordly man the right
To ask a woman's fealty, yet keep back
His perfect confidence? Hadst thou but spoken
The simple truth—hadst thou declared thy name—
My father would have pledged his kingly word,
And we should now be . . .

Sir Launcelot. Can this justify
A breach of faith?

Gwenever. I seek not to defend,
But to extenuate. Hear me—and then judge!
Dost thou remember when we parted last?
Month after month I waited thy return,
Still hoped, and still believed; yet time rolled on,
And brought no tidings. What though my cheek grew pale,
I kept our secret in my aching breast,
And stifled my despair. At length it chanced,
That Erin's mighty chief assailed our coast

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With such a force as made resistance vain,
Escape impossible: in his great need,
My father sent to beg King Arthur's help.
And like a thunder-bolt the monarch flew
To crush our haughty foes. The land was saved!
How could we ever hope to pay the debt
We owed the generous victor? All our gold
Would have been light, when weighed with such a service.
He was content with less: he only asked
For this one little hand.

Take a few of the gems which sparkle throughout this very clever performance:—

"Dreams! I have done with dreams;
Too long I followed in their shadowy track,
And saw them still escape my outstretched hands:
Now the dull truth is ever at my side
In all its huge monotony of gloom,
And leaves no space for fancy."

* * * * * * *

"Thy room feels warm;
I will set wide yon casement, that the breath
Of Zephyr, laden with odours and bright dew,
May haply fan thy pale cheek into freshness,
And make it bloom again."

* * * * * * *

"What!—is it nothing then to put in jeopardy
A woman's honour—nothing, at dead of night,
To break upon her privacy, and give
Her name to every slanderous, ribald tongue,
To bruise and mangle?"

With these quotations, with which we hope we have made out our case with our readers, we take leave of this very interesting and effective drama, regretting only that it has not been presented to the public through the stage, which it would have graced so well.

Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy, including the Papal States, Rome, and the Cities of Etruria. With a Travelling Map.

This is one of the most valuable and interesting of all the Handbooks which have been published by Mr. Murray. It is written in a most clear and graceful style, displaying great care and industry, and a familiar acquaintance not only with the manners and genius of the people, but with all the artistical and antiquarian objects of interest in the country to which it refers. That it has been no hasty or cursory performance may be inferred from the fact of its being the result of two journeys into Italy, and, as the author informs us in his preface, "of an anxious desire to do justice to the country and the people by studying their characters on the spot, and by acquiring a personal knowledge not only of the great capitals, but of those remoter districts which are rich in historical and artistic associations beyond any other portions of the peninsula." The section of the work devoted to Rome—nearly three hundred pages—most interesting as regards

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the information conveyed, is rendered doubly acceptable to the tourist by the admirable system of arrangement adopted by the author. Neither our limits nor our practice with reference to such works will admit of a lengthened quotation, but we cannot refrain from extracting the author's introduction to the antiquities of Rome.

"Whoever would appreciate and enjoy the Ruins of Rome, will find it absolutely necessary, before he enters into an examination of particular monuments, to make himself acquainted with their relative position, and classify them in such a manner as may enable him to understand their history. There is no spot so peculiarly adapted for this purpose as the tower of the Capitol, and we do not hesitate to say that a stranger, who is really desirous to understand the antiquities, to study them with the least difficulty to himself, and to avoid the vexation arising from a constant recurrence to authorities, must proceed, in the first place, to the Capitol, and there learn the topography of the ancient city. An hour devoted to this purpose will give the stranger a more complete idea of ancient Rome than days spent in the ordinary mode of investigation: and the information obtained in regard to the surrounding country will materially assist him in his future excursions beyond the walls. Independently of these advantages, there is no scene in the world more impressive or magnificent than that commanded by this spot. It is not inferior in historical interest to the glorious panorama from the Acropolis of Athens, while it surpasses it in those higher associations which appeal so powerfully to the feelings of the Christian traveller."

Not the least valuable portions of the book are the author's remarks on the works of art, in which he displays an intimate and classical knowledge of his subject and a highly cultivated taste. The title-page does not bear the name of the author, but it is understood to be the production of Mr. Octavian Blewitt, the Secretary of the Literary Fund, a gentleman whose accomplishments peculiarly qualify him for the task of which he has so ably acquitted himself.

King Eric and the Outlaws; or, the Throne, the Church, and the People, in the Thirteenth Century. By INGEMANN. Translated from the Danish by JANE FRANCES CHAPMAN. 3 Vols. 8vo.

It is to say something of a foreign romance that it may be translated by an English lady, by which designation we understand all that is lovely, pure-minded, and graceful. But of the work before us we can say more; and we are grateful to the fair translator for presenting to us, in language singularly free from the stiffness so characteristic of translations, a story full of exciting incident and historical illustration.

Eric is a fine, manly, straightforward king, and pious withal; and there is a single-mindedness about his resistance to Popish authority which places him in advantageous contrast with the weak but impetuous John, and equally wicked and more sensual Henry, of our own history. The prominent points proposed for illustration in the work are, the struggles of King Eric and his good subjects under the ban of Archbishop Grand, a sort of Wolsey, or rather, perhaps, Thomas à Becket; the encroachments of the Hanse Towns; and the proceedings of the Leccarii, the Socialists of the thirteenth century. The characters are

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worked out rather by action and dialogue than by elaborate description, and thus a highly dramatic effect is imparted to the story. There are some fine, chivalrous fellows among the *dramatis personæ*, and as pretty a sprinkling of scoundrels as could be desired to grace any age or stage; one worthy stands out especially from the canvass, in the person of a certain "Kaggé with the Scar," the Balafré of the piece, though by no means so respectable a personage as our friend of the Scottish Archers. We have also a sort of half mountebank, half philosopher, and all infidel, in one Master Thrand, who reminds us somewhat of the Alasco of Kenilworth. He is introduced as a pupil of our own Roger Bacon. Not the least amusing of the characters is a wight who wins his mistress by the somewhat original process of thrashing her seven brothers—not *seriatim*, but all at once, in good knightly fashion—a mode of introduction of which we highly approve, as eminently calculated to secure the respect of his future relatives. It would not be fair to either the author or the reader to enter into an anticipatory developement of the plot, from which, however, we will give an extract that will afford a fair notion of the style and power of the work. It must be premised that the archbishop has just been brought from his prison, in which he had long been confined by the king, in consequence of the prelate's alleged participation in the murder of Eric's father.

"The haughty captive continued standing, about two paces from the door, and had not as yet vouchsafed a look or salutation to the king. He stood immoveable as a marble statue, and his cold uncertain gaze now first warmed into life, as it suddenly fixed with frightful earnestness on a silver crucifix which stood by the side of the king's shield, on a shelf above a prie-dieu.

"'You stand in the presence of your liege sovereign, Archbishop Grand,' began King Eric; but he paused again to restrain his anger at the captive's look of rude defiance.

"'Yes, truly, I stand in the presence of my heavenly Ruler and King,' answered Archbishop Grand, folding his fettered hands, without withdrawing his gaze from the crucifix. 'He shall judge between me and the tyrants of this world.'

"'You stand also before your temporal ruler and king,' continued Eric, 'before your lawful superior in this country and kingdom. For what ye have sinned against me and Denmark's crown you will have to answer at the great day of judgment; but first here; as certainly as there is justice upon earth—first here. I have sent in my accusation of your crimes to the tribunal of St. Peter; the holy father hath required me to liberate you, that he may hear your defence, or your confession.'

"'Why, then, have ye not obeyed, King Eric?' interrupted the captive, for the first time turning his broad glance upon the king. 'Will ye delay until the holy lightnings melt the crown from off your brow?'

"'How long I shall wear the crown, the righteous God alone can determine,' answered the king. 'Without his almighty permission, no power on earth can injure a hair of my head.' He paused for a moment. 'When we liberate a dangerous offender,' he continued, with more calmness, 'he must give us security for his release. The guiltiest criminal shall have the right of defending himself, but not of committing fresh crimes on his way to his tribunal. If he hath any remains of conscience and honour, and if we are to trust him, he must take the oath we require. If he will not—be it so!—he may be tried in his dungeon, and defend himself in his chains.'"

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After some further parley in the same strain, the written conditions of release are put into the hands of the archbishop, who, having perused them to the end, crumples the parchment in his fingers.

"'Shall I leave my degradation unavenged?' he cried—'Shall I fetter my tongue myself, that it may not announce to you eternal death and damnation?—Shall I part with my last earthly defence?—Shall I subject the holy church's right to the arbitration of a tyrant? No, King Eric Ericson! As yet I am an anointed and consecrated archbishop, with power to bless or curse the crown thou wearest. Even in these chains, I have the power to push the crown from off thy head with a single word. Over my body, tyrant! thou mayst have power, but by the Lord above, not over my free immortal spirit! Ere I will consent to one of these conditions, thou and thy executioners may sever every limb from my body, as I now rend asunder, with this hellish compact, all bond and tie between me and the despots of the world!' So saying, he rent the parchment before the king's eyes, threw the fragments on the floor and stamped upon them, until his chains rattled."

With this extract we take leave of M. Ingemann, who has been most fortunate in his English translator;—her task has been ably and gracefully done.

The Maid of the Hallig; or the Unfortunate Islanders. A Narrative founded on Fact. By the Rev. J. C. Biernatski. From the German, by Samuel Jackson, Translator of "Elijah the Tishbite," "The Wanderings of Israel," "Heinrich Stilling" &c.

This little work belongs to a class not indigenous to our soil, and not yet naturalized among us: it is compounded of religion and sentiment, and though in an ordinary way we like not the association, yet the one appears so honest and the other so true, that we feel compelled to make an exception in its favour: remembering, too, that the features and character of its German parentage are impressed upon it, and that national peculiarities and dissimilarities tend the better to produce that great charm—the charm of variety.

That the love of our native land is rather in the heart than in what it fixes itself upon, needs little proof, since it is certain that the most desolate regions are those on which the children of the soil fasten themselves with the fondest devotion. They who see not the sun shining upon them for the desolate half of the year, yet dote upon those climes of dreary darkness with even more lovingness of heart than do the sons of the old Romangazing upon their blue canopied Campagna. In no place is this devotion more intense than among the children of the Halligs, a number of islands on the western coast of the Duchy of Sleswick, whose shores are washed by the waves of the German Ocean. Nothing but the most intense love of country, amounting to the strength of a passion, could impart to these joyless localities anything like attractiveness, many of them being little better than mere sand spots, emerging but a few feet above the ocean, liable at any moment to submersion, destitute of tree or shrub, dreary and desolate. It is, perhaps, however, among scenes bereft of the glowing charms of natural beauty to occupy the imagination, that the feelings, denied the outpouring outlet of lavishment on outward ob-

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jects, become more intense from their concentration. "The Maid of the Hallig" is an illustration of this truth. In the midst of strenuous, lonely, quiet industry, patient hope, mighty in its operations, sustains her while she waits the return of her betrothed. He comes, but comes —changed. A fairer being, with a more holiday spirit, has lured the loved one away. This incident, and its consequences, give rise to all the sentiment of the narrative; but the religion has even a larger share. Still we are doubtful whether the solemnity of the thought of "turning a man from the error of his ways," can be fitly introduced into the pages of fiction. Yet we are told that this history is not fiction. Undoubtedly there is a strong current of feeling running through the narrative. The heroine full of truth and love; the hero distracted by opposite desires; the new object of his apostate passion gay as a summer bird, but heartless as that world through which it flits its wing: the young atheist, in the strength of his blessings, denying Him who bestowed them; and perhaps, above all, the deep but rigid interest attached to those desolate regions, which nature appears not to have designed for the habitation of man, but to which his heart seems to cling with so many fibres of fondness—all these combine in the production of a really interesting work.

Ranke's Turkish and Spanish Empires. Translated from the German by WALTER K. KELLY, Esq., B. A., of Trinity College, Dublin.

This is one of the Copyright Editions of the Popular Library of Modern Authors, a form of disseminating useful works, and putting them within the reach of parties to whom otherwise they must be wholly unattainable, of which we have often spoken with commendation. The selection has hitherto been most judicious, and the present translation from Ranke opens to the frugal purchaser a very interesting portion of history, ably conducted and competently translated.

Biographical Illustrations of St. Paul's Cathedral. By GEORGE LEWIS SMYTH.

This work is another from the same source of publication, and though of wholly different character, has the nearer claim of home interest. Our great city cathedral will be visited with far more of pleasure by those conversant with its memorials—memorials, too, so interwoven with the history of our country, and relating to the most illustrious of its individuals, and such a work as the one before us will be found admirable as an aid in such a view. On these grounds alone this publication ought to be welcome.

Irwell and other Poems. By A.

The success of the poems by V. (see the Quarterly Review) appears to have stimulated another letter of the alphabet to what our author

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terms the "perilous adventure of publication." He comes forward on very fair grounds, and does not, as is the wont of young writers, ungratefully turn upon his friends as the encouragers of his poetical offences. He tells us that the principal portion of the volume was written "during the intervals of active commercial pursuits;" and very certain it is, that he might have devoted his leisure to a far less praiseworthy purpose. He says, he has been encouraged by the approbation of a "public critic," as well as of a poet of acknowledged genius and wide celebrity.' Who may be the critic or the poet we do not know, and cannot guess; but we have no desire to quarrel with their judgment in respect of the volume before us. Although by no means of a high order of poetry, it is a most creditable production. The principal poem opens with considerable spirit and power.

"Whoe'er hath seen a blighted tree
Amidst a rich fertility,
A streamlet's bed, the streamlet gone,
A flowret placed where sun ne'er shone,
A beauteous fount, whose spring was dry—
Whoe'er hath seen, nor seen to sigh;

Whoe'er hath yet by ruin sat,
When shrieked the owl and flew the bat,
When wall and tower in shadows crept,
On long rank grass, by night-winds swept—
Nor fancy deemed each fitful moan
The language of a mould'ring stone:

Or, yet delighted been to roam
In fancy's flight to fairy home;
Or in that flight unfettered, free,
Beheld that sepulchre the sea,
Its wondrous hoards of wealth unfold
In crags of pearl and rocks of gold:

Or, watched upon its bosom crowd
The countless victims of its shroud,
Since first it gulphed mortality
Away into eternity:—

Who hath not felt that fearful glow
Which none but madmen, dreamers know;
When fancy, free as winds at birth,
Unbounded soars away from earth,
With sprites of air, all hand in hand,
Dance round the moon, a mirthful band,
Then haste upon bright beams away,
To sport with stars in milky way,
Or in a cloud huge chariot find,
With right good steeds in howling wind?"

There is a dangerous facility about octo-syllabic verse which is wont to betray the inexperienced writer into what is called namby-pamby, and our friend A. not unfrequently falls into the snare. The minor poems—minor in point of length—are, however, more free from this charge, and, in fact, form the most attractive portion of the

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collection. Take the following Bacchanalian lyric as a specimen of his lighter pieces.

"THE GOBLET, OH, THE GOBLET.

The goblet, oh, the goblet,
No other toast be mine,
Whilst joy and pleasure sparkle
The gems of mighty wine.

The wisest heads that ever
Drew stores from Wisdom's mine,
The truest hearts, the bravest,
Have found their joys in wine.
The goblet, oh, the goblet, no other toast be mine,
Whilst joy and pleasure sparkle the gems of mighty wine.

Let others shun the goblet,
Though nectar it contain;
Let others preach that madness
It bringeth to the brain;
Let we who know its magic,
Its mystery of might,
To pay untiring homage,
Here gather night by night.
The goblet, oh, the goblet, no other toast be mine,
Whilst joy and pleasure sparkle the gems of mighty wine.

Let sombre sorrow pause awhile
On his career of woe,
And tell us what he finds on earth
The foremost of the foe;
Let poets sing the beautiful,
In fancy's dreams unfurled,
But let them tell the talisman
Of their ideal world.
'Tis wine, boys, then the goblet, no other toast be mine,
Whilst joy and pleasure sparkle the gems of mighty wine.

We will close our extracts with a short piece in a tenderer strain.

"Good bye to thee, Summer, I bid thee adieu,
For the leaves of the forest are faded and few;
The breath of Old Winter hath silvered the spray,
And night is fast creeping on beautiful day.

Good bye to thee, Summer, in woodland and dell
The flowers have bid thee for ever farewell;
The smile of thy coming their race will restore,
But they, dearest Summer, will meet thee no more.

Good bye to thee, Summer, our parting doth seem
To me as the close of a beautiful dream,
Which fancy hath wreathed in radiance so bright,
And broken her spell in the darkness of night.

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Farewell, oh farewell then, an thou wilt away,
I ask not why hurry, or bid thee to stay,
Nor vainly repine—chilly Winter must reign,
But hope, dearest Summer, to meet thee again.

Good bye to thee, Summer, I bid thee adieu,
For leaves of the forest are faded and few;
The breath of Old Winter hath silvered the spray,
And night is fast creeping on beautiful day."

Among the blemishes of the volume are several indications of a careless or unscholarly pen, to which the author will do well to look, should his volume attain to a second edition—the good fortune of many a worse book.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Pictorial Shakspere.—The biography of the great National Dramatist is now brought to a conclusion, and though it would be idle to say that the actual material for the life is not meagre, yet has that little formed the ground of admirable amplification. It would be impossible not to admire the ingenuity with which deductions have been arrived at, just in our appreciation, from following slight circumstances, and unwinding the tissues of leading indications. In most instances, we hold that imagination has mistaken her place, when we find her assuming eminence in the dictatorship of facts, but in the exceptive case of a Biography of Shakspere we recognise her powerful presence as being not only admirable, but legitimate and welcome. A mind capable only of the cold constructions of matter of fact would have stood like an utter stranger amid the gorgeous creations of the Poet's brain, while the imaginativeness which has been here so well exercised seems to conduct us through the chambers of his intellect. The whole work is indeed an honour to the able editor, being marked as strongly by taste and grace as by industry and research.

History of British India.—By Edward Thornton, Esq. The late numbers of this very able history are chiefly occupied by a consideration of the character of Lord William Bentinck, and of the mode in which he discharged his official duties as Governor-General of India, and the severity of Mr. Thornton's judgment upon his conduct is the more striking in this exception from the general temperateness of his tone. The actions of a public man are undoubtedly public property, open to investigation, standing before the ever open bar of public opinion, and amenable to its decisions; but the *motives* of those actions are between man and his Maker, and it needs not charity, it is only common justice, to impute good motives to fair actions: Christianity, indeed, goes further, and enjoins us "to think no evil," and to attribute right intentions even to wrong doings. The two great actions to which we mainly refer as spoken of too doubtingly by

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Mr. Thornton are, the abolition of flogging in the native Indian army and the withdrawal of legal sanction from the fearful practice of Suttee. The first of these Mr. Thornton reprehends as being of invidious rather than humane tendency, inasmuch as, wanting the power of expelling corporeal punishment from the army of the home troops, it left the latter in an aggrieved position, and one greatly calculated to foster the feelings of jealousy and disaffection; and in the latter, the praise into which humanity must involuntarily burst is somewhat constrained. For ourselves, we look upon this last, the great public act of his administration, as one of a character so noble and so philanthropic, that all the petty differences of parties and politics sink into nothingness before it. It was at the close of a somewhat longer period of government than usual that Lord William Bentinck's administration closed; and the national discussion on renewing or annulling the charter which expired in 1834 occupies the remainder of the number, so far as published, and is fully and ably followed out. The complete work will prove a most valuable addition to history.

Knight's London.—This pleasant, gossipping work, while extending in information, retains all its vivacity. The cheerful variety of subject is a great recommendation, and, being untrammelled by any formal method, it is at liberty to allow a discursiveness agreeable to its editor. There is great research manifested in its pages, but, far from being of a grave, recondite character, the most old-fashioned reminiscences are presented in an attractive and enlivening manner. The pleasant chit-chat is of things new as well as old, and this tracing back the present into the past is full of interest. Since our last notice, capital articles have accumulated upon us: "The Civic Government," "The Excise Office," "The Companies of London," "Covent Garden," "The Admiralty and the Trinity House," "The Churches of London," "The Horse Guards," "The Old London Booksellers," "Exeter Hall," "The Garden of the Zoological Society," "The Theatres of London," "The Treasury," "The Horticultural and Royal Botanic Societies," "Prisons and Penitentiaries," and "London Newspapers," are all as well chosen as they are well executed..

The Artist and Amateur's Magazine; a work devoted to the interests of the Arts of Design and the Cultivation of Taste. Edited by E. V. RIPPINGILLE.—This is a worthy effort, which we shall be well pleased to find successful. We think that Mr. Rippingille's strictures on art are sound, and his judgment and his taste both to be relied on. There is an interest in England daily increasing in the arts, and it is well that the feeling should not only be fostered, but rightly directed. The public exhibition of the Cartoons appears to have had an extensive influence upon all classes of beholders, and the multitudinous and heterogeneous characters assembled in that fine old national hall, a place well fitted for their reception, manifests that love of pictorial design which seems to attach alike to age and infancy, to ignorance and refinement. For our own part, though rejoicing to see any happy fostering exercised over this most exquisite art, yet are we fearful that the impulse is in a direction that may

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bring disappointment. We doubt the suitability of fresco painting for climate, durability, materials, and even artists, not indeed for want of talent, but for want of use. As this subject is now so popular, and as we are well pleased with the sound uncompromising opinions which Mr. Rippingille has expressed, we make space in our pages to give them a larger circulation.

"It is very natural for those who are not judges of art to be led away by an impression, that the works presented to their notice, and marked by the approbation of the commission, are to be taken as examples of what is excellent and worthy of becoming a guide in judgment and taste. Considered in this way, they offer themselves to criticism, and, as far as they are calculated to *mislead*, to censure.

"The first impression given to an intelligent observer is, that the subjects generally chosen have no sort of connection with, or allusion to, the time, place, and circumstances of the occasion. This is a common-sense objection to which genius itself must bow down; yet what homage has it received from the aspirants before us?

"The first work on the list is entitled, 'Cæsar's first Invasion of Britain.' Now what is the *import* of such a subject, and what is the fact it records—what is gained by bringing such facts pictorially before our eyes—to what feeling or faculty of mind or body does it address itself, and what species of intelligence has been demanded and employed in its production? The Athenæum has very sensibly remarked upon this work, 'that its import is the degradation, not the exaltation, of England;' and continues, 'the conquest of England might furnish a noble inspiration to the French Academician, but amounts to an objection, when the destiny of the work is considered.' There is no merit whatever, therefore, in the choice of subject, although the ability to select is the first and most important item in the qualifications of a painter.

"Of incidents there is nothing—no peculiar illustration of the event, the circumstances which lead to it, or the results which spring out of it; it is the bare literal matter of fact of history; the force and comprehensiveness of the story weakened by the medium through which it has passed, and not strengthened, vivified, and illustrated as it ought to be, and as it is capable of being made by the peculiar means by which it is rendered. As there is nothing of the nature of an appropriate episode or incident, so is the main action defective, puerile, and commonplace. For incident you have a *figure* commanding, a standard-bearer about to make a leap into the sea, (agreeable to the fact,) men pulling a rope, a miserable wretch hanging to the bridle of a horse, and a few of his companions in offensive attitudes. There is no instance of noble daring or heroic sacrifice in the defence of 'country,' no dying patriot, unable to offer further resistance by his hand, cheering his hard-pressed compatriots by the last shout of his feeble voice. So little opposition is offered to the insulting invader, that its feebleness looks like imbecility and cowardice, while the victory over such a set of miserable creatures can add but little to the laurels of the conqueror. The squalid wretch hanging to the bridle of the horse must be a maniac escaped from some cave asylum in the absence of his keepers, who have fled on the news of the invasion.

"'Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome' is an inappropriate subject. A British captive led in triumph to make a Roman holyday! Need more be said to point out the weakness and the mistake in the choice of the subject? It is but justice, however, to the artist to observe, that if precedent will furnish a sufficient excuse, plenty of it may be found, particularly in scriptural subjects, where the Divinity himself is frequently represented in situations which do dishonour to Him, and violence to the feelings of all right-thinking people, who can but regard

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such exhibitions as a kind of graphic blasphemy. It is apparent in this design that the artist has not thought or depended sufficiently upon himself; there is clearly nothing original in the conception nor in the treatment of the subject. A work much worse drawn and put together, giving evidence of this, would have been more meritorious and promising. There *is* such a work in the collection, which is full of defective drawing and detail, almost entirely devoid of that address and skill of hand which the commonest powers can achieve. This is No. 16, 'The Death of Lear.' In this design the sentiment, the soul of art, is perfect, and on this account alone it deserved the highest premium, although for reasons clearly apparent it would have been impossible to give it. It wants but that which the most ordinary practical talent could bestow to make it almost perfect. There is a gleam of this same mental light in 125, 'A Witch led to Execution,' with the same defects. As the work of a young man the 'Caractacus' is highly creditable; but whether it be the *tocsin* or merely the *knell* of public approbation remains to be proved.

"No. 105, 'The first Trial by Jury,' is decidedly the best-chosen subject, and almost for that reason alone ought to have been honoured as it is. It is a matter of doubt, however, whether the best *moment of time* has been chosen or not; perhaps it ought to have been the VERDICT. It is defective in incident, that tells more than the *bare fact;* the subject is capable of a much wider range of feelings and expression, and infinitely more character. It wants earnestness, such as the early masters would have carried into it: there is no evidence that the parties engaged are in the presence of a murdered corpse and the perpetrator of a dreadful crime. No observant person, who has ever entered a court of justice, or the room of a coroner's inquest, can mistake what is here meant, or fail to feel what is wanting.

"No. 100, 'St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen,' has no human interest whatever: it is utterly devoid of any mental manifestation, and has but an inferior *modicum* of what is merely manual and artistical. The most ordinary mind, directed to the subject, would without effort beat out a more clear and comprehensive illustration of the story than is here given. What effect would the preaching of an eloquent and reverend person have in a circle of hearers to whom the doctrine put forth was new and striking? Deep and absorbed attention, thought, conviction, doubt, that lively interest which stirs its possessor to communicate with another, and that succeeds in obtaining sympathy or fails; some or other of these would, as a matter of course, have exhibited their several manifestations. Then, again, what sort of a person would have been chosen by the Pope, and sent at the head of forty Benedictine monks, for this important mission? Let any one look at the personage created by the painter, and say if *that* could have been the man—the great theologian, the revered father of the church, and the future saint! There is one propriety which cannot be denied—the band of monks are worthy of their leader, and the influence of the address is worthy of the source from whence it comes!

"In character and expression this design is as puerile as it is in thought, and what there is of a technical kind is confined to the commonest tricks of the schools.

"No. 124. 'The Cardinal Bourchier urging the Dowager Queen of Edward IV. to give up from Sanctuary the Duke of York,' looks like the work of an operative artist rather than as an exemplification of the powers which give dignity and importance to art, and distinguish it as an intellectual pursuit. There is neither address, persuasion, nor purpose in the Cardinal, nor any show of interest in the personages about him. The Queen is devoid of dignity, although an attempt is made to give her it; and of the feelings of the *mother* there is absolutely nothing. The character is mean, devoid of beauty, and the expression vulgar: the *look* and

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action are those of defiance without the least portion of timidity or tenderness. Which of the two children is more in danger of being taken it is impossible to conjecture, any more than what is *intended* by the two female heads just above them, whose homely character make them remarkable. The composition, as a whole, is not objectionable; but there are some lamentable discrepancies in parts, so that portions of one figure appear as if they belonged to another. It was necessary to give to the draperies something of the character which belonged to the times; but to lose sight entirely of that principle of art which demands a certain conformity of *fold* and division, to shape and limb is a fault. On the whole, this work fails in the higher attributes of art, and both in pictorial conception and execution is extremely feeble and deficient.

"No. 128. 'The Fight for the Beacon,' like No. 64, is a mere display of animal or brute force; and if Reynolds's remark that 'the value and rank of any art is in proportion to the mental labour employed upon it, and the mental pleasure produced by it,' has any truth in it, this design has very slender claims to attention. Looking at the merit of the work itself for what it professes to be is one thing, while regarding its pretensions in what it aspires to as appropriate to the occasion is another, of a very distinct and different character; and here it may be remarked that this ought to have formed a very important consideration both with the artists and their judges, while the results prove it has been but little regarded by either.

"The five works to which the premium of 100*l.* has been awarded are paralleled and surpassed in merit by many others, and might on that account be passed over without a remark. There is one, however, which offers itself to observation, because it is remarkable, principally, for a mere display of the figure, and a set of commonplace actions and postures, which have been familiar to observant eyes from time immemorial. Its grand defect is that it displays no thought; its only merit is that it shows some dexterity of hand and eye; as regards execution in drawing it is very defective. This is No. 78, 'Boadicea haranguing the Iceni.' The action of the Queen is commonplace, and the drapery that of a *bacchante*. There is no one incident upon which to rest, no circumstance of an illustrative character, no one fact, none but the bare matter-of-fact of the story. The whole design is utterly devoid of thought, invention, or novelty of any kind.

"As a good deal of talk is made about the advantages of the continental schools, and one of the prize Cartoons (No. 64) is offered as a proof of their superiority, it may be well to point out some productions which emanate from the head-quarters of art, Rome, as affording some evidence of the purity and accuracy of design which are supposed to be derived from an authoritative quarter. No. 4 is one of these, No. 7 another, No. 39 another; and another is No. 120, and No. 140 is a good example of the French school!"

Pictorial History of England.—This laborious and erudite history has now travelled down to the date of 1806, its late parts being occupied by Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, Manners and Customs, Condition of the People, Civil and Military Transactions, and a vast quantity of relevant and interesting matter arranging its various amplifications under these different heads. The illustrations greatly enrich the work, embodying to the eye at a glance things that would be tedious to describe to the mind, yet all aiding in enlarging our comprehension of the whole. Full of research, and written in a fluent and forcible style, this "Pictorial History of England" deserves a high appreciation.

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Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.—This really delightful work goes on with untiring industry to make us acquainted with the exquisite scenery of our sister-kingdom, and to render us familiar with her beauties. The selection is still as happy as the execution, and both having now become stamped with that value of just appreciation which they so richly deserve, we need say the less upon merit already so acknowledged. All the plates are admirable, but "The Valley of the Blackwater," "Carrickfergus Castle," and Garromin,—Connemara," are really gems.

Harry Mowbray. By Captain Knox, author of "Hardness," "Day Dreams," &c. &c.—Notwithstanding this author's excellent abilities, there is a sort of eccentricity in the arrangement of his fiction which we think somewhat adverse to its interests. At the eighth number its characters are all scattered over the globe, almost as divided as space could make them,—home, New Zealand, and the Holy Land, being the several spots of their sojournment. Most certain it is that "Harry Mowbray" is unlike every other work with which we happen to be acquainted, so unlike as almost to constitute originality, and yet we should be glad to find something like a concentration of interest as its author approaches nearer to his final number. Nevertheless, we have always appreciated Captain Knox's talents.

On the Formation of a New Society by Mr. Buckingham, entitled, "The British and Foreign Institute."

As there is always a real satisfaction in meeting with new projects which have for their object the promotion of the comfort or improvement of society, and which have the aspect of feasibility, so there is also a pleasure in aiding their promotion. Belonging to this class is Mr. Buckingham's plan for the formation of a "British and Foreign Institute," formed on the supposition of social intercourse being necessary to the happiness of man, and "communion of kindred minds on subjects of mutual interest," greatly conducive to the enlargement of his faculties and the elevation of his character. True it is that inventions spring up to meet requirements, the one being indeed the parent of the other; and thus it has been that the increasing refinement of the age, and the more general cultivation of the intellectual faculties, have given rise to the organization of the various Clubs which have become so general. The taverns in which Steele and Addison indulged, ministering only to the corporeal, have become distasteful; the grosser pleasures of the palate have given place to a more refined epicureanism, and the Clubs are not only a new feature in our metropolis, but a sign of change in the times. Mr. Buckingham, however, makes an objection to existing institutions, and on that objection proposes his new plan; he considers that the "separation into classes" is well nigh destructive both to pleasure and profit. His object is, instead of disuniting, to bring various classes into association. Instead of keeping up distinctions, to break them down: to form a point of union as well for the foreigner as the country-gentleman and their families, for one of the principal differences between the existing and

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this proposed Institution is the admission of ladies into all its privileges. We think that there is much both of practical utility as well as pleasure involved in this plan, and both for the sake of making it better understood, as well as to enlarge its publicity, we make some space in our Magazine for an extract from Mr. Buckingham's "Inaugural Lecture," wishing him success in his really praiseworthy undertaking.

"In the BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE recently formed, now about to be organized, and soon, we hope, to be firmly established, we shall endeavour to avoid these errors; and while discarding the superfluities of existing Clubs, we shall aim at supplying that class of pleasures, in which, as it appears to me at least, they are remarkably deficient. But, for the elucidation of this important part of the subject, it is necessary to go a little into details—

"In the first place, then, the INSTITUTE will not be formed exclusively of Members either of the Conservative or Liberal party in politics; neither will it be merely Clerical, Legal or Medical, Naval or Military, Oriental or Colonial. It will rather seek to *unite all these into one*, instead of scattering them into dissevered and disjointed parts. Its Directors will hope, by these means, to soften the asperities, correct the misconceptions, and harmonize the apparently discordant views, of all these various parties. Above all, they will seek, by encouraging frequent intercourse and courteous interchange of kindness and reciprocal civilities between the Members, to render them patient and tolerant of each other, by the habit of bearing and conversing with men of eminence and merit in all the walks of life, so as to implant respect and deference, as well as esteem and regard, where arrogance and hostility too often usurp their place.

"The union of Foreign Members with British, will also be a feature by which our Institute will be especially distinguished; and from this, not only the greatest pleasure, but the greatest good, will be likely to arise. Nothing is more striking to an Englishman who travels much abroad, than the facilities afforded him, in all the Continental cities, of obtaining easy access to Public Libraries, Galleries, Museums, Institutions, and even into private society of the best kind.

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"Secondly,—The INSTITUTE, in all its external and internal arrangements, whether of architecture, furniture, or decoration, will unite simple elegance with comfort and convenience, but will never aim to be ostentatiously magnificent. It will combine the quiet and economy of a Literary Institution, with all the substantial comforts of a Club; so that it may form an agreeable place of refreshment, as well as of study. But while it will offer no temptations to the mere seeker after gastronomic indulgences, it will make ample provision for the wholesome and temperate enjoyment of all that is necessary to recruit and invigorate the body, as well as to interest the mind, and that under the most perfect arrangements that can be secured.

"Thirdly,—The Directors of the INSTITUTE will hope to bring its Members into friendly intercourse with each other, by personal introductions; and as great care will be taken to admit no Members on its enrolment but those who are deemed worthy of association with each other, (for which purpose the protection of the ballot has been provided;) and as the perfect respectability of the parties will be thus carefully assured, their meeting together in the Library, the Lecture Room, and the Saloons, will be as much as possible on the footing of private society, where all may consider themselves perfectly safe in the mutual interchange of cour-

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tesies, and the enjoyment of each other's conversation with that sense of equal freedom which constitutes its greatest charm. This, of course, need not necessarily lead to any closer intimacies *beyond* the walls of the INSTITUTE, than occur between ladies and gentlemen brought together as fellow-passengers in the same ship, or travelling in the same conveyances on shore,—meeting in the same public assemblies, and interchanging courtesies while thrown by accident into each other's society,—who wisely conceive that the barrier which may prevent their more intimate communion when they are separated, need not preclude them from rendering themselves mutually agreeable to each other while they are together, and that the most rigid preservation of perfect independence is quite compatible with courteous and obliging demeanour.

"Fourthly,—In the Popular Lectures to be delivered in the Theatre, from January to July inclusive, during six months of the year, topics of the highest interest, in almost every branch of human knowledge, will be presented for the consideration of the auditors and visitors: while the books in the Library, being selected chiefly with reference to the illustration of the various subjects treated of and discussed, will form a constantly accessible source of pleasure, to which the visitor may at any time repair, to follow up his investigations: and where he will be assured of as perfect tranquillity and freedom from interruption, as if he were at his own home.

* * * * * *

"With such a Centre of Union as the INSTITUTE will furnish, this could hardly happen; and to Foreign Gentlemen from abroad, or to Families from the Country, this will furnish all the united accommodations of a Club, a Literary Institution, and a place of refreshment, and supply a deficiency hitherto much lamented, but not yet repaired.

"Fifthly,—Another, and we hope an useful and pleasing feature in the INSTITUTE, in which it will be in advance of the Clubs, will be this: that the ladies of Members will be as admissible to its Library and Saloons as gentlemen. They are received in the Reading Room of the British Museum daily, and without inconvenience to any one. They are so in the Continental Libraries, and in those of Paris especially, as well as in America, where, in the Library of the Capitol at Washington, when the Houses of Congress are in session, there are often as many ladies as gentlemen. In England they are admitted freely to the exhibitions of Paintings, and Sculpture; to the Cartoons at Westminster Hall, to the Galleries of Art, the Chinese Museum, the Polytechnic Institution, and many other places of popular resort. They will be so at the INSTITUTE; and we invite those who think this an innovation, to assign to us, if they can, a good and satisfactory reason why they should not.

"Sixthly,—In the Soirées, or Conversazioni, however, ladies will form their greatest grace and ornament. It is a reproach to the age in which we live, that they have been so long excluded from meetings of this description. It is a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors, and is of a piece with the practice of sending them from the dinner-table before the gentlemen, as if they were incompetent to understand, or incapable of enjoying the conversation which usually follows."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Busy-Body, a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Smugglers, a Chronicle of the Coast Guard. By Lieut. F. Higginson, Vol. I., 8vo. 7*s.*

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Life in the Ranks. By Serjeant-Major Taylor, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Farmer's Daughter. By Mrs. Cameron, fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Week at Killarney. By Mr. and Mrs. Hall, small 4to. 12*s.*

President's Daughter, including Nina. By Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Banker's Wife, or Court and City. By Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Narrative of the Discoveries of the North Coast of America. By T. Simpson, 8vo. 14*s.*

William Shakspere, a Biography. By Charles Knight, imperial 8vo. 25*s.*

Ceylon and its Capabilities. By J. W. Bennett, Esq., 1 vol. royal 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Adolphus's History of England, during the Reign of George III., Vol. VI. 8vo. 14*s.*

Davies's Records of the City of York, during the 15th century. 8vo. 12*s.*

Stafford, a Tragedy. By John Sterling, 12mo. 5*s.*

Dr. Hastings on Consumption. 8vo. 5*s.*

The Philosopher's Stone, and other Poems. By Manby Hopkins, 8vo. 5*s.*

Francis the First, and other Poems. By J. T. Mott, fc. 8vo. 5*s.*

Hunting Reminiscences. By Nimrod, illustrated by Wildrake, Henderson, and Alken, royal 8vo. 16*s.*

The Stage Coach, or the Road of Life. By J. Mills, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Martin's Vagaries, a Sequel to "Tale of a Tub," plates, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Captive's Vow, or the Bashaw, a Moral Tale. By Charity Batchelor, fc. 8vo. 4*s.*

Forbes's Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other parts of the Pennine Chain, &c. Imperial 8vo. 28*s.*

A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Dr. Cartwright, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are glad to observe from the news of the month that there has been a brisk demand for British goods, both in America and Australia, while at home the manufacturing districts are in a somewhat more healthy state; in Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay, on the contrary, trade has been heavy. Now, however, a certain degree of influence must be experienced in our home market, by the preparation of goods for importation to our Indian Empire. There has, consequently, been a fair demand for cotton, of which the price is well sustained, and for wool at an increased rate. A report has been current with us, that the Russian government has sent over large orders for iron, sufficient for carrying into effect extensive railroads in that country. In Mark Lane, the receipts of wheat of home growth have been but moderate, and quotations have declined. In tea, the holders have been firm, but with prices only just supported. In coffee, the demand has been steady, at rates fairly sustained. In sugar, fair sales have been effected with little fluctuation of price, although the amount sent into consumption is considerably less than the average of other years at the same season.

Money Market.—The difficulty of finding eligible investments for money continues as great as ever, the holders being able to see few opportunities of employing it with security to themselves and any probability of increasing profit. The state of trade keeps the amount of commercial acceptances in the discount market both low and narrow; from two to four per cent. only being given according to the circumstances. It is said that the sudden departure of the two French Princes, as manifesting some political indications, had an influence in depressing the Stocks. No inducement certainly exists for any temporary employment of money in the funds, and speculation is at its lowest ebb.

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PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 28th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 182 one-half.—India Stock, 264.—Consols for Acct. 94 one-fourth.—Consols, 94 one-fourth.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 95.—Three and a Half per Cents. Anns. 108 one-eighth.—Indian Bonds, 66, 67 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500*l.* 1¼*d.* 63*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 52 three-fourths.—Spanish Three per Cent. 26.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 19.—Mexican Five per Cent. 36 three-fourths.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 74 one-half.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horisontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	60-51	29,40-29,68	N.W.		Showery.
24	43-65	29,92-30,03	WbS&WbN	,105	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
25	43-66	30,06-30,12	N.W.&S.W.		Generally cloudy.
26	48-70	30,12-30,11	S.W.		Mng. fine, with intervals of sunsh., aftn. cloudy.
27	56-70	30 00-29,92	S.W.&N.W.	,1	Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.
28	55-70	29,92-29,90	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy.
29	60 54	29.72 29,64	S.W.		Cloudy, with showers.
30	53-68	29,59-29,62	S.W.	,075	Showery.
31	50-67	29,74-29,81	W. by N.	,2	Generally cloudy.
Aug.					
1	48-69	29,80-29,85	S.W.		Clear.
2	48-63	29,73-29,61	S.W.		Clear, with showers till the evening.
3	54 62	29.55-stary.	South.	,105	Showery. [from 2 to 4 P.M.
4	57 55	29,50-29,53	S.W.	,265	Raining till the evening: thunder and lightning
5	51-69	29,72-29,79	W. by N.	,185	Morning and evening clear: rain about noon.
6	52-68	29,83-29,97	W. b. S.	,49	Geny. clear; heavy rain during night of the 5th.
7	46-67	30,01-30,12	S.W.		Morning and evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
8	59-76	30,13-30,11	S.W.		Generally clear till the evening. [midnight.
9	59-76	30,02-29,95	N. E. & S. E.		Do. do., dist. thunder abt. 7 P.M., vivid ligtng. till
10	65-55	29,95-30,06	North.		Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.
11	46-71	30,15-30,77	North.		Clear.
12	47-72	30,18-stary.	East.		Clear.
13	47-71	30,17-30,10	E. b. N.		Clear.
14	48 76	30,00-29,94	E. b. N.		Generally clear, a shower about 7 A.M. [evng.
15	60-77	29,80-29,87	S.W.		Cloudy during the day, thunder and lightg. in the
16	70-60	29,94-29,96	S. W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.
17	54-75	30,02-30,05	W. b. N.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
18	57-81	30,04-29,96	N.E.		Do. Do.
19	59-81	29,83-29,70	N.E.		Clear. [early and at 3 P.M.
20	60-72	29,64-29,76	S.W.& N.W.	,25	Many clouds seen at times: rain in the morning
21	50-68	29,91-29,87	N.W.	,1	Clear.
22	49-60	29,62-29,49	S.W.		Cloudy, with frequent rain.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 25 TO AUG. 18, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

July 25.—E. Laughton, Wisbeach, St. Peters, brewer.—J. Barwise, Pall-mall, house decorator.—F. P. Everett, Reading, draper.—G. F. Windell, Edgeware-road, stationer.—J. S. Spencer, Halstead, Essex, tanner.—E. Hipkins, Egremont, Cheshire, coal dealer.—J. Cowherd, Hughill, Westmoreland, miller.—W. Pullen, Trowbridge, brewer.—J. Edderley, Nottingham, druggist.—W. Broomhead, Birmingham, merchant.

July 28.—E. Reynolds, Merton, Surrey, silk and woollen printer.—M. Levy, Great Winchester-street, commission merchant.—G. Salter, Davies-street, Middlesex, builder.—E. H. Foster, Hathern, Leicestershire, tanner.—J. Siddon, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, hollow ware manufacturer.—J. H. Taylor, Thornes, Yorkshire, joiner.—E. Rayner, Sheffield, merchant.—D. Dixon, Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire, dyer.—J. King, Kingston-upon-Hull, mercer.—H. Chalicombe, Swansea, sail maker.

August 1.—T. Skinner, Godalming, butcher.—J. Wilkinson and G. Wilkinson, Leadenhall-street, indigo brokers.—A. Laing, Halifax, draper.—H. M. Godwin and C. Lee, Bishopsgate-street Within, ship-owners.—W. Runting and W. Jeffcoat, East Harding-street, bookbinders:—J. Martin, Bexley heath, victualler.—

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R. Davies, Abercarne, Monmouthshire, grocer.—T. Bate, W. S. Bate, and J. Hellings, Rugely, Staffordshire, brewers.—N. N. Solly and R. Solly, Tividale, Staffordshire, iron masters.—J. Wright, Exeter, builder.

August 4.—J. T. Blanks, Southminster, Essex, grocer.—J. Vincent, Edmonton, schoolmaster.—J. Masters, junr, Witney, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.—J. Woollam, St. Alban's, silk-throwster.—P. Beyfus and S. Beyfus, Houndsditch, importers of French goods.—J. Scott, Manchester, innkeeper.—W. Blanks, Rochford, Essex, draper.—J. Mease, Hutton, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.—R. Jones, Carnarvon, draper.—G. Hall, Birmingham, leather seller.—T. Southern, Gloucester, grocer.—J. Harriman and T. Harriman, Nottingham, drapers.—S. Ross and T. Ross, Leicester, hosiers.—R. Crosbie, Sutton, Cheshire, tea dealer.—G. Allison, Darlington, ship owner.

August 8.—R. Wills and R. Davy, Oxford-street, drapers.—C. Beck, jun., Leadenhall-street, ship and insurance brokers.—H. W. Brand, Little Stanhope-street, Mayfair, cook.—W. Grayling, jun., Greenbank, Wapping, tallow-chandler.—W. Smithson, Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen and woollen draper.—G. Savage, Sheffield, razor manufacturer.—J. R. Beer and W. H. Bastick, Saint Thomas the Apostle, Devon, coal merchants.—T. Parry, Mold, Flintshire, draper.—T. Huxley, S. Boulton, W. Greenbank, T. Boulton, and J. Duncalf, Tunstall, Staffordshire, china manufacturers.

August 11.—J. Marriage, jun., Chelmsford, miller.—C. J. Spencer, Carlisle, upholder.—W. Humphreys, Brighton, wine merchant.—A. Harris, Chichester, hotel-keeper.—W. B. Appleby, Boston, coach-builder.—G. Burton, Isle of Man, brick-maker.—J. Broadhead, Stubbin-in-Austonley, Yorkshire, woollen cloth-manufacturer.—H. M. Newton, of New-mill, Yorkshire, victualler.—H. Warner, E. Marsack, T. Manning, and J. Manning, Liverpool, brandy and spirit dealers.—R. Watson, York, silk-mercer.

August 15.—J. F. Armstrong, Tranquil-vale, Blackheath, china-dealer.—J. Wooltorton, Lynn, Norfolk, furnishing ironmonger.—T. Fortune, Lower Whitecross-street, cabinet manufacturer.—G. J. Marshall and W. C. Hall, Wood-street, City, woollen warehousemen.—J. Johnson, Little Abingdon, Cambridgeshire, builder.—D. Hart, Cambridge, perfumer.—R. T. Fletcher, Brentford, money-scrivener.—H. Cotman, Norwich, Draper.—I. Hughes, Chelmsford, shoemaker.—H. M. Newton, New-mill, Yorkshire, victualler.—J. Graham, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit merchant.—T. Cooke, Leicester, glove manufacturer.—R. Watson, Yorkshire, silkmercer.—W. Whitefield, Bridgewater, grocer.—J. Harbottle, Amble, Northumberland, grocer.—H. Buggein, Prestatyn, Flintshire, alkali manufacturer.—S. Parker, Wrockwardine, Shropshire, mercer.—T. Humble, Ardwick, Lancashire, grocer.

August 18.—G. Walter, Oundle, grocer.—T. Megarey, Love-lane, Billingsgate, coal merchant.—W. Vann, Old-street, St. Luke's, upholsterer.—W. S. Walker, Pall-mall, pastrycook.—R. Honner, Clarence Cottages, Camdentown, wood pavior.—J. Ralfs, Piccadilly, upholsterer.—R. Brown, R. Brown, jun., and W. Brown, jun., Prescot, Lancashire, balancemakers.—J. and J. Horton, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, iron manufacturers.—J. Wood, Heathfield, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.—J. Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne, money-scrivener.—T. O. Hazard and H. Bingham, Sheffield, merchants.—G. Johnson, Liverpool, merchant.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Duncan, of Lombard Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the casting and construction of types for printing. June 26th, 6 months. Communication.

C. T. Christian, of St. Martin's Place, St. Martin's Lane, East India Army Agent, for improvements in the construction of steam-engines. June 27th, 6 months. Communication.

R. Waller, of Bradford, Coach Builder, for improvements in locomotive carriages, and in steam-boilers and engines. June 27th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Battersea, Gentleman, for improvements in covering and stopping the tops of boxes, jars, pots, and other vessels. June 27th, 6 months. Communication.

E. Johnson, of Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, Surgeon, for improvements in apparatus for bathing. June 27th, 6 months.

A. Parkes, of Birmingham, Artist, for improvements in preparing solutions of certain vegetable and animal matters, applicable to preserving wood and other substances, and for other uses. June 27th, 6 months.

C. Kent, of Liverpool, manufacturing Chemist, for an improved lamp for the combustion of naphtha, turpentine and other resinous oils. June 30th, 6 months.

C. Tetley, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Gentleman, for certain improvement or improvements in the construction of boilers, otherwise generators, for producing steam. June 30th, 6 months.

J. L. Lucena, of Garden Court, Middle Temple, London, for certain improvements in steam-engines and in machinery for propelling vessels, which improvements were applicable to other purposes, being an extension of a patent for the term of five years, granted by his late majesty, King George the Fourth, to Elijah Galloway, of King Street, Southwark, Engineer. July 1st.

J. J. Greer, of Woolwich, Surgeon, for improvements in apparatus for securing or fixing standing rigging and chains, and other tackle. July 1st, 6 months.

C. Phillips, of Chipping Norton, Oxford, Engineer, for improvements in apparatus or machinery for cutting corn, grass, or such like standing or growing crops, and in

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apparatus or machinery for cutting vegetable substances as food for cattle. July 3rd, 6 months.

T. Wedlake, of Hornchurch, Essex, Machinist, for improvements in machinery for making hay, which improvements are applicable to other agricultural purposes. July 3rd, 6 months.

J. Verity, of Leicester Street, Regent Street, Boot and Shoe Maker, for improvements in the heels and soles of boots and shoes. July 3rd, 6 months.

J. Hartley, of Wear Glass Works, Sunderland, Glass Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. July 6th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, Jun., of Oak Farm Works, near Dudley, Stafford, Iron Master, for improvements in the manufacture of metallic roofs and joists, and improvements in joining sheets or plates of metal for various purposes. July 6th, 6 months.

F. Delcroix, Jun., of Norfolk Street, Strand, Merchant, for improvements in furnaces for locomotive and other engines, and in the apparatus used for regulating the escape of steam and the passage of air in chimneys or furnaces. July 6th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Neville, of Walworth, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the form and manufacture of horse-shoes. July 6th, 6 months.

J. Wright and R. Wright, both of Richmond, Yorkshire, Boot and Shoe Makers, for certain improvements in boots and shoes, and other the like coverings for the feet. July 6th, 6 months.

J. C. Grant, of Stamford, Ironmonger, for improvements in the construction of barrows. July 6th, 6 months.

J. W. Day, of Wellfield Castle, Eden, Durham, Land Agent, for certain improvements in apparatus to facilitate the loading of vessels with coal, culm, or cinders. July 6th, 6 months.

G. J. Newberry, of King William Street, Artist, for certain improvements in the manufacture and construction of window-blinds, screens, shutters, and other similar articles, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. July 6th, 6 months.

H. C. Ashe, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of teapots. July 6th, 6 months.

J. Booth, of Liverpool, Clerk and Doctor of Laws, for certain improvements in the means of converting rectilinear into rotary motion, and of converting rotary motion into rectilinear. July 6th, 6 months.

T. Masters, of Upper Charlotte Street, St. Pancras, Confectioner, for an improved freezing, cooling, churning, and ice-preserving apparatus, the parts of which may be used separately or in combination. July 6th, 6 months.

J. J. Brunet, of Limehouse, Esq., for certain improvements in propelling. July 6th, 6 months. Invention and communication.

G. Parsons, of West Lambrook, Somerset, Gentleman, for a portable roof for various agricultural and for other purposes. July 7th, 6 months.

G. Parsons, of West Lambrook, Somerset, Gentleman, and R. Clyburn, of Uley, Gloucester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for beating, cleansing, and crushing various animal and vegetable materials or substances. July 10th, 6 months.

J. Samuda, of Southwark Iron Works, Surrey, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of steam-engines particularly applicable to the purposes of steam navigation. July 10th, 6 months.

J. Laird, of Birkenhead, Chester, Ship-builder, for improvements in the construction of steam and other vessels. July 10th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved agricultural machine or implement for ploughing, harrowing, or tilling land. July 13th, 6 months. Communication.

R. Laming, of Radley's Hotel, London, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the purification and application of ammonia to obtain certain chemical products. July 13th, 6 months.

J. Maudslay, of Lambeth, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery used for propelling vessels by steam power. July 13th, 6 months.

G. K. Sculthorpe, of Frederick Cottages, Coalharbour Lane, Gentleman, for an improved method of fastening and securing bedsteads. July 13th, 6 months.

H. Pinkus, of Duke Street, Portland Place, Esq., for improvements in the method of applying motive power in combination with apparatus and machinery to certain purposes in propelling, and applicable to railways, to ships, or other vessels afloat. July 13th, 6 months.

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S. Geary, of No. 10, Hamilton Place, King's Cross, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for clearing, cleansing, watering, or wholly or partially covering with sand or other materials, roads, streets, or ways; and which machinery is also applicable to other similar purposes. July 13th, 6 months.

W. Midworth, of Mansfield, Nottingham, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of what are commonly called street guard plates for public water services, and in the mode of constructing the stop-valves, stoppers, or stop-cocks used therein; and which stop-valves, stoppers, or stop-cocks, are also applicable to various other purposes where the flow of water or other liquids is required to be regulated or suspended. July 13th, 6 months.

Henry Smith, of Birmingham, for improvements in apparatus for fastening doors, and in apparatus for giving action to alarums. July 13th, 6 months.

William Hutchinson, of Ivy-bridge-lane, Strand, Marble and Stone Merchant, for improvements in machinery for cutting marble and other stones. July 13, 6 months.

James Neville, of Walworth, Civil Engineer, for improvements in obtaining power by means of gases applicable to working machinery. July 13th, 6 months.

Ann Wise, of Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, Parisian Corset Maker, for improvements in the construction of stays and umbilical belts. July 13th, 6 months.

Robert Ransome, of Ipswich, Ironmonger, Charles May, of the same place, Ironmonger, Arthur Briddell, of Playford, Suffolk, Farmer, and William Worby, of Ipswich, Foreman to Messrs. I. R. and A. Ransome, for improvements in machinery and apparatus used for ploughing and scarifying land, and for raking; and improvements in machinery and apparatus used for thrashing, cutting, and grinding, for agricultural purposes; and improvements in the construction of whippletrees. July 15th, 6 months.

James Overend, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for improvements in printing fabrics with metallic matters, and in finishing silks and other fabrics. July 15th, 6 months.

William Garnett Taylor, of Halliwell, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning cotton and other fibrous substances, and in preparing and dressing yarn for weaving. July 15th, 6 months.

James Gollop Beater, of St. Clement's Place, Worcester, Tailor, for certain improvements in the fastenings for trouser straps, and in fastening for wearing apparel generally. July 20th, 6 months.

Henry Austin, of 87, Hatton Garden, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the construction of water-closets. July 20th, 6 months.

Charles Bertram, of the borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., for an improved mastic or cement, which may be also employed as an artificial stone, and for casting metals and other substances. July 20th, 6 months.

Joseph Harvey, of James Street, Buckingham Gate, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of two-wheeled carriages. July 20th, 6 months.

William Daniell, of Abercarne, Monmouth, Tin-plate Manufacturer, for improvements in rolling iron into plates or sheets. July 22nd, 6 months.

Joseph Daniel Davidge, of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, Machinist, for improvements in manufacturing certain materials as substitutes for whalebone, applicable to various useful purposes, and in the machinery for effecting the same. July 24th, 6 months.

David Napier, of York-road, Lambeth, Engineer, for improvements applicable to boilers or apparatus for generating steam. July 25th, 6 months.

Frederic Lewis Westenhols, of Regent Street, Merchant, for a double-centred steam-engine. July 25th, 6 months. Communication.

Samuel Faulkner, of Manchester, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for carding cotton and other fibrous substances. July 25th, 6 months.

Edward Eyre, of Poole's Hotel, London, Gentleman, for certain improvements in railways, and in the machinery or apparatus employed thereon. July 26th, 6 months. Communication.

William Crofton Moat, of Upper Berkeley Street, Marylebone, Surgeon, for a method of obtaining aerial locomotion. July 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—July 22.—No House.

July 24.—The Scientific Societies Bill was read a third time and passed.

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July 25.—The Grand Jury Presentment (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

July 26.—No House.

July 27.—The Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Controverted Elections Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Municipal Corporations (2) Bill, were brought up from the Commons.—The debate on the Libel and Defamation Bill was adjourned.

July 28.—The Cathedral Churches Bill, the Loan Societies Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, and the Stock in Trade Bill, were read a second time.—The Militia Ballot Suspension Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 29.—No House.

July 31.—The Irish Bridges Bill and the Loan Societies Act Continuance Bill were read a third time and passed.—Lord Campbell laid upon the table a bill, the object of which is to prevent, for the period of one year, any proceedings being taken to remove from the Scotch Universities any officers not members of the Established Church in that country. The bill was read a first time.—The Defamation and Libel Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 1.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the following Bills:—The Woollen, &c. Manufactures Bill; the Loan Societies Act Continuance Bill; the Bridges (Ireland) Bill; the Bury Navigation Bill; the Infants Orphan Asylum Bill; the Edinburgh Water Bill; the Rochdale and Manchester Road Bill; the Earl of Gainsborough's Estate Bill; the Morris or Wilkinson's Estate Bill; the M'Culloh's or Roupell's Estate Bill; the Oxnam's Estate Bill; the Berwick-upon-Tweed Corporation Bill.—The Commissions for taking Affidavits in Scotland and Ireland Bill was read a second time.—The following Bills were read a third time and passed:—the Public Works (Ireland) Bill; the Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill; the Slave Trade Treaties Act Continuance Bill; the Controverted Elections Bill; the Bills of Exchange Act Continuance Bill; and the Militia Ballots Suspension Bill.

August 2.—No House.

August 3.—Nothing of importance.

August 4.—The Affidavits (Scotland and Ireland) Bill passed through committee.—The Spirit Duties (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The Slave Trade (Austria, Mexican Republic, Chili, and Portugal) Bills were each read a second time.—The Excise Bill went through a second reading.

August 5.—No House.

August 7.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Coroners Bill, which on a division was rejected by a majority of 31 to 7.—The Intercourse with China Bill was read a second time.—On the motion of Lord Campbell for the second reading of the Scotch Universities Bill, it was negatived without a division.

August 8.—Nothing of importance.

August 9.—No House.

August 10.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Spirits (Ireland) Bill; the Controverted Elections Bill; the United Kingdom Militia Ballot Suspension Bill; the Stock-in-Trade Rating Bill; the Bills of Exchange Bill; the Public Works (Ireland) Bill; the Limitation of Actions (Ireland) Bill; the Ross and Cromarty Jurisdiction Bill.—The Theatres Regulation Bill was read a first time.—A Bill for suppressing sedition and seditious meetings in Ireland was read a first time.

August 11.—Lord Brougham withdrew the bill for the suppression of seditious meetings in Ireland, considering that the present local act in Ireland would be equally effectual.—The House went into committee on the Theatres Regulation Bill, when the clauses were agreed to.

August 12.—The Coroners Bill was read a third time.

August 14.—The Customs Bill; the Copyright of Designs Bill; the Teachers of Schools (Ireland) Bill, and the Holyrood Park Bill, were each read a second time.—The Admiralty Lands Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Disembodied Militia Bill was read a first time.

August 15.—The Theatres Regulation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Duke of Wellington moved the second reading of the Irish Arms Bill, which after much discussion was agreed to, and the bill went through a second reading.

August 16.—No House.

August 17.—The Irish Arms Bill went through committee.

August 18.—The Irish Poor Law Bill went through committee.—The Irish Arms Bill was read a third time and passed.

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August 19.—No House.

August 21.—The Poor Law (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Customs Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Charitable Loans Societies Bill passed through committee.—The Court of Exchequer (Ireland) Bill, and the Municipal Corporation (Ireland) Bill, were both read a third time and passed.

August 22.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Customs Duties Bill; the Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill; the West India Islands Relief Bill; the Episcopal Functions Bill; the Militia Pay Bill; the Apprehension of Offenders (France) Bill; the Apprehension of Offenders (America) Bill; the China Government Bill; the Law of Evidence Bill; the Attorneys and Solicitors Bill; the Writs of Error Bill; Warrant of Attorneys Bill; the Hackney and Stage Carriage Bill: the Copyright of Designs Bill; the Coroners Duties Bill; the Theatres Regulation Bill; the Turnpike Acts Bill; the Coalwhippers Bill; the Affidavits, &c. (Scotland and Ireland) Bill; the Arms (Ireland) Bill; the Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill; the Allotment of Rates (Dublin) Bill, and the Court of Exchequer (Ireland) Bill.—The following Bills were read a third time and passed:—the Foreign Jurisdiction Bill, the Chelsea Hospital Out-Pensioners Bill, the Municipal Corporations Bill, the British Irish Company Bill, and the Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill.

August 23.—No House.

August 24.—The royal assent was given to the bill for granting 11,132,000*l.* of Exchequer Bills for the service of 1843, and for granting relief to the West Indies, and to the following bills: the Appropriation and Consolidated Fund Bill, the Defamation and Libel Law Amendment Bill, the Foreign Jurisdiction Bill, the Bill for more effectually Suppressing the Slave Trade, the Municipal Corporations Bill for England and Wales, the Bill for appointing Commissioners to inquire into bribery at Sudbury, the Public Notaries Bill, the Chelsea Pensioners Bill, the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill, the Charitable Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill, the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, the Liverpool Fire Bill, The British Iron Company's Bill, and the Weston's Estate Bill.—This day being fixed for the prorogation of parliament by the Queen in person, her Majesty was received at the House of Lords by the great officers of state, and having taken her seat on the throne, directed the House of Commons to be summoned to the bar.

Shortly after, the members of the Lower House, headed by the Speaker, appeared at the bar.

The right hon. gentleman addressed her Majesty on the labours of the session, after which the royal assent was given to the remaining bills.

Her Majesty, then, having received the copy of the speech from the Lord Chancellor, read that document as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The state of public business enables me to close this protracted session, and to release you from further attendance on your parliamentary duties.

"I thank you for the measures you have adopted for enabling me to give full effect to the several treaties which I have concluded with foreign powers.

"I have given my cordial assent to the bill which you presented to me for increasing the means of spiritual instruction in populous parishes, by making a portion of the revenues of the church available for the endowment of additional ministers.

"I confidently trust that the wise and benevolent intentions of the legislature will be aided by the zeal and liberality of my subjects, and that better provision will thus be made for public worship and pastoral superintendence in many districts of the country.

"I view with satisfaction the passing of the act for removing doubts respecting the jurisdiction of the Church of Scotland in the admission of ministers, and for securing to the people and to the courts of the Church the full exercise of their respective rights.

"It is my earnest hope that this measure will tend to restore religious peace in Scotland, and to avert the dangers which have threatened a sacred institution of the utmost importance to the happiness and welfare of that part of my dominions.

"I continue to receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire for the maintenance of peace.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the readiness and liberality with which you have voted the supplies for the current year. It will be my constant object to combine a strict regard

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to economy with the consideration which is due to the exigencies of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In some districts of Wales the public peace has been interrupted by lawless combinations and disturbances, unconnected with political causes. I have adopted the measures which I deemed best calculated for the repression of outrage, and for the detection and punishment of the offenders.

"I have, at the same time, directed an inquiry to be made into the circumstances which have led to insubordination and violence in a part of the country usually distinguished for good order and willing obedience to the law.

"I have observed with the deepest concern the persevering efforts which are made to stir up discontent and disaffection among my subjects in Ireland, and to excite them to demand a repeal of the Legislative Union.

"It has been, and ever will be, my earnest desire to administer the government of that country in a spirit of strict justice and impartiality, and to co-operate with parliament in affecting such amendments in the existing laws as may tend to improve the social condition and to develope the natural resources of Ireland.

"From a deep conviction that the Legislative Union is not less essential to the attainment of these objects than to the strength and stability of the empire, it is my firm determination, with your support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, to maintain inviolate that great bond of connexion between the two countries.

"I have forborne from requiring any additional powers for the counteraction of designs hostile to the concord and welfare of my dominions, as well from my unwillingness to distrust the efficacy of the ordinary law, as from my reliance on the good sense and patriotism of my people, and on the solemn declarations of parliament in support of the Legislative Union.

"I feel assured that those of my faithful subjects who have influence and authority in Ireland will discourage to the utmost of their power a system of pernicious agitation which disturbs the industry and retards the improvement of that country, and excites feelings of mutual distrust and animosity between different classes of my people."

The parliament was then declared prorogued by the Lord Chancellor.

House of Commons.—July 22.—No House.

July 24.—The Fines and Penalties Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Customs Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Episcopal Functions Bill, were each read a second time.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.—The Admiralty Lands Bill went through committee.

July 25.—The Stock-in-Trade Bill, the Slave Trade Treaties Bill, and the Militia Ballots Suspension Bill, severally passed through committee.

July 26.—Nothing of importance.

July 27.—The Marriages (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the order of the day being read for bringing up the report of the Irish Arms Bill, two amendments were proposed by Lord J. Russell and Mr. Crawford, both of which were negatived.

July 28.—Mr. Bright took his seat for the City of Durham, and made the declaration provided by the Act for the Society of Friends.—The Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Continuance Bill passed through committee.—The Slave Trade Suppression Bill was read a first time.

July 29.—No House.

July 1.—Sir J. Graham moved the second reading of the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill, which gave rise to a long discussion; the House divided on the subject, when the majority was in favour of the second reading. The bill was then read a second time.

August 1.—Mr. Ward brought forward a motion for an address to her Majesty, respecting the present discontents of Ireland; the debate was adjourned.

August 2.—The adjourned debate on Ireland and the Irish Church was resumed, when on the House being counted, and forty members not being present, it was again adjourned.

August 3.—Mr. Ward complained of the want of support he had met with on the Irish Church question, and withdrew his motion.—The Limitation of Actions Bill passed through committee, and the House went into committee on the Irish Poor-Law Bill.

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August 4.—The Highway Rates Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House resolved itself into committee on the Theatres Regulation Bill; the clauses were agreed to.—The House then went into committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill.

August 5.—No House.

August 7.—The Irish Poor Law Amendment Bill passed through committee.—The Theatres Regulation Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into a Committee of Supply.

August 8.—Nothing of importance.

August 9.—The Coal-Whippers Bill passed through committee, after considerable discussion of the various clauses.—Lord Eliot moved the third reading of the Arms (Ireland) Bill, and Lord Clements moved as an amendment, that it should be read a third time that day six months; after a long debate the House divided, when the numbers were, for the third reading, 125, against it, 59: the bill was then read a third time, and passed.

August 10.—The Ways and Means Report was brought up and agreed to.—The Design Copyright Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill; after which the Foreign Jurisdiction Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Machinery Exportation Bill was read a second time, and the House went into committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill.

August 11.—The Exchequer Bills Bill, and the Consolidated Fund Bill, were both read a second time.—The House went into committee on the Exportation of Machinery Bill, when several clauses were agreed to without discussion.

August 12.—The Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill; the Sudbury Commission Bill; the Attorneys and Solicitors Bill; the Coal-Whippers Bill; and the Customs Bill, were all read a third time, and passed.

August 14.—Sir H. Hardinge moved the committee on the Chelsea Pensioners Bill. Mr. T. Duncombe moved that the bill should be committed that day three months. After a long discussion, the House divided, and the amendment was negatived by a majority of 92 to 16; the bill then passed through committee.

August 15.—The committee resumed, and adjourned, on the Chelsea Pensioners Bill.—Lord Palmerston moved for copies or extracts of all communications which had passed between the government and our ambassadors at Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople, and the British consul-general in Servia, in regard to the transactions connected with the late changes in the government of Servia. Sir R. Peel did not think it would be proper to produce the papers while negotiations were still pending; the motion was then negatived without a division, after considerable discussion.

August 16.—A long discussion arose on the question that the House should resolve itself into committee on the Chelsea Pensioners Bill, which was ultimately agreed to, and the House then went into committee.—The Lords' Amendment to the Theatres Regulation Bill were agreed to.—The Coroners' Duties Bill went through committee.—The House then went into committee upon the Charitable Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill; the clauses were agreed to, and the bill was ordered to be reported.

August 17.—The British Iron Companies Bill; the China Government Bill; the Coroners' Duties Bill; the Affidavits (Scotland and Ireland) Bill; the Court of Exchequer (Ireland) Offices Bill; the Law of Evidence Bill; Morgan's Divorce Bill, were all read a third time, and passed.

August 18.—The Earl of Shrewsbury's Estate, Gibson's Estate, and Gilbert's Estate Bills, were read a third time, and passed.—The Chelsea Out-pensioners Bill; the Episcopal Functions Bill; the Charitable Loan Societies (Ireland) Bill; and the Defamation and Libel Bill, were all read a third time, and passed.—The House then went into committee on the Slave Trade Suppression Bill.

August 19.—No House.

August 21.—Nothing of importance.

August 22.—The Slavery Suppression Bill was read a third time.

August 23.—No House.

August 24.—Sir J. Graham brought forward a bill for the subdivision and endowment of large parishes in Scotland, which was read a first time.—The Usher of the Black Rod commanded the presence of the Commons at the bar of the Upper House, to hear the Royal Speech, when Parliament was prorogued by her Majesty in person.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Burgomaster of Berlin. Translated from the German of W. ALEXIS.

ONE of the most distinct as well as most useful of the characteristics consequent on the changing aspect of the times is, that reputation, instead of being local, may now almost be said to be universal: eminence in any walk of life is now not confined to language or country: the circle which once enclosed talent or invention within a narrow boundary, has widened to a vast circumference, and they who in gone by times could only hope to benefit or charm the few, may in the present feel their influence and their power extended almost beyond computation.

This is eminently the case with literature. Let talent but chronicle itself in any language, and presently we find it emigrating and disseminating itself wherever it is likely to meet with appreciation. Instead of the citizenship of a solitary spot, genius has now the citizenship almost of the world. If a man achieve reputation at home, he is presently well known abroad. Thus it is that the Walter Scott of Germany comes to England through the medium of translation, and in the present instance most worthily introduced.

The genius of Alexis has indeed gained for him the title of being the Walter Scott of Germany; but it is unquestionably a species of similarity of originality, rather than the most distant approach to imitation, which has acquired for him the distinction. Broad lines of parallel power indeed at once strike the eye, but the minor traits are markedly distinct. "The Burgomaster of Berlin," indeed, displays

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the same enlarged scope of comprehension, the same power of grafting an engaging fiction on facts already long ago enacted, the same ability of marshalling incidents and events so as to lead most naturally to the desired consummation, the same power of harmonizing the ideal with the actual: these are the elements of talent which no imitative power can ever reach; the possession of a birthright rather than the acquisition of even the most devoted industry; they who possess these powers may exert them to a great extent of similarity, but inasmuch as they are beyond the reach of attainment through the ordinary processes of labour, so do they bear their own testimony to their own originality. In the qualities which a ready apprehension and a quick adaptive power throw open to the copyist, our great novelist and Alexis differ immeasurably, being so entirely distinct as to put all comparison out of question.

From these more general though relevant observations we pass to a consideration of "The Burgomaster of Berlin," a work of such real power and talent, that the English public may indeed thank the translator for bringing it under their notice, and that too in a manner so every way worthy the talent of its author. The tale is one of the highest class of historical novels; it comprehends a portion of the history of the chartered and united towns of Berlin and Koeln, which, while striving and struggling under the influence of petty jealousies with each other, had yet also to contend against Frederick I., Markgraf and Kur-prince of Brandenburg, as he so styled himself. If the work have a fault, it is in that rich and rare one of an over plenitude of material. From first to last there is a constant succession of scenes of bustling incident and dramatic power: scenes characteristic both of the times and the country, and full of novel interest to the English reader. There is a spice of Victor Hugo in the dash with which Alexis plunges into his narrative: no note of preparation, no roundabout of circumlocution, no lines of circumvallation, but "Heigh presto!" and we are in front of the Senate-house, on the Long-Bridge connecting the quarrelsome towns of Berlin and Koeln, in the midst of a din and a tumult, and a discord and confusion, so vividly described as to be all but seen and heard, and proving but a fit introduction to the divided legislative assembly within. Truly in those days, as well as in later ones, senate-houses were not unlike bear-gardens; the opposition benches raved and rated at each other with great unction and zeal, and hailed each other with quite as hearty a good will. There is a stroke of skill in this, however, independent of its graphic ability, which ought not to be passed unnoted. It is the virulent tumult of the scene, all strife and clamour, with the din of the populace without, which is made to contrast so finely with the first introduction of the deep, calm, quiet, melancholy-toned character of the Burgomaster. Nothing could be more effective than the opposition between the agitation of the surrounding scene and the imposing stillness of him who presided over it, saving it might be the rush of his full feelings when aroused into their expression. Undoubtedly this opening out of the history of the Burgomaster of Berlin is vividly and vigorously imagined, and throughout the narrative the mind fastens itself with undeviating interest on the masterly concep-

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tion. The succession, we might say the rush, of incident continues unbroken from beginning to end, yet through it all the real hero retains his hold upon our feelings and our thoughts, almost without distraction or disunion, though the beautiful heroine, his daughter, the queenly Elizabeth, and her lover, the generous and valorous leader of the populace, Henning Moller, might, under a less potent rivalry, have claimed an undivided interest. It has been the fashion in literature, perhaps because it has been the fasion in the world, to attach the interest chiefly, if not alone, to youth and loveliness, to feminine grace or masculine spirit, or at least to those more splendid appendages to our humanity which, by contributing to the vain glory of the world, that world itself agrees to stamp as current. Thus it is a rare thing for us to find our hearts attacked in behalf of middle age, or personal mediocrity, though reason confesses that they share the perils as well as the pleasures common to those whom nature has more highly and richly gifted. For our own parts, we fully believe that throughout the progressive stages of human life no era can be found so full of intense interest as that in which a man of powerful character and strong feeling approaches something nearer to the barrier which divides the two worlds. His mind treasured with the experience of the past, and coming within the anticipative shadow of the future, acquires a power and intensity which put to shame the senseless ravings of the youthful hero, worked up with evil passions and puerile desires, hot with boyish ardour for some object which, obtained, ere long he may despise, and missed, he may as soon forget to regret. It is difficult for the mind to respond to these claims upon its sympathies, excepting it may be while capable of being influenced by similar emotions, which can but be ephemeral; but it is far otherwise with the involuntary feelings of veneration, and those yearnings of the heart, by which we insinctively honour old age. King Lear is a fine example of this species of interest, and "The Burgomaster of Berlin" is another. The character is indeed a lofty conception. Born of a line whose heritage it is to live under the shadows of foreboded doom, his very temperament seems to correspond with the position of his lot. The factions between the people of Berlin on the one hand, and those of Koeln on the other, the discords between the trades and the aristocracy, zeal for the free town, with the Kur-prince watching with a keen eye to grasp it in his hand with the all-powerful right of might—alternately troubled and maltreated of all, suffering outrage, insult, obloquy—immaculate in his public character, blameless in his private one—the ruin of his personal fortune completed by the payment of the town's debts, lamenting the divisions of the two quarrelling townships, and feeling the necessity of their union so strongly as to be willing to purchase coalition at the price next his heart, even the sacrifice of his only left child, the noble and generous Elizabeth, ready herself to purchase peace at the cost of a loathed marriage with an influential branch of the opposite faction—banished, an alien and a beggar—and yet again so restored that the latter days were better than the first;—in every position, under every aspect, the Burgomaster of Berlin commands our sympathies, rivets our attention, and absorbs our interest.

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The power of this finely imagined portrait may almost be imagined from the circumstance of its forcible prominency and the species of commanding influence which he sustains through scenes of tumult, enterprise, and passion; of wars abroad and quarrels at home; of beleaguered towns and insensate citizens running riot through the streets; of camps where the arms seem always clashing, and senates where the war of words rages quite as loud, through an assemblage of ever-acting and ever-talking men, forming a perfect crowd of noisy, jostling, energetic, disputatious beings;—through all this, we say, "The Burgomaster of Berlin" walks his solitary way pre-eminent in the loneliness of his dignity.

It may be that in the perusal of this work, a perusal that will be wide and take a range far beyond that of the ordinary circle of novel readers—it may, we say, be possible that "The Burgomaster of Berlin" may be denied the pre-eminence of being its hero. It is possible that the young and the ardent may overlook the solitary man torn by conflicting anxieties, and find in the devoted lover of the lofty Elizabeth the principal personage of the history. The mistake will not be unnatural. Brave, daring, energetic, generous, with just so much incongruity as may amuse, and just so much of mystery as may interest, Henning Moller would truly enough have been entitled to the highest place, had not "The Burgomaster of Berlin" occupied the scene; while, even with this admission, he carries the feelings of the reader with him in no ordinary measure and degree. There is a romance in the chivalrous character of the young plebeian, a generosity, and a determination to achieve great things, which make him the equal, if not the superior, of the proud and high Elizabeth. In reading the work we seem to embody what it depictures—the gloomy house of the Burgomaster, with its windows looking out on the stately statue of Roland—the ever-deploring aunt, wailing like winter winds—the radiant daughter, with her meteor smile ere the sun of her hopes declined;—we see all this and more—we even fancy that our eyes are dazzled by the flashings of that ruby chain which seems to hold entwined in its mystic links the doom of the Burgomaster's house.

The reputation of Alexis, the great popular author of Germany, will at once command the attention of the English public, and will most certainly more than satisfy their utmost expectations. For interest of narrative; for the spirited nationality of its idiom, which has been admirably preserved in the translation, and imparts an air of extraordinary novelty; for energy of character and power of description; for comprehensiveness of plan and power in execution, "The Burgomaster of Berlin" will find but few rivals in the present day.

We proceed to offer confirmation of the opinions we have expressed in an extract. The necessities of the Burgomaster drive him to a Jew.

"And just now, when every thing had become quiet, and each was whispering a prayer against the storm, they heard a low knocking at the door. The burgher's bell had long struck, and after that no Jew dared to go out; indeed, who would wish to be out in weather such as that? They all listened, and there came another knocking—low, but distinct enough.

"'Don't open the door, Joel,' said the mother, trembling, as Joel stood up; but he only locked the drawer of his cabinet, and listened atten-

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tively, while his eye followed the shadows thrown by the light of the lamp.

"'Don't open, father! they will be pursuers.' 'That's just the way the Vehmrichters knock!' 'May God preserve us!' said another; and the youngest whimpered, 'That's the way the Schlemihl knocks at a house-door!'

"Baruch shook his head. 'The Vehmrichters will not knock at a Jew's door; and pursuers do not creep, like the fitchet, to the dove-cote; and the Schlemihl does not knock and ask for admittance, he comes like the worm in the pear fruit, and one sees him first when he has gone out. Open, Rachel, and let the stranger in.'

"They all trembled sadly, cowering together; and they begged and implored him, as he valued his safety and theirs, not to open. He, however, motioned them away with his hand: 'Do you not hear, Rachel? I say, the third time, open the door.'

"And they begged now that they might all go to the door with him; and the young men took the lights, and such sticks and weapons as they could lay hold of. But he ordered them to go quickly to their rooms, and shut themselves closely in, and remain quiet, and by no means to listen.

"'Who would come creeping to a Jew's house? Not he who would do him an injury, nor one who would be heard and seen of others. It is one who is in want of something, and privately too, that he may conceal it even from his own shadow.' This he said to his wife, when the others had got away; and he then murmured to himself, 'He who would drive away the guests who come to us thus, would drive gain from our doors, for by daylight there is no road to the Jew's house.'

"Rachel, his wife, had now opened the door, with fear and trembling, and taken the man who stood outside, who was wet and whitened over with snow like a stone statue, by the arm, and had led him along the dark passage, without saying a word, to where Baruch stood at the room-door; she then took herself noiselessly away, and Baruch bowed low before his unknown guest, for the man was wrapped in his cloak, and his bonnet was drawn over his face. He led him silently into the room, and then carefully closed the door.

"The stranger had approached the fire, to shake the snow off and warm himself, but he did not discover his face; even when asked, with a low obeisance, if he would not take off his cloak, he made a motion to the contrary. Baruch approached near, and whispered, 'Herr, you whose foot has honoured my threshold, and to whom I give honour as is your due, the door is locked, the shutters are closed, no eye can see you here, nor any ear hear you, save that of your servant Baruch.'

"The stranger covered his face deeper in his mantle: 'Dost thou know me?'

"'I do know,' answered Baruch; 'but I shall know you no more when your foot hath trod outside my door, I will sweep the dust from the planks, that none may see your footsteps, and clear away the snow which your foot has trodden. Baruch's house is like a grave for what he hears, and his memory is like a sieve, when he sees again the Christians who have visited him!'

"The stranger threw off his cloak, and Baruch bent lower than he had done before, as he saw the Burgomaster of Berlin, Herr Johannes Rathenow, standing before him.

"'Art thou surprised to see me in thy house?'

"'Herr, it is your house, if you will it so.'

"'My house!' said Herr Rathenow, and he looked round with a shudder. He was not ill, but he was pale, and there was an air of sadness over it.

"'Why should a poor Jew be surprised, Herr? He has no right to

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be surprised, nor yet to rejoice; he is just whatever the powerful gentlemen would have him be; and what they would have him do, that he does.'

"He fetched an arm-chair out of the corner. On Herr Johannes turning away unwillingly, he continued—

"'You can sit down on this chair, Herr, without shame or danger. Many a gentleman has sat on it, who no one would have thought had ever knocked at a Jew's door. By the God of my fathers, never a Jew sat him on it!'

"Something like a smile might have been seen to flit across his features as he said this, and he now pulled the cover hastily from the leather cushion, and drew himself back into a corner, whilst Herr Johannes sat down. What could be worse than to sit on a chair whereon a Jew had sat, or pace backwards and forwards under a Jew's roof? He sat for a moment silent, thinking of many things, and it was easily discernible how difficult he found it to make a commencement.

"'Dost thou know why I have sought thee?'

"'Because it were not suitable, in either town, that a Jew should tread the threshold of one of the powerful; the people would ask, 'What does he want a Jew for?'

"'Baruch, thou knowest!'

"'It cannot be because the senate would forbid the Jews to purchase beasts. We may buy none, now, but what the butchers leave. It cannot be about the tax, for the senate would send the bailiff, and not the burgomaster; nor can it be—'

"'Enough, Baruch; thou art rich.'

"'God of my fathers! I—and rich! Yes, if it had not been for the layings in wait, and the prosecutions, the dogs and the funeral piles under Louis, whom they call the Roman. They burnt my grandfather, and they strangled my grandmother with a pitch twine. God of Israel! they had lost all their own children in the plague, and yet they had poisoned the wells and brought the pestilence to the land! Only one child was saved, and carried into the woods—my father. And since the restoration—'

"'There have been many rich years, and your lean kine have fed themselves fat again. Silence, Jew!—the people murmur.'

"'The noble gentleman in the senate will surely not listen to the people's grumbling.'

"'If ye are reasonable, and yield what justice requires of ye, and are not proud, as your fathers were! That was why the pursuers came. The bad times may come again. Baruch, thou art rich.'

"'Most reverend, most merciful sir; by starving and enduring want, and keeping close together all I earned by sweat and toil, it may be that others are poorer than old Baruch!'

"'When the senate bought the great annuities, thou biddest four hundred marks. Peace! what avails it to talk? I am in want of a sum of money, for which thou shalt have security and take interest as does a Jew,—if thou knowest how to be silent, and gettest me the money before the cock crows,' he added, in a lower voice.

"Baruch murmured something to himself, counting on his fingers:

"'Before the cock crows, reverend sir?—it is a large sum.'

"'What is?'

"'Forty-seven score groschens.'

"'Jew!' broke from the burgomaster's lips, and he raised himself up in astonishment: 'what dost thou mean with thy forty and seven score groschens?'

"'For which you came to my poor house,' said Baruch, still in the same attitude. He stood as before, humbly in the corner, peeping out of eyes at the burgomaster, who allowed his head again to sink on his

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hand, careful to conceal the effect which the other's words had had upon him.

" ' Yes, just about—forty or fifty !'

" ' Fifty,—it is a great sum,' and he looked at him even more cunningly. ' And forty-seven is a great sum too—too much for one who owes it, and has not got it. In other places, the senate pays its master's debts, and not the burgomaster the debts which are the senate's.'

" The burgomaster saw that Baruch knew more than he ought to know. He cast an angry look at him, and said,

" ' Hold thy tongue; 'tis not for thee to question the senate's purposes.'

" ' Who dares do that, reverend sir? Do not we live in the breath of its favour, and when the breath is withdrawn we die? But forty-seven score, in these bad times—and Mollner must have the money to-morrow. Well, but he might wait—the young man—as long as the burgomaster pledges himself for it.'

" ' In a word, Baruch, thy conditions?'

" ' Yes—conditions to a noble gentleman, and to the master who is above the noble gentleman. He used to be such a fine gentleman—Herr Schumm, I mean, in Friar's Street—he sits him down on his money-bags, and to leave an old friend in difficulties for seven and forty score groschens !'

" The most painful journey that the burgomaster had ever taken had been to the Jew's house, to beg money from a man whose hand he would shudder to touch; and now that he was in it, the chair in which he sat seemed to him like the dock in which the prisoner stands before his judge.

" ' Baruch, I have need of the money.'

" ' Money ! When I remember the great Herr Albertus ! He was like a lord of glory, and had seven and forty horses in his stables; and now, his grandson to enter a Jew's house for forty and seven score groschens ! Oh, thou just God ! And to have no more friends—the Rathenows ! It is not the first time—to be sure, to be sure. The senate, the day before yesterday,—who would have thought it?'

" ' What, Jew !' Herr Johannes actually shook upon his chair.

" ' But the Wyns—the rich house of Wyns,' continued Baruch, ' have money to lend upon good security. And they are so rich—have their estates at Frankfort, and in the rich Oder valley, their barns and their boats full of fat things; and have ever been friends of the Rathenows—not even seven and forty score groschens to a friend !' "

The History of Ancient America anterior to the Time of Columbus; proving the identity of the Aborigines with the Tyrians and Israelites; and the introduction of Christianity into the Western Hemisphere by the Apostle St. Thomas. By GEORGE JONES, M. R. S. I., F. S. V. The Tyrian Æra.

" The History of Ancient America, anterior to the Time of Columbus." The eye is at once caught, and the mind struck by this title. Can such a record amount to more than supposition? be other than imaginative? Can deductions be arrived at with anything like an approach to certainty? The very nature of a history seems to argue against its being derivable from any other authority saving that of facts chronicled in consecutive succession. When once these have to be guessed at, their form becomes imperfect, their outline doubtful, their tangibility matter of conjecture, their whole arrangement full of

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doubtful disorder, their very existence apocryphal. We are unwilling to substitute theories for substantialities, and it is well that we should require convincing evidence and the strongest testimony to establish the strict truth of history. And yet with the fullest conviction of the all importance of such carefulness in our admissions, we are constrained to admit that Mr. Jones has ranged a mass of evidence on his side meriting the gravest consideration, and willing as we are to allow that events may not be written on parchment alone, but that they may be traced in visible lines on the fragments of prostrate cities, and on the scattered relics of man, wherever he has once held his habitation. Whether or not our author may convince the world of the verity of his theories, he must have fully earned from it the reputation of deep research, painstaking investigation, and most ingenious deduction; for, in truth, this, the first moiety of his labours, is a long line of argument worked out with as much power as industry, on a perfectly new tract of travel, and leading to a most important end.

The mind can never be contented with an isolated fact. It cannot concentrate its gaze upon some simple position, but must, whether or not it will, speculate upon events, and trace them backwards, until the track is lost in obscurity, though it may have resulted in that on which it first fastened its attention. This is eminently the case in those extraordinary discoveries of ancient cities which have comparatively recently been discovered in South America. In contemplating these wonderful relics of the past, we behold the proof that there has existed a people rich in the arts of civilization. Architecture, sculpture, painting, these attest the existence of a polished nation. The ruins of vast cities, of terraced temples and noble palaces, the very fragments of which are choked up by a giant vegetation, so that the ancient records of man are underdated by the superscriptions of nature,—these mark that there has been a past unlike the present. That time has been when our race upheaped the stones in the wilderness into the fair proportions of architecture, and chiselled records on the granite, and outspread the glowing colouring, not only for existing pride and glory, but to furnish to future ages attestations of their own existence, thus bequeathing them the legacy of a mysterious memory. But who were then our mighty ancestors of the human family? We are accustomed to speak of Columbus as the great discoverer of this portion of the globe, and to imagine, that while following his footsteps, we are treading primeval ground. The mind, however, staggers at the supposition that these mementos of a time when the arts were dwelling in these Mexican wilds, should only prove that the tide of civilization flowed so high but to ebb again so low. If this were not the case, strange hands must have reared those stately edifices, and lavished on them their adornment; and this being supposable, are inherent traces to be found of their parentage and derivation? Mr. Jones tells us boldly that it is so, and with a strength of reasoning that ought not to be rejected until it is refuted. Who then were these colonists? Those of Tyre escaping from the slaughter-house of their city from Alexander of Macedon—the Great, in his love of butchery and warfare. Such a supposition is undoubtedly in surprising harmony with the circumstances from which it is deduced. Such a

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parentage at once accounts for architectural and masonic skill, for it was the people of Tyre, under Hiram, their king, who aided Solomon so largely in building the temple, not only with materials, but with cunning workmen; and hence, also, that otherwise unaccountable coincidence of ornament found in these ancient ruins with Greece, the far-famed meandering border of squared lines being common in those relics, and its presence being naturally accounted for by the communication of the people of Tyre with those of Greece. Hence, too, the introduction of the Tyrian shell, so celebrated for its purple dye, found amongst the sculpture; and hence, more than all, those insignia of devotion to the day-god Apollo, perpetuated in the Mexican idolatry of the sun. We cannot, however, follow Mr. Jones through his long line of reasoning. His mind has explored a vast multitude of facts, and his new and startling position, at the least, demands investigation. We might almost say that he has brought before us not conjectures but deductions. The striking originality of his idea is ably supported by arguments, which most ingeniously connect the present with the past. The volume now issued comprises but the half of Mr. Jones's plan, but its merit makes us hope that we may soon see it perfected.

We extract a species of summary of our author's arguments, not as the most favourable specimen of his style, which is rich and flowing, but because it will the better enable our readers to comprehend his theory.

"To establish that the Aborigines of South and Central (*i. e.* Mexican) America, were from the East of the Tyrian family in Asia, the following arguments and evidences have been produced: viz.—The separation of the Aborigines of the Western Hemisphere into two distinct races, or people;—and that division justified by absolute contrasts in their moral and physical condition and manners,—in their political and religious customs and observances;—and in addition to these powerful contrasts, is the fact,—that *North* America possesses *no Architectural stone ruins*,—while in the Mexican portion of the Continent, many Cities and Temples have been found.

"The great and injurious error of naming the Aborigines—'INDIANS'—was pointed out,—as well as the Author, and the cause of the misnomer, and its effects. The title of the first Epoch was then given, and the arrangement of the several propositions for establishing its truth.

"An elaborate argument was next founded upon the important and interesting question,—'Are the Fine Arts of sufficient authority, to be received in evidence, for establishing historical records or events?' Having produced an answer *con amore*,—and especially illustrated the answer, by the resuscitation of the Ruins of Rome, we proceeded in the belief that the argument was conclusive and in the affirmative.

"The fact was then established of the discovery of the ancient Ruins in Southern or Central America,—viz. at Mitla, Cholula, Uxmal, Palenque, Quirigua, Ocosingo, Tecpan-Guatimala, Gueguetinango, Quiche, Copan, Chi-chen, Zayi, Kabah, Espita, Ticol, and Labnah,—and these severally upon the high authority of the justly renowned Humboldt,—the Spanish Commissioners Del Rio and Waldeck,—Dupaix and Galindo,—and last, not least, the enterprising American Traveller, Stephens,—and his artist-associate, Catherwood:—and to which list may now be added the name of Norman. Stephens has investigated other Ruins in Yucatan, but they are precisely analogous to that of Uxmal. Reference was then made to

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the Mexican Paintings preserved in the Vatican, Bologna, and Madrid, and republished in the folio Volumes by Lord Kingsborough.

"Extracts followed from the descriptions of the Ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal, with such commentaries as were required, for illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture, or for detecting errors.

"A Critical analysis was then presented of the conclusions arrived at by Stephens, in reference to the Architecture, and of the Nations rejected by him as the builders. His errors were shown by his own contradictions; and the basis of his argument being founded upon those errors, the conclusions, as a necessity, fell to the ground; for it was shown that the only Nation or People that could claim to be Architects, and having means to reach the Continent, were not so much as mentioned by him, and consequently not investigated. If he had done so, it would instantly have interfered with a favourite conclusion, which he was determined to arrive at; if not by artistical and scientific reasoning, at least by one of the noblest *traits* in the human character,—viz. Love of Country. This was so pardonable in a book merely of 'Incidents of Travel,' that while it could not deprive honest criticism of exposing the sophistry, it at once, from pure sympathy in the sentiment, withheld the shaft of condemnation.

"We then proceeded to prove, upon the direct rules of Art, that the pyramidal ruins forming bases for receiving—and with the peculiar superstructures on them, that they were only traceable as Egypto-Tyrian Architecture—that the Sculpture aided this conclusion, and finally established the Nation to be Tyrian, from recording the celebrated worship of Saturn,—the victim-craving Moloch of Canaan's descendants.

"A no less strong than interesting proof, we submit, was brought to the consideration of the reader, in the general identity between Solomon's Temple of Jerusalem, *built by Tyrians*, and the Temples of Palenque and Copan."

Meredith. By the Countess of Blessington.

The sunshine of a bright literary reputation has long rested on Lady Blessington. The graceful labours of her pen have done their part in beguiling the weary of a sense of pain, and occupying the mind that might else have been dwelling on its own sorrows. She has been the companion of many a winter's hearth and of many a summer's bower; and therefore it is that in this her last production she is entitled to the welcome of a friend.

In the character of an author, as in that of an individual, there will always be found distinct traits dissimilar from others and peculiar to self,—Lady Blessington is thus distinguished. Her works are all marked by a refinement singularly her own; not the refinement of station alone, although this has, doubtless, spread an almost imperceptible heightening over the whole polish, but a tastefulness derived from the quality of her own mind, which would have existed in any other position of society; for though extraneous and adventitious circumstances may gild an inferior metal, yet the gold, whether burnished or not, hath unquestionably the higher value after all. When they exist unitedly, both the sterling worth and the visual charm command unhesitating appreciation, and this is eminently the case in all Lady Blessington's productions. A delicate refinement, a cultivated taste, real feeling and genuine sentiment, all of them rare and costly

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ingredients in the composition of the modern novel, combine in her attractive works, and unite in "Meredith" in no ordinary degree. The work is written in the style of an autobiography, a mode which when competently handled imparts an air of truthfulness and reality to a recital which undoubtedly seems to bring the reader into much more intimate acquaintance with the narrator than any other.

Meredith, commencing his narrative from the date of his nursery days, grows into an old acquaintance as his tale progresses, till at its close we are constrained to find ourselves old friends. There is, however, a peculiarity in the work which we know not whether to attribute to skill or the simple workings of nature: we speak of its early and its latter half being of distinct character. It is possible that a third supposition, which we venture to make, may be the true one; namely, that the different portions of the work may have been written at different eras of time, and that the progressive change which passes over all things may have marked itself on the last moiety of "Meredith." From whatever cause this result may have sprung, it is a merit in the work, being just that reflected counterpart of nature which the experience of every human being must furnish. There is in it all the difference of aspect and impression which life in its opening and life in its close supplies. In the first half of Meredith, before his personal history becomes agitated by the hazarding of his stakes for happiness, while his juvenile days, those days when sorrows seem but to write themselves on sand are yet unspent, the tide of the narrative flows on without any deep agitation, though doubtless there is a tender feeling elicited in the cause of a mother's injuries and sorrows. This is, however, but the shade, the sentiment of this earlier portion; otherwise, the scenes are full of most admirably depictured traits, all developing the utter heartlessness of that world of fashion which Lady Blessington paints with a truth so forcible. Her resemblances of high life are indeed portraits, and her descriptions views transferred to paper: throughout them she is sparkling, epigrammatic, fashionable; yet not without the softening of sentiment: but in the latter half it is that Lady Blessington puts forth her strength. It is here that, entering on a plot of real novelty, and arousing all the stronger and sterner passions of the heart, she manifests her higher capabilities. Exploring untrodden ground in literature in these our days of never-tiring discovery, is like finding a new country, and such honour has Lady Blessington; for certainly our memory supplies us with no corresponding fiction to the one before us. The tangled skein of the fortunes of "Meredith" have no counterpart in our literature. We do not even hint at its merits, because it will be widely read, and we would not diminish a fraction of its interest. In speaking of the different character of the earlier and later portions of the work, we would expressly be understood that the interest is not divided. On the contrary, the skill which at length combines the moieties, that for a while appear so unconnected, is most remarkable. If for a while we imagine that the boyish days of the hero have only been dwelt upon for the sake of fastening our attention on him, we find as we advance that the links which connect the twain together may have been for a time invisible, but are not the less real and binding. We find, as we approach the conclusion, how

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incomplete would be the one without the other, and that the two halves are necessary to make the whole.

It is great praise to say that a thing is perfect of its kind: we think, however, that our readers will say with us that the following portrait *is* perfect in its kind. The speaker had met an old ladye-love.

"'If not an indiscreet question, my lord, I should like to know how your marriage was broken off. The lady was not likely to prove faithless; and your lordship, I presume, was then as little disposed to inconstancy?'

"'*She* certainly did not; indeed, few women could have been inconstant to me, for I was considered to be the best-looking young fellow about town. Nor was I, according to my own opinion, faithless; although many people, and especially her family and friends, accused me of fickleness. Within two days of the one named for our nuptials, I forced her to a water-party, for which I had made such expensive preparations, that although the weather threatened rain, I was not willing to postpone it. Her mother, and indeed herself, objected to go, but I overruled their objections, and carried the point. The day turned out to be wretched; she took a severe cold, and on the morrow was pronounced to be dangerously ill. Our marriage was consequently postponed; and when, after three or four weeks' confinement to her chamber, my intended bride was allowed to receive a visit from me, I found her totally altered in appearance, pale, thin, and with a cough which sounded like a death knell in my ear. I consequently determined to await the result before I took any step relative to our marriage. Not so her lady mother, who suggested to me, that as my betrothed was still delicate, and that a mild climate was recommended for her, she thought it very advisable that our nuptials should at once take place, and that we should depart for the South of Italy, where a winter's residence could not fail to restore the health of her daughter. I could not conceal the surprise and disapprobation I felt at so preposterous a project, and advised, in preference to its adoption, that she should take her daughter to Italy, where I could join them whenever, if ever, her health was restored; but that to marry her at present, and so become a nurse instead of a bridegroom, was totally out of the question. Lady Mellebrooke chose to take this proposal ill, and be offended. She accused me of want of affection for her daughter, and I honestly stated, that when I offered my hand the object of my affection was in good health, and in high beauty, while now she appeared to me to be in a consumption, and her beauty was certainly much impaired. Would you credit it? the mother became angry—said I could have no feeling to act in such a manner, regretted that her poor child, as she called her, had ever known me, laid the blame of her illness on the cold she had caught, owing to my obstinacy in forcing her to go on the water on a bad day; and, in short, said a thousand unreasonable and absurd things. I grew angry, and declared I would never marry her daughter. She burst into tears, and asked me—nay, prayed me not to endanger the life of her child, by letting it be known, in her present weak state, that I had refused to fulfil my engagement to her; and I, good-naturedly, consented to keep on the mask until her strength was a little restored, though secretly determined never to marry a woman of delicate health—a step which might not only interrupt the enjoyment of my life, by making my house an hospital, but might seriously endanger my own health and that of my posterity. To say the truth, my passion had greatly abated from the day I felt sure of her becoming mine. *Que voulez vous?* I had been kept so long in suspense, she had so many suitors, and her mother was so scrupulous about the character of him who was to be the successful one, that my feelings were wound up to the utmost pitch of excitement. Once ac-

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cepted, and sure of her, the love daily, hourly, decreased, and all her other suitors being dismissed, I no longer experienced any of those fears which are necessary to keep alive love as thorns are to guard the rose. But to resume my story: the invalid was persuaded by her mother that the marriage was prohibited for a year, by her physicians, and so she remained in perfect ignorance of my refusal to wed her. Lady Mellebrooke, the proudest and most stately dame that I ever happened to meet, but also the most doting mother, was now obliged, while hating me for what she was pleased to consider my selfish conduct, to conciliate me, in order that my visits should not cease. My position was rather an awkward one, for her daughter, believing that she was to be my wife as soon as her health was restored, nay more, thinking that my consent, to the postponement of a year was a new proof of my affection, lavished on me all those nameless and indescribable attentions which the most pure-minded and modest young creatures can evince towards a betrothed husband, without losing the least portion of that delicacy and dignity which form so great an attraction in them. There was something positively touching in her manner towards me; so much so, that at times I was almost tempted to break through the resolution formed by my prudence, and by marrying her, acquire the right of accompanying her abroad, and watching over her health. At such moments, I used to catch her mother's scornful eye fixed on my face with an expression of contempt and dislike, that only subsided when they melted into pity for her deceived daughter, and large tears coursed each other down her pale face. My prudence, however, vanquished my temporary irresolution; and as I reflected on the anxiety and personal inconvenience to which I should be exposed by travelling with an invalid, I congratulated myself on my firmness; although when her mother demanded her portrait from me, it cost me a pang to resign it. The moment of parting was a very painful trial to her poor gentle soul, and a very awkward one to me. She wept on my shoulder as she whispered me not to be uneasy about her, and urged me to join her soon, while her stately mother looked daggers at me, and almost tore her daughter from my arms. She went abroad, and after some months recovered. When her mother thought her strong enough to bear the shock, she broke to her daughter my refusal to wed her, and her opinion of what she considered to be my unfeeling conduct. Women, even the oldest of them, Mr. Rivers, have such crotchety notions about love. They fancy that everything else is to be sacrificed for it, and when they can no longer excite the passion themselves, they take up arms for their female relations and friends. A prudent man is, by them, sure to be accused of selfishness and want of feeling, &c., consequently, I conclude that I was not spared by Lady Mellebrooke, when she told her daughter what had occurred between us. However that may be, although prepared for a letter of reproach, I heard no more of the fair girl to whom I had really been attached, until I received, through my bankers, a parcel containing my portrait, and all the *gages d'amours* which I had presented to Lady Mary when our marriage had been arranged. Not a line accompanied them, which, I own, rather surprised and somewhat mortified me. I heard by chance, from a person who had met them in Italy, that Lady Mary had a severe relapse, and was reduced nearly to the grave, and by comparing dates, ascertained that this must have been immediately after the disclosure made by her mother, and the return of my portrait and gifts. I expected no less, for the poor girl really loved me passionately, and so did I her at first, but her illness alarmed me for my future comfort. Well, the fair invalid was taken to place after place in Italy for change of air. People who met her told me that she was a complete wreck, with spirits broken, and little chance of living: and then I congratulated myself that I had not married her. In three years after I went to Baden, and the first person I saw there was my old flame, looking more blooming than

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ever, which shows you that women don't die of love, whatever people may pretend. In a few hours afterwards I learned that, even while in the delicate state of health I have described, she had won the affection of the Marquis of Leominster, who followed her, like her shadow, whenever she moved, and became joint nurse with her mother. After two years unceasing assiduities, he was rewarded by her perfect recovery to health, and her fair hand; which was only accorded to him a few days before they left Italy for Baden, whither they had been recommended to repair for the benefit of her mother. I quitted the place next day, not wishing to encounter the stern gaze of the cold and stately Dowager Countess of Mellebrooke, or to awaken painful feelings in the breast of her daughter, who, I was fully convinced, still entertained for me a sentiment incompatible with her new duties. I have only occasionally heard of the Marchioness of Leominster since, and out of delicacy to her feelings have carefully avoided all intercourse; and now that she retains not even a trace of that elegant figure and lovely face which justified my youthful preference for her, I rejoice that the moving mass of flesh so disagreeable to contemplate, is designated by any title rather than that of Lymington. Fancy me, who have so perfectly retained my figure—and he stood up to exhibit it—supporting on my arm such a woman as Lady Leominster now is. The very notion shocks me! And then the horror of having a young man, six feet high, with whiskers, calling me father, spending my money, and wishing me dead, that he might step into my shoes. Fancy *me* travelling about with an immensely fat wife, and two full-grown daughters, for whom husbands are to be found. The very thought appals me. I have been spared all this by my prudence, and have reason to be thankful for the escape.'"

The Power of Association. A Poem in three Parts. By the Rev. J. I. Campbell, M.A., Rector of Tilston, in the County of Chester.

Independently of its own merit, a thing is either enhanced or deteriorated by its application. The poetry which is devoted to decking immorality in costly and attractive garments, however rich may be the gems of its own adornment, becomes but like a worn or fretted garment, whilst that which robes religion and virtue seems to receive a portion of that grace which it subserves. It is always with pleasurable feelings that we find talent devoted to worthy objects, but more especially where the feeling is gratified by finding poetry, itself so attractive and beguiling, lending the sweetness of her numbers, the graces of her imagery, and the powers of her persuasion, to lead the heart and its affections into that path which is indeed consecrated as heavenward. This feeling has been highly gratified in our perusal of Mr. Campbell's poem. Taking advantage of the sympathies of our nature, which are ever so ready to respond to good or evil, and which can never remain neuter, he has led them into that righteous channel which, while it is the only one of safety, leads with unerring certainty to their true reward. Love both to God and man, to our Maker and our brother, is his theme, all worked out by "The Power of Association." He imagines the wanderer from his home under almost every supposable condition of circumstances, but with his heart still yearning towards that hallowed spot, and then, seizing on the type, he points the wanderer on earth to his home in heaven. There is a truthfulness

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and a simplicity in this preaching that at once convinces the understanding and touches the heart. So, indeed, should literature teach from the lips of our clergy: so would the sacred character be dignified, instead of being, as it too often is, degraded by puerile, if not polluted labours. It is not from the pulpit alone that the divine should preach and teach: the pen is a powerful weapon, and, in the present days of literary ascendency, perhaps that which achieves the mightiest of the conquests in the world. Well is it, then, when the soldiers, thus powerfully armed and accoutred, range themselves under the banners of the Cross. The service is that which confers most honour, and promises most usefulness.

Mr. Campbell's poetry is chaste as his subject is worthy. No meretricious ornament, no tinsel, no inflated imagery, no straining for effect, deface his work. On the contrary, he is simple, fervent, pure, with an ardent love of nature, a strong perception of the power of the innate affections—those links which bind our species together—and possessing a refinement which is evidently a quality of his own mind. But an extract will best exemplify.

" Sweet Home! in thee we see reflected bright
The shadow of that Heaven far out of sight:
There is our Father's house, for which we long,
There we shall cease to mourn, there join the song—
'Glory to God on high and peace on earth,'
Not through a creature's, but Redeemer's worth.
When the plumed warrior takes the field afar,
And mounts along with war his sable car,
When all around is desolation drear,
Do not the comforts of a home draw near?
Does not his home—the comforts he has left—
Now that he feels at times of all bereft—
Seem doubly sweet—a garden full of flowers,
Where peace reclines beneath elysian bowers—
Where waters gently ripple all the day,
And shade and sunshine graced with colours gay?
Home, once so sweet, is now made doubly dear,
For joy, and peace, and comfort, blossom here!
* * * * *
The cottage stood, like some fair downy nest,
With ivy cover'd, and with creepers tress'd;
High walls surround it, and well wooded walks—
A lawn in front, and here green sloping balks—
Sweet honeysuckles creep the porchway o'er,
And roses deck the plot before the door;
Whilst here and there, a bench, or rustic chair,
Invite attention to the picture fair.
The murmuring stream, which turns the neighb'ring mill,
The buzz of bees, are rural sounds which fill
The ear with harmony—the mind with peace,
And make them doubly value their release.
When evening sheds her tears for loss of day,
Then forth upon their well-kept lawn they stray,
And as the moon her silvery light pours through
The trembling leaves, and paints the distant view
With light and shade, which she alone can give,
They seeem once more to breathe—again to live!

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How soft the light which falls on yonder hill—
How hushed is Nature—not asleep, but still!
So think they as they stroll beneath the trees,
And scent the evening air and hear the bees,
Their pleasant murmur wafted by the breeze;
Or, seated in their parlour, whilst the moon
Pours through the painted glass a flood like noon,
They speak of dangers past and troubles o'er—
The moonbeams glancing on the oaken floor—
Whilst fancy draws the picture of the past,
So true to life, they almost hear the blast."

The following picture commends itself.

"High on the mountain-top, the shepherd lad,
Stretched on the heather or his highland plaid,
Admires the beauties of the vale below—
The light and shade, as now they come and go;
Traces the windings of the river fair,
And feels as free from anxious thought or care
As is the lark, which sings above his head
When morning tints the east with strokes of red.

No cares of church and state confound his brain,
And rack his mind with anxious thoughtsof pain;
He knows no more about the world at large
Than does the flock of which he has the charge;
He sits at ease—reclines upon the brae,
When morning rises, or at wane of day;
Gives vent to joy, too big to be suppress'd,
As does the lark, which sings above his nest—
Whistles and carols all the live-long day,
And full of life, is therefore always gay;
Knows nothing about vapours or the spleen,
And on such subjects knows not what you mean.
The vale of blue expanding o'er his head,
The heather which he makes at night his bed,
The towering mountains, and extended plain,
These are his joy—he seeks no greater gain;
And yet e'en he, as now he wanders o'er
The mountain-tops, and treads the barren moor,
Can think of home—his cottage in the waste,
With some few shrubs and trees about it graced,
And wander in his mind and with his eyes
O'er that same spot which now in distance lies,
Rejoice when now he sees the distant glen,
And hail the time when he his flock shall pen,
And once more seated at his cottage door,
Enjoy the pleasures of the eve before,
Or, 'neath the shade of yon high-spreading limes,
The hum of bees, and distant village chimes."

Piety and Intellect relatively estimated; Addressed especially to those who from profession or predilection are engaged in study, as also designed and accommodated for all readers in the community. By Henry Edwards, M.D.

We verily believe that intellect is the idol of the present day, as

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truly as if it was a visible and graven thing wrought by the hands of some cunning workman. Though it may not be a molten image, yet is it a veritable deification, and as such our homage is a violation of that commandment which confirms our worship to the One, eternal and divine. We do not, of course, mean to undervalue intellect, since, under proper and appointed ordination, it is the fit teacher and minister of the Supreme Being, and a very messenger appointed by Himself. It is only when forgetting that he is but a missionary, and claiming divine honours for his own person, that we would deny his claims; otherwise there cannot be a higher, a more fitting, a more holy, or a more useful junction than that of intellect and piety. It is only in our fallen state that they can be severed, and only in the degree that we approach restoration that they can be re-united. Unhappily, in this world, they are so generally strangers, that the mention of the one does not suggest the vicinity of the other. Intellect walks the world alone: Piety is often found with the humblest in mind as in heart. We consider the book before us to be truly valuable; it is a consideration of the respective worth of these two possessions, and its author has sought most industriously to prove that the smallest measure of religion is better than the highest attainments of unsanctified intellect, bringing arguments from the perishableness of the nature of most mental acquisitions, their connexion with this state of existence rather than another, and their unavailableness to that unseen future to which we are all hastening, to prove that they can contribute nothing towards the happiness of the blessed; whilst the smallest grain of true piety shall expand into a felicity, making a heaven of the heart which it inhabits whilst on earth, as well as preparing it for its heritage on high. Our author has most industriously gathered testimonials to the truth of this position from the writings of every class, even infidel men bearing witness to its truth. It perhaps justly belonged to Christian literature to follow out a line of reasoning, ennobling indeed to the humblest individual of the great family of the Divine Father, which, whilst it elevates piety to its true dignity, humbles intellect into a position of humility. This work is itself the more welcome, because, combining reason with its own piety, it is the more likely to be the means of working out a good result on a class of men who have it largely in their power to do good or evil on the one hand or the other; for certainly the higher orders of mind possess the greatest influences on society. Scriptural knowledge ought, undoubtedly, to be the test of all other species of knowledge, for that which is not with it must be against it.

In conclusion, we can only say that we attach a high value to this work as one likely to be eminently useful in that field of labour in which the rewards are so great; and we make room for an extract as full of just reasoning as of sound meaning.

"The distinction between the knowledge of doctrine on the one hand, and the practice of duty on the other, must be obvious to all, being discoverable to the simplest exercise of the mind, and illustrated, by their own observation and experience, every day of their lives. With the eye we may discern many miles off in a minute, but we cannot so quickly go thither. The plainest and dullest understanding may readily detect defi-

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ciencies and faults in the most finished composition, which he cannot pretend to equal or most distantly approximate. The most foolish may teach the most wise; the most vicious may justly censure the most virtuous. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it; they hold it up for admiration, but not for our imitation: what they proclaim frequently and eloquently with their lips, they falsify and vilify in their lives. It is not the knowledge, but the practice of the physician's rules that heals the distempered. It has consequently ever been an established rule or axiom, both with Pagans and Christians—a rule which Christ himself confirmed: 'scire malum, non est malum, scire bonum, non est bonum.' It is much easier to know than to do, to be informed of the truth than conformed to it; to preach than to practise the rules of religion. The scriptures, alike in their grand cardinal doctrines and their general tenor, fully distinguish between the mere belief and reception of the truth; though sanctified by the truth, we can only be sanctified by the truth supernaturally applied. It is much easier to conceive a thousand beautiful thoughts concerning piety in the closet than to put one of them into practice; because thoughts, thoughts beautiful in speculation, are the work of the imagination, which is as much delighted with a lovely idea, as the eye is with a lovely object: but when we would proceed from theory to practice, we must combat the selfish passions, we must get the better of our love of ease, which is apt to grow upon speculative men. He whose reigning pleasure is to speculate and think beautifully, will not therefore act accordingly; because action calls him off from his favourite pleasure, that of speculation, he will be averse to action, at least all difficult action: which aversion nothing can conquer but much stronger motives than those arising from the mere intellectual perception of the loveliness of virtue, or the complacency the imagination may take in its survey. We find that a large number of those who have entertained the world and themselves with these lofty notions, have not been very remarkable for the practice of the active virtues. A certain elegance of thinking may have restrained them from the grosser vices of abandoned sensuality or passion, and they may have observed the rules of morality as far as agreeable to them; but they have never gone out of their way to promote the moral and religious improvement of their country, their neighbours, or themselves, at the expense of their beloved repose. There seems to be a certain vis inertiæ in souls as well as in bodies, by which they resist all change or alteration of the state in which they are: and it is a matter of as much difficulty to rouse the speculative from their indolence, as it is to check the career of the sensual, the worldly, and the ambitious: just as it requires as much force and impressed energy to move a body at rest as it does to stop a body in motion. Though they may be often urged to exert their intellectual influence and energies in the service of virtue and truth, they rarely comply even when they might do so without any serious sacrifice, except that of their beloved repose. Having obtained celebrity perhaps by some very useful religious productions, they confine themselves to themselves, rejecting without any reluctance application for assistance in the defence and diffusion of the highest and holiest of principles."

There is so much of high theological and useful truth in the following, that we are glad to extend its dissemination through the medium of our pages.

"To conclude: this much, we think, will be conceded by all who have studied the subject, without a glimmering scruple. The Scriptures clearly state, that in bestowing rewards on mankind, God will not render unto men according to the amount of means of knowledge they participate, nor yet even those of religion, but according to the improvement they make of their means, be they great or small, and in exact proportion to that

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improvement; so that the highest seats of bliss are thus opened to all—that those persons who possess most religious knowledge, who excel most in piety, and live most to the glory of God in this life, shall obtain the highest seats in heaven. And is it not reasonable, as well as scriptural, to conclude that the man, though untutored and ungifted, who most frequently looks within, who most studiously contemplates the character of God as revealed in the Scriptures, who presents the holy petition to him whenever an opportune season occurs, who ever and anon contemplates an omnipresent and omniscient Jehovah, and anticipates a day when the secrets of all men's lives and hearts shall be divulged; who, in short, is most dutiful in the right use of the best means, preservatives, and promoters of true holiness; is it not, we say, most reasonable, as well as scriptural, to conclude, that such a one must make greater advances in piety than the Christian, who is each day and each year penned in his study, or laboratory, almost exclusively occupied with the pursuits of science? Is it not both most reasonable and scriptural to conclude that the self-denying and laborious missionary, who has left all for Christ, who possesses, displays, and promotes real religion in a greater degree in the present life, shall consequently shine brighter, and rank higher, in the heavenly state, than the mere Christian genius, who has been saved, as it were, by fire; and whose whole sphere of usefulness seems bounded to this point, the exhibition of another proof that genius and religion are not incompatible.

"We have before observed, that the most distinguished Christian here will be the most distinguished saint in glory. Were the divine conduct regulated by the former principle, many of the texts of Scripture must be false, such as that the first shall be last, and the last first, which on that principle must be impossible—and it would represent God as rewarding fortune rather than virtue, and nature rather than grace. The apostle in one of his epistles declares that where the means are wanting, God takes the will for the deed. The labourers in the parable who came late received the same as those who were called early. Our Saviour commended alone the poor woman with her offering of two mites, declaring that she contributed the most to the treasury. Hence it follows, we say, that he who has thus done most and best, according to his means, will be the most distinguished in mental as well as in moral endowments, in intellect as in quality."

The Highlands, the Scottish Martyrs, and other Poems. By the Rev. James G. Small.

We must needs smile in all gravity at our author's announcement of his motives for publishing his poems, namely, "that he may remove all temptation to the further prosecution of that fascinating art." The very novelty of this avowal has in it so much merit that we could scarcely bring ourselves to a state of severity strong enough to censure, even if our sense of justice made it incumbent on us so to do. Happily for us, we are spared from the temptation of practising undue lenity, since, with all our sense of critical justice, we find little to condemn. Although the groundwork of these poems may have been written in juvenile days, yet the enlargements have been so copious that the original fabric is well nigh overpowered, much as a rich embroidery may cover the web on which it is outspread. The prevailing characteristic of Mr. Small's mind is an abounding love of natnre. We never remember to have met with poetry so much like a continuity

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of pictorial landscape. There is, indeed, perfect luxury in the pleasure with which some men abandon themselves to the charms of hill and valley, of mountain and mossy glade. To such the world offers no higher gratification than to repose themselves beneath the shelter of some umbrageous tree, to listen to the hymned harmony which rises like an oblation or thanksgiving from every bird and blossom, every whispering leaf, and every murmuring insect. This feeling engrosses our poet's heart; from first to last his volume breathes the love of nature in her own sylvan courts, in her own unhackneyed haunts. This sort of devotional sentiment is not, of course, compatible with poetic passion, and consequently his verse runs in a smooth stream, like the flow of some placid river, never lashed into storm, but never stagnant. Those who love these calm descriptive verses, which seem, indeed, to partake of the nature of that beauty which they pourtray, will find themselves well pleased with this volume of poetry, of which we append the opening stanzas.

" Dull is the soul that ne'er hath roamed along
'Mong Scotia's vales and hills, and hath not caught
The inspiring breath that prompts to pensive song;
To whom, in seasons of sweet silent thought,
The image of these scenes is never brought,
Nor fondly cherished as a precious dower;
Upon whose breast their influence hath not wrought
As with a charm—whose sweetly soothing power
His heart hath gladly owned in many an after hour.

And I have felt that charm;—and, not in vain,
Upon my soul unfadingly impressed,
These scenes in lively vision still remain;
For never yet hath my delighted breast
Such calm, sweet, purifying joy confessed,
As when 'mid these bright regions I have stood,
Or as when Memory my soul hath blessed,
And with her magic mirror hath renewed
The image of those scenes o'er which I've loved to brood.

Gazing o'er woods and streams, o'er vales and hills,
From some deep glen or some majestic height,
Say whence such deep, sublime emotion fills
The musing soul, and whence such calm delight
Steals o'er the heart;—whence seem they to the sight
So girt with power and wild magnificence?
Is it that, in themselves, they have the might
To rouse the spirit as they please the sense,
Or whence their secret charm? Canst thou, sweet Muse, say whence?

It is a glorious power, that, from the mind,
Like a creative spirit, wanders forth,
And on immortal wings flies, unconfined,
Exulting in its might, through heaven and earth,
Giving to all it looks on a new birth.
'Tis this so hallows the gray, mouldering tower;

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Hence laugh the valleys with such lively mirth—
Hence frown the hills with such subduing power—
Hence strike the clouds such awe when 'mid the storm they lower."

The Bride of Messina; a Tragedy, with Chorusses. By SCHILLER. Translated by A. LODGE, Esq., M.A.

This celebrated drama of the celebrated German author, is far less familiarized amongst us than any of his other productions, and on that very account it has been the more desirable that we should be put in possession of an able translation, which this undoubtedly is. The Bride of Messina deserves peculiar attention, from the circumstance that it was written by Schiller avowedly as an illustration of his matured views on dramatic composition, and its structure is thus more than ordinarily matter of critical investigation. For our own parts, we have never been among the number of its warm admirers. To us its horrors are repulsive, and meant as they were to exhibit the climax of human sorrow, it is still a sorrow from which we recoil rather than feel our sympathy excited. It is, however, now too late to investigate the merits of Schiller, though our few passing observations may not be misplaced: all that we have to do is with the accuracy and taste of the translation, and this it is but justice to commend in really high terms. Mr. Lodge has kept close to his original, and those who have studied the copious language of the Father-land, will know that to exchange it into the more limited coinage of our own tongue, so as to retain its power, is a labour of no common skill. This, however, has been done; and, as far as our language admits a transmission of the sense of the original, Mr. Lodge has accomplished his purpose. The name of Schiller is almost as popular in our country as in his own, and the desire to know his works much more extensive than the knowledge of the language in which he wrote, and thus it is that a translation so worthy as the present one confers an actual obligation on those who may not be linguists enough to read the German dramatist in his own vernacular. To all such we commend this able translation as the best substitute.

The Odes of Horace. Translated by JOHN SCRIVEN.

The object of the translator has been to furnish us with an edition of these Odes rendered as literally as the circumstances would allow, and we think that he has succeeded in his intention. The facility of the octo-syllabic verse has doubtless been a great assistance to him, and the twofold advantage of a more faithful translation, and of a more easy flow of rhyme, has been the result. Altogether, this pretty edition of the Odes of Horace deserves to be a favourite with the public.

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A View of Cheltenham, in its Past and Present State; being the fourth Edition of the Stranger's Guide; enlarged by the Introduction of much additional Information; and Illustrated with numerous Lithographs, Maps, and Wood Engravings. By HENRY DAVIES.

That Mr. Davies has made an extremely agreeable book of this is evident from those words, delightful indeed to the eyes and ears of an author, "fourth edition," on the title-page. Indeed, we should almost be tempted to say, that however many more editions the work may reach, he will scarcely be able to accomplish much further improvement, on the principle that the more that is done the less must remain to do. The illustrations really embellish the volume, as well as pourtraying those objects of interest which most adorn the place, while externally its appearance is gay and attractive.

The Old Sailor's Jolly Boat. Illustrated by Robert Cruikshank.—The Old Sailor, who is also an old favourite, and well known to the world, has here been spinning some of his most agreeable yarns. The quaintness of their sea flavour rendering them so peculiarly distinct from all land productions, recommends them strongly to those who seek variety, while their real merit is of that amusing kind which requires only to be known to be estimated.

The Local Historian's Table-Book. By M. A. Richardson.—Certainly these northern counties must be inexhaustible in the way of remarkable occurrences, facts, legends, and traditions, and Mr. Richardson's industry in their collection untiring. To the antiquary, as well as to the residents of those neighbourhoods, this most painstaking work must indeed be valuable.

The Cyclopædia of Commerce, Mercantile Law, Finance, and Commercial Geography. By William Waterson, author of "A Manual of Commerce."—This is a publication that ought to be in the hands of every person connected with the trade of our country in all its several departments. Its title is fully borne out by its contents, and these have a utility intimately connected with the commercial interests of the country. In our brief limits we cannot, of course, particularize the great variety of matter all relevant to this one great end, but we strongly recommend the class for whom it is intended to place it on their shelves as a work of reference.

The Works of Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.—This is a very pleasing edition of the works of the great Scotch poet, so justly and so widely esteemed. Each number contains four pretty illustrations, and the letter-press displays both taste and care. When completed, it will form a really elegant volume.

The Book of Scottish Songs.—These neat little numbers still continue to present us with many new and pleasing ballads, written on particular occasions, a short introductory history of which being often given, which reminds us in a pleasing and amusing way of the events which they commemorate, and which often were almost forgotten. The collection is enriched by many of Burne's most touching ballads.

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THE ROYAL COASTING EXCURSION.

We are involuntary reminded of the costly and gorgeous Progresses of Queen Elizabeth in those glad and joyous holiday visitations, which it has pleased the young and well-beloved sovereign of our country to make in the bright and sunny days of an autumn so full of harmonious gladness as to seem to sympathise with her happiness. We are wont to look back to the good old times with something of regretful feelings, to speak of their glory as departed, of the abundance of their hospitality as degraded, and in so doing we dwell upon the magnificent progresses of Elizabeth, as proving by comparison our own degeneracy; but if such were to be considered as admissible proof, then these splendid passages of our own Island Queen must equally prove that the boast of our country is not yet abased, nor her pride brought low. Victoria on the waters, her own legitimate sphere of sovereignty, wields as rich and potent a sceptre as Elizabeth walking the land; nay, there is a something more of elevated power in the crown that bestows dominancy over the waves, than in that which governs some bounded line of earth with ever so absolute a dominion. The festivity of these maritime excursions suits well with the young years and the felicitous position of our Queen, and right glad will be every kind heart, as well as every loyal subject, to see her thus go on her way rejoicing. Leaving behind her the cares of state, forgetting for a brief season her great and onerous responsibilities, and rejoicing in youth and no common portion of the ingredients for happiness, it is well that she should rejoice in the brilliancy of a lot of which none other could be found to parallel. It is always with a feeling of sympathy that we see the freights of the humbler classes which cluster together on the decks of our steamers, seeking relaxation from the cares of counters, and hastening to exchange the loaded and polluted atmosphere of courts and alleys, for even the cockney migration a few hours may accomplish; much more then should we admire to behold the Queen in her stately barge, surrounded by all that elegance and refinement can draw together, progressing over that ocean of which we boast the empire, her majestic ships of the line guarding her as their anointed sovereign, and with, as we right loyally hope, all happiness within as well as without.

On the morning of the 29th day of August, the Directors of the South Western Railway Company, with the numerous officials, all in holiday expectancy, assembled at the Nine Elms station, a place a few years back that might have been blotted out of the map of the world without its being in the slightest degree missed, yet which now may boast that it has had "honour thrust upon it;" and never more than on that morning, when replete with life and bustle, a crowd was thronging round the "hero of a hundred fields," who as early as six o'clock, and that military time, presented himself, like *preux chevalier* of old, to enter on his knightly service. At eight the royal carriage left the Nine Elms station, and arrived at Farnborough before nine. The

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necessary arrangements having been here completed, a canopy of scarlet cloth, stretched along the line where the Queen was to pass, and a platform reared, and all being done to secure the comfort of the sovereign, she arrived at the appointed time, attended by a guard of honour of the 7th Hussars or the Queen's Own. The first carriage of the Royal *cortège* contained her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, together with the Viscountess Canning, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, and the Hon. Miss Liddel, maid of honour to the Queen. On drawing up at the station acclamations rent the air, and alighting, her Majesty was received by the chairman and directors, and conducted by them with all due honour to the state carriage, her suite following. In five minutes time the ceremonial of transfer had been gone through, and soon after nine the train left Farnborough, the train consisting of five carriages; the first containing the luggage, the second the directors, the third her Majesty and the Prince, with the ladies in waiting; the other two being filled by officials and equerries, and other persons attached to the suite. And thus the Queen of England commenced her autumnal Progresses, the royal standard floating over her head, and whirled along with a rapidity not unaptly expressive of its might and power. The wonderful velocity of this almost superhuman mode of travelling received additional animation from the eager groups posted in every available position of elevation. For miles the road was lined on either side, and on the bridges and higher spots thronged the eager people. The stations were adorned as for a jubilee, with flag and banner, and many a motto breathing loyalty did the Queen pass in that joyous procession. Those at Basingstoke deserve a chronicle:—"The happiness of the people is the glory of the Crown,"—"May the Queen live in the hearts of the people,"—and those people did indeed come in thronging tides of apparent love and loyalty.

At Southampton the Queen was received by Major-General Sir Hercules Pakenham and his staff, the directors of the railway, and the municipal authorities. The Royal Marine Band was there to add music to the other charms of the scene; whilst the Scotch Fusileer Guards, quartered at Winchester, formed her guard of honour. The terminus of the railway station had been tastefully decorated with appropriate laurel, which seemed to be woven crowns fitly corresponding with the proud flags that waved above; and from under such a canopy of honour did the Queen pass to her carriage, surrounded by a vast concourse of her people. Arriving at the ancient Bar which crowns the High Street, that fine monument of ancient days, her Majesty was received by the mayor and corporation, the clergy, and all the principal inhabitants of the town, forming a long train, to honour and welcome her. Having graciously received the addresses of welcome, the procession formed, and proceeded from the Bar-gate to the pier; and certainly there was much both gratifying and exciting in the manner in which the Queen was conducted from her dominion on land to her dominion on the ocean. The mass of enthusiastic people cheering her as she passed along, old age and childhood alike eager to gain a glance, flags innumerable waving proudly over her head, so that it might almost be said that she passed under

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a triumphal arch of colours, every window filled with gaily-dressed people, and every avenue lined with the eager populace—thus amidst every form of honour that a people could offer, did the Queen approach the Pier, the cheers of the populace adding their music to that of the band. And here again the same holiday spirit pervaded all things, for crowds of people lined the shores, the platform, and the quays, and in the midst of every demonstration of loyalty the Queen embarked; at the same moment the royal standard was hoisted, and was instantly saluted by all the surrounding vessels. The embarkation took place at a quarter past eleven, but it was not until twelve that the moorings were cast off, and the vessel got under weigh. Then, as she glided down the Southampton Water, the cheers of the assembled multitude rent the air, the steam squadron manned their yards, and the admiral on board the Fearless dipped his flag as she passed. If on land the scene had been imposing, at sea it was a thousand fold more impressive. It seemed as if her Majesty were passing through her proper dominion, the crowding squadrons which followed in her wake, every individual of which, from the commodore to the cabin-boy, was intent to offer her honour. Indeed nothing could be more imposing than that fine naval procession. And thus right royally her Majesty passed on in her autumn progressing, landing at Ryde, at West Cowes, visiting Norris Castle, where she had spent happy hours as the Princess Victoria, ere yet the diadem of care and sovereignty encircled her brow; but it may be that in those days of careless ease, the Queen had less of high and elevated enjoyment than at the time of their revisitation. If splendour could gratify the eye, her Majesty was surrounded by such a show of honour as could rarely be equalled. Her barge rivalled Cleopatra's; and as she sailed along the coast of the island home of her sovereignty, followed by such a stately retinue of the naval power of England, flags waving, salutes firing, bonfires blazing, deputations crowding upon her, gazing on the rich natural beauty of the margins of her own dominions; and above all, sharing these high pleasures with him who doubled in receiving them—why we may well say that the Princess Victoria could scarcely be so happy as the Queen of England. Plymouth and Devonport were also honoured by her presence; the Breakwater was visited; and after this the royal squadron again proceeded on its way.

It will be well remembered, that conjectural curiosity was on the stretch to account for the haste of a visit paid by the two French Princes, the Prince de Joinville and the Duke of Aumale, to the Court of the Queen. The forebodings of imaginary discontent, or possible estrangement have, however, been put to the blush on the manifestation of the real object of their mission. Louis Phillippe having heard that her Majesty proposed, on the breaking up of Parliament, to take the recreation of a coasting voyage, had despatched his sons, desiring to honour the message by the messengers, to invite the Queen to visithim at the Royal Chateau D'Eu, and her Majesty now proceeded to accept the hospitality thus flatteringly offered. The celebrity of this royal residence is well known. From the House of Lorraine it passed into the possession of Madlle. de Montpensier, from her to the Duke de Maine, son of Louis XIV.; from this branch

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it descended to the Duke de Penthievre, and through him to the present King of the French. The interest of the building, the natural beauty of the situation, and the adornments which it has received from its present possessor, together with its facility of approach, all conspiring to give interest to this visit of royalty to royalty. Louis Phillippe, inspired no doubt as much by friendly feeling as by a national gallantry, had done all that could be devised to receive the Majesty of England worthily; his own family had surrendered their apartments, the better to accommodate the honoured guest; his own suite were made to follow the example of a similar surrender; every rich profusion of decoration, such as the most luxuriant carpets, the richest porcelain, the most costly plate, had been sent from Paris; and all things done to adorn a spot already so superbly furnished both by nature and art.

When the barge of the Queen approached the place of debarkation, the care of the King of the French for her worthy reception became manifest. All the municipal authorities, the prefect of the department, together with bodies of infantry and troops of cavalry, either in their official attire or military uniform were in waiting to receive her; a telegraphic despatch announced to the King that the barge of his royal visitor was approaching, and the guns of the battery at Treport thundered forth her welcome. The different regiments appointed for the occasion, immediately assumed their parts, playing our national anthem of "God save the Queen." The royal family of France took their places in their carriages and hastened to Treport: the King himself entering his barge and hastening to receive his guest on that element of which she reigns the undoubted Queen to the honour of Old England, while the ladies remained in the position erected for her reception on the French soil, over which the banner of the land proudly waved. The majesty of France greeted the majesty of England with a fraternal embrace; while, at the moment, the batteries on shore, and every surrounding vessel, thundered forth a loud amen to the seal of amity between the two great nations! and Louis Philippe leading her Majesty down a ladder, the steps of which were covered with crimson velvet; and thus escorted, she walked through rows of evergreens to the top of the landing stairs, where the Queen of the French stood waiting to receive her in front of a semicircular line composed of the ladies of the royal family with the lords and ladies in waiting. The Queen of France cordially and kindly exchanged the most affectionate salutes with the Queen of England, while shouts of "Vive la Reine Victoria!" "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" rent the air, and amidst this sound of rejoicing the party passed into the pavilion erected for their accommodation; and from thence, after a little time allowed for the cessation of the excitement, the royal carriages were again entered, and the procession took its way to the Château d'Eu. Here all that wealth and taste could combine had been lavished to dignify her reception, and it would be in vain, in our narrow limits, to attempt even a descriptive sketch. From the balcony of the château, Louis Philippe presented her Majesty to the people; and who that thinks of our long national feuds will not pause with admiring and rejoicing thank-

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fulness over such a spectacle? A concert, review, and fête champetre, followed on each other, while from the windows of the chateau the splendid illuminations of the church and city blazed out in magnificent rejoicing, and festival upon festival filled up the halcyon days, until the final one of departure came, when all that could be offered to show honour to the arrival of the Queen of England was shown, but to be the prelude to all that could mark regret, and all that could manifest affection. Queen Victoria re-embarked for her own dominions accompanied by the Prince de Joinville, and, landing at Brighton, was received with all duty and affection by the authorities in waiting.

But the Queen's Marine Excursions were not so to end. Belgium was next honoured with her presence. Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, Antwerp, all offered her a welcome. Everything that could divert the mind or mark the feelings of affectionate devotion were accumulated around her. We doubt not that pleasure has hovered over her barge and followed her footsteps—pleasure not only to herself, but others, for one of the most agreeable features of this species of excursion is, that wherever her Majesty has turned, she has brought excitement, and left gratification. It is one of the high prerogatives of royalty to dispense happiness, and very sure we are that it would be difficult to estimate the amount which her Majesty has dispensed in these Progresses. We trust she has received a correspondent portion, for it is the peculiar reward of the bestowment of any good, that it is reflected back again on the donor. If so, from the time that Queen Victoria embarked in her royal barge, at Southampton, until the time that she disembarked at Woolwich, on Thursday, the 21st of September, how large must have been the amount of pleasure of which, being the bestower, she must also have been the recipient.

LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

The demand for the beautiful edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's collected works has exhausted the supply of some of the volumes. New editions are therefore in preparation. The first of the reprints, Rienzi, will, we understand, be ready in a few days.

A poetical work, entitled The Power of Association, is on the eve of appearing. Having received an early copy, we have the pleasure of giving a notice of it in our present number.

The Hon. Miss Julia Maynard, with some of whose beautiful poetry our readers are doubtless familiar, has in the press a volume entitled Records of Scenery and other Poems.

Mr. Murray announces a reprint of valuable works in a condensed form, entitled The Colonial Library, adapted for the use of the colonies, where the new law provides none but authorised editions shall in future be circulated.

Friendship's Offering. This favourite Annual is about to make its appearance in a new form and dress, but under the editorship, as before, of Mr. Leitch Ritchie. The size of the paper is greatly enlarged, and the list of steel engravings increased both in beauty and

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number; and in addition to these there are numerous wood engravings, in the form of ornamented letters, and other embellishments. The volume, thus changed in everything *but the price*, and the genius and distinction of the contributors, will be published at the usual time in a new and very elegant binding.

In the press, THE VOICE OF THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION; or, An Apology for Evangelical Doctrines in the Anglican Church. By the Rev. Charles Popham Miles, B.A., late Curate of Bishop Wearmouth; Author of "Lectures, Expository and Practical, on the Book of Daniel."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Burgomaster of Berlin, from the German of W. Alexis. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Wyandotté, or the Hutted Knoll. By J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Jack's Edition of Life at Sea, being a Series of Letters from an Old Irish Captain of the Head to his Nephew. 12mo. 6*s.*
China, its Scenery, Architecture, and Social Habits, &c. Vol. I. 4to. 21*s.*
Tragedies. By Serjeant T. N. Talfourd. 8vo. 6*s.*
Tales of the Colonies. By C. Rowcroft, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The War in China. By Dr. M'Pherson. With plates. 8vo. 12*s.*
The Castle of Falkenbourg, and other Tales from the German. 3*s.*
A Memoir of the late Greville Ewing. By his Daughter. 8vo. 12*s.*
Biographical Illustrations of Westminster Abbey. By G. L. Smyth, Esq. Part I. medium 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Language of Flowers. 9th edit. 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Union Tune-Book. Small edit. oblong, 5*s.* cloth, 6*s.* half-bound.
Juvenile Harmonist. Oblong, 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth, 3*s.* half-bound.
Union Harmonist. Oblong, reduced to 10*s.* 6*d.*
Union Tune-Book. Large edition, oblong, reduced to 10*s.* cloth, and 11*s.* half-bd.
Mesmerism, its History, Phenomena, and Practice. By W. Lang. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Tour in France, Italy, and Switzerland. By A. Clarke, Esq., of Comries. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Abyssinia. Journals of the Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. Post 8vo. 12*s.*
The Pitman's Pay, and other Poems. By Thomas Wilson. Post 8vo. 4*s.*
Jamaica, its Past and Present State. By the Rev. J. M. Philippo. Post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Letters from New York. By Maria Child. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Rural Scenes, or a Peep into the Country. New edit. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Gallery of Antiquities from the British Museum. By Arundall and Bonomi. 4to. 2*l.*

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We have great pleasure in being able to report on the improved aspect of trade, as regards both our internal industry and our foreign commerce. The condition of the labouring classes is undoubtedly wearing a more favourable aspect. In the iron trade, there is an evident rallying, and a considerable degree of activity in the wool trade; good accounts are also reaching us from Manchester and the other manufacturing districts; considerable shipments have been made to the Continent and to America. There has been but a moderate supply of wheat in the corn market, the demand for the better kinds being well supported. In tea, the sales have not been large, but prices have been sustained. In coffee, the market has ruled firm. In sugar, full prices have been paid.

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MONEY MARKET.—The reaction which is happily taking place in our manufacturing interests is also working a correspondent good effect on the money market, by providing some employment for the capital which has lately been so unprofitably lying idle. An advance has taken place on the rates of discount, which of course has a tendency to increase the incomes of capitalists. We notice with pleasure that all the departments of money trade are becoming more and more solid, and we hope that our national prosperity may be giving signs of a renewal that may prove durable.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of September.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock Account, 183 one-half.—Consols for Acct.95.—Consols, 94 seven-eighths.—Three perCents.Consols, Ans.94 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Anns. 102 one-fourth.—Indian Bonds, 66, 67 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500*l.* 1½*d.* 64*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 53.—Spanish Three per Cent. 26 five-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 15 three-fourths.—Mexican Five Cent. 34 seven-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 101.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUG. 29 TO SEPT. 22, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 29.—G. Threadgold, Finsbury-circus, builder.—J. Fell, Oakley-street, Lambeth, soda manufacturer.—J. Jeans, Poole, postmaster.—W. Timms, Longton, Staffordshire, draper.—T. H. Jackson, Sheffield, glass-cutter.—J. Knight, Preston, Lancashire, mercer and draper.

Sept. 1.—J. Elliott, Chichester, builder.—A. Baker and G. Lockwood, Tottenham-court, New-road, zinc manufacturers.—H. H. Hoskins, Bernard-street, Russell-square, lodging-house keeper.—T. M. Morton, Bishopgate-street-within, eating-house keeper.—J. B. Montefiore, Nicholas-lane, City, merchant.—J. Pickford, Hazle Grove, Cheshire, plumber.—J. Allen, Alfreton, Derbyshire, inn-keeper.—J. J. M. M. Scott, Liverpool, corn and flour merchant.—T. Hitchcock, Alrewas, Staffordshire, worsted manufacturer.—G. Parsons, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, surgeon.—J. Lythgoe, Liverpool, cooper.

Sept. 5.—S. H. Angier, Philpot lane, bookseller.—B. Bacon, Anchor-street, Shoreditch, silk manufacturer.—G. H. Bush, Edgeware-road, upholsterer.—T Ginn, jun., Chilton, Suffolk, maltster.—T. Molineux, Manchester, silk manufacturer.—G. Taylor, Moreton-in-the Marsh, Gloucestershire, mercer.—R. Hodgson, Sunderland, tea dealer.—H. B. Jones, Birkenhead, Cheshire, plumber and glazier.—A. C. Cooper, Evesham, Worcestershire, draper.—N. Morrell, Bradford, provision dealer.—J. Falkingham, Bradford, bacon factor.—J. Bumby, Malton, Yorkshire, hatter.—E. Thorneycroft, jun., and G. Thorneycroft, jun., Wolverhampton, iron manufacturers.

Sept. 8.—G. J. Forster, Aldgate, High-street, tailor.—A. Leslie and W. Smith, Saint Dunstan's-hill, merchant.—L. and W. Fenner, Fenchurch-street, merchants.—R. Murphy, Manchester, draper.

Sept. 12.—R. Sharpe, jun., Feversham, Kent, draper.—C. Pearsall, Anderton, Cheshire, boiler maker.—T. Johnson, Great Bridge, Staffordshire, draper.—W. J. Holt, Grantham, Lincolnshire, tea dealer.

Sept. 15.—A. Reid, Little Chelsea, iron manufacturer.—G. B. Bone, Leipsic-road, Camberwell, builder.—W. Greenslade, Swinton-street, Gray's Inn-lane, builder.—R. W. Lewis, Shenfield, Essex, farmer.—S. Phillips, Brook-street, Hanover-square, carpet warehouseman.—T. P. Pino, Liverpool, ship chandler.—W. Hoole, Sheffield, leather dresser.—R. J. Cambridge, Cheltenham, wine merchant.—E. Metcalf, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, currier.—C. Duffield, Bath, Grocer.—C. Poppleton, York and Heslington, linen manufacturer.—J. C. Lister, Wolverhampton, wine merchant.

Sept. 19.—J. Abbott, Amwell-street, Middlesex, tailor.—W. M. Smith, Strand, upholsterer.—G. Winning, Dover-street, Piccadilly, upholsterer.—S. J. Cartwright, Worksop, Nottingham, grocer.—J. Newsome, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.—J. R. Munden, Barwick, Somerset, flax spinner.—E. Brittan, Bath, victualler.—J. Murray and W. Brown, Liverpool, millwrights' engineers.

Sept. 22.—M. Potter, New Bond-street, haberdasher.—W. Shepherd, Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, miller.—D. Smith, Halifax, worsted manufacturer.—T. Osborn, Birmingham, banker.—G. Strawbridge, Bristol, builder.—J. M. Knight, Rugby, Warwickshire, ironmonger.—C. Clark, Liverpool, wool dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Davey, of Bath, in the county of Somerset, Slate Merchant, for certain improvements in covering the ridges and hips of roofs of buildings with slate and other materials. July 31st, 6 months.

C. J. Wollaston, of Welling, in the county of Kent, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for cutting marble and stone. August 1st, 6 months.

P. Borrie, of Princes-square, Saint George's-in-the-East, in the county of Middlesex, Engineer, and M. Henry, of Crutched-friars, in the City of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in steam-engines, boilers, and propelling machinery. Aug. 3rd, 6 months.

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F. Steiner, of Hyndburn Cottage, near Accrington, in the county of Lancaster, Turkey Red Dyer, for a new manufacture of a certain colouring matter, commonly called garancine. August 8th, 6 months.

J. Home, of Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for improvements in the manufacture of horse-shoes. August 8th, 6 months.

C. Bourjot, of Coleman-street, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in apparatus for obtaining the profile of various forms or figures. August 8th, 6 months.

R. A. Brooman, of 166, Fleet-street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for the manufacture of paper, cordage, matting, and other textile fabrics, from certain vegetable matters not heretofore made use of for that purpose, as also for the application of the said materials to the stuffing of cushions and mattrasses. August 10th, 6 months.

J. Wood, of Parkfield, Birkenhead, in the county of Chester, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for affording additional or artificial buoyancy to sea-going and other vessels, or for lessening their draught of water, and which said improvements are also applicable to raising vessels or other heavy bodies, and for securing or supporting the same. August 14th, 6 months.

A. Horn, of Aldersgate-street, Zinc Worker, for improvements in the construction of shutters for windows, and for other purposes. August 15th, 6 months.

G. Bennetts, of Gunnis Lake, in the county of Cornwall, Civil Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines and boilers, and in generating steam. August 15th, 6 months.

T. Young, of Queen-street, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in obtaining power. August 15th, 6 months.

J. Brown, of No. 2, High-street-place, Whitehorse-lane, Stepney, in the county of Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in tackle and apparatus for working and using chain-cables in ships, and otherwise, and also certain improvements in the tillers of rudders of ships and other vessels. August 16th, 6 months.

F. Lipscombe, of University-street, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for an hydrostatic engine, parts whereof are applicable as improvements to other engines and other purposes, and also improvements in railway carriages. August 17th, 6 months.

J. Charlton, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Factor, for certain improvements in castors for furniture. August 17th, 6 months.

J. C. Drake, of Elm-tree Road, St. John's Wood, in the county of Middlesex, Land Surveyor, for improvements in lining walls of houses. Aug. 22nd, 6 months.

M. Freeman, of Sutton, in the county of Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in card cases. August 22nd, 6 months.

G. Conti, of 23, Sherard-street, Golden-square, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in hydraulic machinery, to be applied as a motive power. August 22nd, 6 months.

W. Wilson, J. S. Brownrigg, J. Cockerill, and Sir G. Gerard de Hockepied Larpent, Baronet, all of Belmont, in the Wandsworth-road, in the county of Surrey, patent cocoa nut candle and oil manufacturers, and cocoa nut oil merchants, the assignees of a patent granted by his late majesty King George the Fourth unto James Soames, junior, of Wheeler-street, Spitalfields, in the county of Middlesex, Soapmaker, for his invention of a new preparation or manufacture of a certain material produced from a vegetable substance, and the application thereof to the purposes of affording light, and other uses, for the term of three years from the 9th day of September next, the expiration of the original grant. Augus t24th.

W. Fletcher, of Moreton House, in the county of Buckingham, Clerk, for certain improvements for the purpose of securing corks, or substitutes for corks, in the mouths of bottles, or vessels of the nature of bottles, whether made of pottery, or of pottery of the kind called stone ware, or of glass. August 24th, 6 months.

A. Connison, of Everitt-street, Brunswick-square, in the county of Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. March 3rd, 6 months.

B. Corcoran, of Mark-lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the grinding of wheat and other substances. August 25th, 6 months. Communication.

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MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, ETC.

British Association.

Report on the Mollusca and Radiata of the Ægean Sea, and on their Distribution, considered with reference to Geology. By Edward Forbes, Prof. Bot. King's Col. London.

This Report, which was drawn up at the request of the British Association, is the result of eighteen months' research in the Ægean Sea, and on the coasts of Asia Minor, during the greater part of which time daily observations were made, and numerous explorations of the sea-bottom conducted by means of the dredge in all depths of water between the surface of 230 fathoms. During the progress of the inquiry, the author was attached, as naturalist, to H.M. surveying vessel Beacon, and received every possible assistance from Captain Graves and his officers, without whose active co-operations the results could not have been obtained. The objects of the inquiry were, firstly, to collect and define the several species of Mollusca and Radiata inhabiting the Eastern Mediterranean; secondly, to ascertain the conditions under which those animals live, and the manner in which they are associated together; thirdly, to ascertain whether species known only as fossil exist in a living state in depths and localities hitherto unexplored; and to compare species and the associations of species now living in that sea, with the fossil species found in the neighbouring tertiary strata.

The first part of the Report is devoted to an enumeration of the species, with an account of the range of each in depth, and the ground on which it lives. The marine animals of the Ægean, although they were the subjects of the studies of Aristotle, had been but little studied in modern times until the coming of the French expedition to the Morea, to which a staff of naturalists was attached. The number of species recorded by the French has been greatly increased by Prof. E. Forbes, that of fishes being doubled, more than 150 species of mollusca being added, and numerous radiata, articulata, and amorphozoa recorded, of which there was no previous account. Of the animals which especially form the subject of this Report, nearly 700 species were observed, of which catalogues have been prepared, with tables showing their distribution. The second part of the Report treats of the causes which regulate the distribution of the mollusca and radiata in the Ægean, and of the several regions of depth presented by that sea. Eight distinct regions, each presenting its peculiar association of species, were defined by 0 and 230 fathoms. The most superficial of these, although the least extensive, having a depth of only 2 fathoms, is most prolific in animal and vegetable life, and most various in mineral character. The second region ranges from 2 to 10 fathoms, the third from 10 to 20, the fourth from 20 to 35, the fifth from 35 to 55, the sixth from 55 to 75, the seventh from 75 to 105. The eighth exceeds in extent all the others combined, ranging from 105 to the lowest depth explored, and presenting a uniform mineral character throughout, and a very peculiar Fauna. Certain species were found to range through several of these zones, and two through all. It was found to be a law—that the extent of the range of a species in depth is correspondent with the extent of its geographical distribution. On the other hand, species having a very limited range in depth were found to be either peculiar Mediterranean forms, or such as are extremely rare in the Ægean, but abundant in more northern seas. The testacea of the Ægean are for the most part dwarfs, as compared with their analogues in the Ocean, and the number of medusæ and zoophytes are comparatively small. Below the fourth region in depth the number of animals diminishes as we descend, until, in the lowest part of the eighth region the number of testacea was found to be only 8, indicating a zero in the distribution of animal life at probably about 300 fathoms. In the upper regions the more southern forms prevailed, whilst those of the lower zones presented a northern character, indicating a probable law—that in the distribution of marine animals, regions of depth are equivalent to parallels of latitude. The colours of testacea were found to become more varied and vivid in proportion to their proximity to the surface. The representation and replacement of specific forms by similar but not identical species, has been long recognized in time and in geographic space. During the course of these researches, a corresponding succession and replacement of forms by similar forms was dis-

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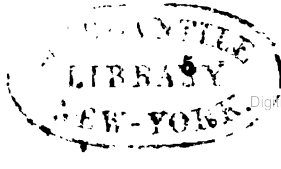
covered in depth. Each species attains a maximum in developement of individuals, and gradually diminishes in numbers as we descend; but before its disappearance in many genera, a representative species commences, attaining a maximum after the disappearance of its predecessor, and then, in like manner, diminishing to a minimum and disappearing. Genera are, in like manner, represented and replaced by corresponding genera. This is true equally with vegetables as with animals. Green fuci were found as deep as 55 fathoms, and millepora extends its range to 105 fathoms. The third division of the Report is devoted to the geological bearings of the author's Ægean researches. A few testacea, hitherto known only as fossil, were found by him living in the Eastern Mediterranean. They were all tertiary forms, and were either species of which but few examples have been found in fossil, though abundant in a living state, or such as are abundant fossil, while but a few stray specimens were taken alive. In the former case the mollusc is in its maximum now, in the latter it is dwindling to its minimum, and will probably soon become extinct. The definition of the regions, and the determination of the associations of species, afford a means by which to determine the depth at which a stratum containing organic remains had been formed; and the data embodied in the Report tend to show that inductions from organic remains as to climate are fallacious in geology, unless the element of depth be taken into consideration. By this latter test, the bay of Santorin, now more than 200 fathoms deep, was shown to have had a depth of only between 20 and 35 fathoms previous to the uprising of the island of Neokaimeni in 1707. This was ascertained by an examination of the animals imbedded in the sea-bottom upheaved during the eruption.

Among the geological phenomena now in progress in the Ægean, the following are remarkable and important. The filling of the 8th region in depth by the white sediment which forms its sea-bottom, will produce above 700 feet of cretaceous strata, uniform in mineral character and organic contents; whilst, as the zero of animal life is but little below that region, and the Ægean is probably in a great part of its extent more than a thousand fathoms deep, we may have thousands of feet of strata having a uniform mineral character, and without a trace of animal existence. Any oscillations of level, however slight, would produce alternations of strata containing distinct groups of organic beings, with others void of such: and partial alternations of marine and fresh-water beds would be formed, a phenomenon now in progress on the coasts of Asia Minor. All this would occur without convulsions or violent catastrophes of any kind. Changes of level, however slight, might cause the extinction of whole genera of animals and plants, of which only such as had hard parts would be preserved. Where the present sea-bottom of the Ægean to be upheaved, whole classes of animals would disappear, and leave not a trace behind to assure the future geologist of their having existed.—*Athenæum.*

Vocal Phenomenon.—In a recent number of the *Zeitschrift* appears an account of an extraordinary vocal phenomenon. The new musical wonder is a boy, who has the power of emitting three vocal sounds at a time, and can therefore execute pieces in three parts. The fact is attested by two names of considered weight, Kalliwoda and Mayer, from whom letters are published describing the exhibition, and warranting the genuineness of the prodigy. His voice, we are told, extends over two full octaves, from A flat below the line to A flat above, in the key of G; the lower notes being generally weak, those in the middle stronger, but of harsh quality, while the upper notes are soft, and flowing as those of a flageolet. When singing more than one part the lad is unable to pronounce any words, and can only sing songs of the utmost simplicity as regards the harmony.

A New Pavement.—A newly invented wood pavement has been laid down opposite the residence of the mayor, in the Rue de l'Ecu. It is a combination of wood and asphalte, possessing seemingly the advantages of both, without the inconveniences of either, being impervious to water, free from danger to horses, and costing 25 per cent less for carriage roads, and as much as 50 for foot pavements. Should it answer, we hear it is talked of laying it down hence to Amiens, and running locomotive carriages upon it. It is the invention of Colonel Sir J. Lilly: the cost is said to be about 5*s.* a yard.—*Boulogne Gazette.*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THE

METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Memoirs and Recollections of the late Abraham Raimbach, Esq., Engraver, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and Honorary Member of the Academies of Arts of St. Petersburgh, Geneva, and Amsterdam. Including a Memoir of Sir David Wilkie, R. A. Edited by M. T. S. RAIMBACH, M.A.

THE history of the arts involves an interest in artists. In tracing the fluctuating prosperity, the depressions and advancements, the energy and the humiliation, of the one, we are naturally and unavoidably led into curious speculations as to the lot of those through whose inventive minds and creative hands their progress has been channelled and their way made. In his own peculiar line of excellence, Wilkie was one who in our day exercised no common influence on the noble art of painting, and coupled with his name comes that of Raimbach, as that copartner through whose agency the knowledge of his works has been disseminated, and an acquaintance with them thrown open to multitudes who otherwise could only have known some of the finest productions of the studio but by name. If to the painter belongs the praise of transferring the bright dreams and the lofty conceptions of the imagination to canvas, it is to the engraver that the universality of the world's familiarity with them is to be attributed. Thus there is a fitness in the association of the two names that stand together on the title-page of this work, operating with a mutual enhancement of interest upon the mind.

Seldom, however, does the life of a man devoted to the study of the arts, or indeed to that of any peculiar branch of knowledge, exhibit

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many of those stirring scenes and strong excitements which render memoirs of those whose bodily activities and mental energies impel them into the broader channels of life, where their strugglings agitate still more the already angry surges, and create around them scenes of sometimes the strongest excitement so interesting. True it is that these stirrings of the waters soon subside again, whilst the labours of mind to which the *devotée* in the arts dedicates himself remain in tangible form as treasures to posterity. But as a consequence of this sedentary shape of occupation, we must rather look for a history of the actions of the mind than of the actions of the body in the biographies of such men; and thus in the instances both of Wilkie and Raimbach, we find our interest in tracing those uphill endeavours by means of which they attained their positions in the world of art, and in gaining a private knowledge of those public works with which we have most of us been so long familiar. The man whose days, whose years, nay, whose life is spent with his body chained down almost in an invariable position in the necessary manipulation of his creative toils, is consequently arbitrarily withdrawn from that sphere of active energy wherein incidents generate actions, and actions generate incidents.

The truth of these observations will at once be felt in the perusal of the volume which has occasioned them. We have in it an autobiography of Raimbach, in which is detailed the history of his early efforts, his discouragements, his alternate elations and depressions, and the gradual establishment of his reputation in the world: these are all valuable, but they are interspersed with observations on the arts, criticisms, the introduction of numerous personages, in whom, from the celebrity of their names, we all take an interest, and who, in the prosecution of his labours, came into contact with the engraver, anecdotes of the republic of the arts, especially of his own private connexion with Wilkie, and the true history, divested of every species of puffery, of the varying successes of the plates from his paintings, in which they were joint partners. Some explanatory matter by his son, kept carefully distinct from the text, is all that has been added as far as Raimbach is concerned: the memoir of Wilkie resting of course upon another footing.

We know not whether others may join us in the feeling, but for our own part we have a peculiar interest in tracing the path of those, the impressions of whose footsteps are still fresh before us. Time has not yet obliterated them, nor have their actions or their opinions yet passed into the haze of obscurity. The presence of their venerable age has but just left us, and we would willingly trace them backwards to the fresh days of their own youth. There is something encouraging to us in their untiring industry, their unquenchable hopes, their never worn-out zeal. These were the things which characterized and dignified the youth both of Wilkie and Raimbach, and they were those which brought honour on their meridian and age. Two of the most pleasing traits in the connexion between these distinguished men were their courteous friendship and their mutual liberality. No tradesman-like, grasping, mercenary spirit, ever came in between them to degrade them into mere hucksters, and to blight their social regard; we are perhaps the better pleased with this urbane feeling, because of its absence from most pecuniary arrangements.

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As our limits preclude our extracting such consecutive portions of the work as might bring any fair portion of Rambach's life before our readers, we content ourselves with presenting him as a beholder of Napoleon Buonaparte in the one instance, and in the second as a spectator of the distribution of medals in the class of the fine arts in the Institute at Paris, Sir Thomas Lawrence being also a sharer in the scene.

"Paris abounds with objects that engage the attention and excite the interest of strangers in an extraordinary degree; but the sight which stimulated public curiosity at this time beyond every thing else was that of the 'observed of all observers,' the first consul himself! As my stay in Paris was at first meant to be about ten days or a fortnight at the utmost (though it extended, in fact, to two months), I had but small hopes of success in this matter, more especially as Bonaparte seldom appeared but at a review or at a theatre, and at the latter always without any previous announcement. I made some attempts at the Opera and Théâtre Français, at times when, according to the rumour of the day, the presence of the first consul was expected; but they ended in disappointment. However, I did ultimately succeed in obtaining a view of this modern Attila, as he has been designated. He was accustomed, at intervals, to review the troops forming the garrison of Paris in the open space (Place du Carousal) in front of the Tuileries; and here I secured a place for six francs at a first-floor window of a house under repair, that abutted on one end of the ground, and afforded a commanding sight of the whole. The soldiers were ranged in lines the entire length of the place, and consisting as they did of the *élite* of the infantry, and amounting, as I was told, to six or seven thousand men, all in their best appointments, they certainly made, under the glow of a bright day in August, a spectacle that the French might well feel proud of. The company of sappers, with their picturesque beards, snow-white leather aprons, and polished steel axes glancing in the meridian sun, attracted especial notice.

"Precisely at twelve o'clock, the first consul descended the great staircase of the *château*, and, mounting his favourite white horse, and surrounded by a numerous *état-major*, among whom the Mameluke Roustan was conspicuous by his eastern costume, was saluted with military honours, music, drums, trumpets, and the shouts of the assembled multitude. After some preliminary inspection, which occupied nearly an hour, Bonaparte rode up and down the respective lines at a hand-canter, accompanied by his brilliant staff, all glittering in golden splendour. He himself was dressed in a blue uniform, entirely destitute of ornament, plain cocked hat, white pantaloons, and jockey-boots—boots with tops—and was a little in advance of his company. As he approached the end of the line that was within a few yards of my station, I had a very distinct view of his person; and it made that kind of impression on me that the recollection of it is still fresh in my memory at the moment I am now writing—a lapse of five and thirty years. He appeared small in person, *thin*, of a placid, grave expression, and a complexion of a clear, yellowish brown, quite equal and unvaried in colour. When the inspection was finished, he rode to the centre, and shortly addressing the soldiers saluted them, and passed under the archway of the palace; the troops filed off, and the review terminated.

"It was impossible to avoid remarking the deep and universal feeling of pride and admiration with which the French regarded their youthful hero—he was then about thirty-two years old, but looked scarcely so much, perhaps from the slightness of his figure. Of about twenty-five persons collected on benches raised one above another in the window and balcony where I sat, there was no foreigner but myself; and, from the

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price of admission, the individuals might be fairly considered generally of a respectable station. Of this company, there was not one that did not loudly and enthusiastically express his sentiments in favour of the restorer and promoter of the *glory* of their country. This, perhaps, is not an unfair instance of the predominating spirit of the nation, and naturally leads to the reflection of how powerful and how formidable such a spirit must render such a people! After the review—parade was the French term for it—Bonaparte held a *levée*, or *réception*, which was numerously attended, chiefly by military and foreigners, Englishmen mustering in great numbers."

"The annual distribution of medals in the class of the fine arts in the Institute occurring during my stay in Paris, I had the good fortune to receive from one of the members, M. Desnoyers, a ticket, admitting me to the body of the hall where this interesting ceremony took place. M. Gros presided on the occasion, and the scene was graced by a brilliant show of ladies in addition to the crowd of gentlemen. The proceedings displayed some peculiarities, highly characteristic and exciting to the English part of the assemblage. A few words from the President opened the sitting, and was followed by a statement read by M. Garnier, relative to the progress of the class, and commendatory of the merits of the concurrents, more especially those of the successful candidates. The medals were then delivered by the President to the fortunate competitors, accompanied with a brief complimentary address to each, as they respectively made way to the rostrum on their names being called in succession. Immediately afterwards each medalist rushed to his instructor (usually a member of the Institute), seated in the first circle of the amphitheatre, and, with repeated and vehement kisses on both sides of the face, thus gave vent to his grateful and delighted feelings, which next overflowed in the same way to his nearest relations then present. The presentation of each medal was attended with applause, more or less enthusiastic and vociferous, particularly from the numerous students in the gallery, according to the degree in which the award of the judges coincided with the opinion of the auditory. There was, however, one, and *only* one exception to this unison of sentiment throughout. This happened in an instance where the fairest claim was said to have been superseded by undue influence; and a burst of indignant clamour ensued on announcing the name, that made the very walls of the *Quatre-Nations* to vibrate. The perpetual Secretary of the class of fine arts, M. Quatremère de Quincy, now read a long dissertation, which, being followed by some well-executed prize pieces of music, both vocal and instrumental, by an excellent orchestra of performers, very pleasantly terminated the solemnities of the day.

"Many of the members of the Institute and some of the ministers were present. Among the artists I perceived Gros, Garnier, Vernet, and Ingres. Gérard was absent. The only drawback to my entire satisfaction was in observing our distinguished countryman, Lawrence, enter the hall and proceed to one of the seats open to the public, without introduction or any kind of ceremony; and after remaining to the end utterly unnoticed, was finally suffered to quit the hall without the smallest mark of respect or recognition whatever. As I felt somewhat indignant at this apparent neglect of our celebrated artist, I could not refrain from expressing my surprise to a French friend at this seeming want of courtesy, when he assured me that the powers of Lawrence, as a portrait-painter, were admitted to a certain degree, but that his acquirements as an artist generally were estimated rather cheaply by the painters of the Institute, who considered themselves as holding, in quality of historical painters, a much higher grade in the profession. Sir Thomas wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. I had occasion to observe afterwards that the kind of diplomatic state and style of procedure he had very properly adopted, as commissioned by one monarch to another, was made a

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subject of ridicule by the French, who, although the kingly government has been restored, have certainly not regained their ancient loyalty and veneration for the throne."

In our notice of this work we have not felt called upon to exercise a strict critical censorship, inasmuch as it has avowedly been penned by a veteran parent to gratify the wishes of an affectionate son, and has not been designed to cope with that powerful competition which characterizes the literature of the day, the work not even bearing a publisher's name. In this view of the matter we have no right to object to the somewhat lengthy and rather too late details of the Engraver's youthful visit to Paris, though otherwise we might have thought them rather out of date. As a matter of feeling, however, any record of the life of an estimable and talented man ought to be acceptable to those on whom his labours have conferred both pleasure and benefit.

Steam Voyages on the Siene, the Moselle, and the Rhine; with Rail-road Visits to the Principal Cities of Belgium, &c. &c. By RICHARD QUIN, Esq., author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube," "A Year in Spain," &c. &c.

THE feeling of exhilarating cheerfulness with which these volumes open, is considerably damped by the information contained in the advertisement which introduces them. We regret to learn that he who has been the means of leading so many of the public to the enjoyment of pure and improving pleasures, should himself be no more sentient of such emotions in this stirring and bustling world. Whilst revising the proofs of the work before us for the press, at Boulogne, where he had been residing for the benefit of his health, Mr. Quin's maladies assumed a fatal aspect, and the termination of his own existence left the unfinished task devolving on the hands of a friend.

Mr. Quin's former work, "The Danube," which has enjoyed some celebrity, has made him favourably known, both to the reading and the travelling world. In that production he was the pioneer of a numerous band of tourists, who, stimulated by his descriptions, set themselves to the pleasant labour of exploring its marginal beauties; and in this the last effort of his pen he has so agreeably depictured the attractions of the Siene, the Moselle, and the Rhine, that we doubt not the coming summer will send forth its myriads of pleasure and health-seeking emigrants to explore the romantic scenes which fringe the borders of these smiling rivers. That mighty propelling power, Steam, which diffuses man so energetically over the surface of the globe, alike omnipotent on land and water, places such rapid locomotion in our power, that almost with a wish, like the fairy tales of our nursery, we are where we would be. The continent is now more easy of exploration than was once, and that at a time not so very distant, the neighbouring sections of our own speck of land; the vast facilities for transferring our bodily presence from place to place, enabling us now to see with our own eyes things widely separated by space, and with which we were once fain to be contented with the description. Mr. Quin has done his share, and that a large one, for which the public ought

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to be grateful, towards promoting the pleasure of our summer tourists. His work narrates the line of his own travels, and one on which he may be well and profitably followed. The common fault of works of this nature is one so natural to them, that it is difficult of avoidance. The traveller feels compulsorily obliged to notice every object of interest in his way, and obeying this coercion rather than a *con amore* influence, the task is too often languidly performed. Legends which sound romantically enough when listened to from the lips of some novel personage on the site of performance, when they are transferred to paper, and thus placed in comparison with efforts of the imagination, generally appear tame and listless. Trying to make the most of everything, the narrator too often feels and exposes the barrenness through which he travels. The rich mine of invention being sealed, the mere matter of fact often appears naked and poverty-stricken. It is only when falling back upon his own gest and good humour, and casting over his descriptions the enjoyment of his own feelings, that a tourist can infect a reader with his own pleasure: otherwise we appear to have nothing but the fatigue of travelling, without rejoicing in the verdure of the fields, or the gladness of the summer sky. It is the presence of this cheerfulness which is so exhilarating in Mr. Quin's ready, flowing, fluent, happy style. The tone of enjoyment which pervades his works is rather in himself than his subject; not that he has overwrought it, but that in depicturing the thing he has also left his own stamp upon it. If disappointment ensue in those who track his footsteps, they may be assured that it will rather result from the deficiency of this temper in themselves than in any enhancing intention in their author. It is this spirit which, investing the scenes through which he passed with such a tone of satisfaction and enjoyment, induced so many travellers to follow Mr. Quin on his former line of tour, and the same influence will we doubt not operate now. We love the man who, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, finds all things fruitful. The human mind is the greatest desert upon earth, and wherever a man may wander he can never get rid of himself. If, then, we are willing to cultivate Mr Quin's temper, we may also follow his path, fairly hoping to find, with him, the same satisfaction and enjoyment. An interesting view of the *Beguinage* at Ghent will show how strong was Mr. Quin's admiration for that establishment.

"There is scarcely any religious establishment upon the continent which a traveller, no matter what his faith may be, visits with greater interest and satisfaction than that which goes under the name of the "Beguinage." There are two communities of this order in Ghent, one belonging to the greater Beguinage, the other to the smaller. I took an early opportunity of driving to the former. Upon entering within its gate, I found that it was a village in itself, enclosed within a fosse and a wall, a square in the middle, in which was a Spanish-looking church, neat small houses all round, accessible by short passages in front, through doors with small grills in them, through which questions were asked before admission was given to a stranger. Plates are on or over these doors, upon which are inscribed the names of saints or of sisters of the order. Approaching one of the houses nearest to the gate, I pulled the bell-ring; a sister immediately appeared at the grill, and asked if I wished to see any particular person in the house. I answered that I merely wished to see the house itself; upon which I was shown into a large apartment, where several

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females, not dressed in the habit of the order, were engaged in knitting and sewing. Three or four of the community were also present, similarly occupied. The nun who acted as my guide, then approaching a cupboard, informed me that it contained the whole of her part of the establishment. It was fitted up with shelves, upon which were a few plates, cup, saucer, teapot, and coffee-pot, part of a loaf of bread, a portion of butter, a knife and fork, and a napkin. 'Here is my table,' said she, drawing out a square board from beneath the lower shelf of the cupboard,—'we do not dine or take any of our meals in common, because we are usually out the greater part of the day, and our return is uncertain. When our engagements abroad are discharged, then we come home and prepare our own breakfasts and dinners. We have each of us a cupboard like this, with its small table, at which each of the sisters sits alone. Here,' she added, opening the lower doors of the cupboard under the table, 'are some specimens of my work, perhaps you would like to look at them?' She then produced several specimens of fancy-work, very neatly executed. Among these were purses fashioned in the old style, consisting of cards cut three-corner-wise, covered with silk of different colours, a gold tassel at the bottom, edged with gold cord, and at top capable of being opened or closed by gold cords, which were arranged for the purpose. Nice pin-cushions, kettle-holders, and all that knick-knackery of small affairs, the names of which my 'gentle readers' know a great deal better than I do, abounded in the nun's little closet. I purchased a few specimens of her industry, as memorials of my visit to this interesting establishment: she then shewed me over her cell, and an apartment attached to it, in which, she said, she had the privilege of lodging, for such length of time as she pleased, any female relative who came to see her. Both her cell and its adjoining chamber were furnished in a plain, comfortable style, and were kept delicately clean. This description of my kind guide's abode may serve for that of every other sister of the community. In each house there are two or three cells, with adjoining apartments for hospitality. The members of the Beguinage are not bound by their vows to remain in the community an hour longer than they think fit. While they so remain they are pledged to celibacy. They employ the whole of their time in the duties of religion, in attending on the sick, assisting the clergy in preparing for death those who may be in need of their most consoling services, in administering charity secretly amongst those families whom they may discover to be in want, preparing articles of dress for the poor, and in short, in every kind of good work that is acceptable to the Divine Master whom they serve. Though free to quit the community whenever they please, I was informed that very few instances had occurred of a sister divesting herself of her veil, and those instances were chiefly attributable to maladies which required change of climate.

"Although separated during the course of the day, after the morning service the whole of the community assemble at seven o'clock P.M., in the church, to attend the benediction. I returned to the Beguinage a little before that hour, and observed with great interest the constant streaming in through the gate of these admirable women, hastening to their devotions from all quarters of the city, in which they had been during the day exercising the saintly functions of their order. Their head-dress is peculiar, and highly picturesque. Over a black silk hood they carry a veil, called a *beguine*, folded flat in form of a square, and laid upon the top of the hood. It is formed of a snowy white lawn: when they enter the church, they stop for a moment to remove the beguine from their heads, open it out, and then arrange it gracefully over the silk hood, so as partly to conceal the face. They then proceed to their places among the benches and genuflectories ranged on both sides of the nave, and occupy themselves for a while in meditation and prayer.

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"When I beheld the whole of the sisterhood, consisting of nearly seven hundred individuals, thus congregated, kneeling before the altar, which was lighted up for the solemnity of the evening with numerous tapers ornamented with flowers, and arranged in pure white draperies, richly fringed with gold; not a breath audible throughout the whole assembly, all with one soul waiting for the blessing they were about to receive as the crowning reward for the labours of the day, I suddenly felt as if I had been for a moment admitted to behold the choir of heaven prostrate before the throne of God."

Wyandotté; or, the Hutted Knoll. By J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq.

Hitherto Cooper's voluminous writings seem to have divided themselves into classes from a difference so inherent and so marked as almost to make us wonder how productions so opposite could spring from the same hand, or be emanations from the same mind. Those of his works in which he walks the woods with its native denizens, or "goes down to the sea in ships and does business in great waters," are as strongly marked by the genius essentially and exclusively dominant in their creation, as are those, on the opposite hand, in which he has blindly wandered into the vapidness of everyday life, stamped by imbecility, shapelessness, and inertness. We speak strongly, because we would willingly drive Cooper from the fenced in pale of artificial meanlessness, and force him to roam through those majestic wildernesses where he is indeed "monarch of all he surveys," and we would the more dictatorially banish him from the smooth highways of macadamized society, because, with that strange blindness which marks the sad absence of common sense from the companionship of genius, he has of late years shown a species of lingering fondness for the very scenes in which his own free spirit becomes palsied and his hand nerveless; manifesting, in thus hovering round the blaze of his literary destruction, something of the infatuation of the moth seeking its own extinction. We have said that hitherto Cooper's works may be divided into these two classes,—the wild and reckless, or the tame and artificial; but the present one is more like a "halting between two opinions:" it is a mixture of the untrammelled woodland existence and the dulness of the domestic cares of a household hearth: a something of the fierce bird of the wilderness tamed down; a kind of caging of the eagle. In short, a species of partnership between Cooper abroad and Cooper at home.

The work opens at a point in which an officer of the English army is beating his sword into a ploughshare, and casting his lot amidst the solitudes of America, as a settler, just previous to her dismemberment from the home country. It is in the choice of his location that Wyandotté is first introduced, who, knowing, as a hunter, the most promising position for location, sells his information to Captain Willoughby "for a consideration." This man, having been a retainer of the English contingent, has amply succeeding in grafting the European vices of sordidness and drunkenness upon the fiercer stock of his own wild nature, and is, in truth, the hero of the tale, if importance of action can be thought to counterbalance frequency of presence: otherwise, his long intervals of absence leave Captain Willoughby as

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the acting partner. Thus having, by the advice of Wyandotté, chosen the deserted beaver haunt as the spot on which to rear his household gods, and possessing sufficient pecuniary resources to enable him to carry comforts, if not luxuries, into his future abode; gathering around him also a sufficient number of retainers to give something of a patriarchal character to this new condition of his life, the soldier settler breaks his first bread, and watches the first blue smoke curling up from the fireside of his new home. Here he builds a sort of garrison, retaining a portion of his military tactics in the erection of his dwelling; and not without occasion, since the fire of Indian warfare still smouldered around: yet, with that inconsistency into which Cooper falls in almost all his narratives, always placing his personages in needless dangers, which a slight degree of understanding removed from idiocy in them might have avoided, the pair of massive gates prepared for this forest citadel are left lying as unsightly and reproachful lumber on the ground, not for a month or a year, but from the childhood to womanhood of his children. They are never attempted to be hung until the endeavour is made with an enemy looking on, and then so futilely done that all the trouble might as well have been spared. It is indeed extraordinary, that with all Cooper's masterly talent of describing hairbreadth escapes *out of* difficulties, he usually manifests the most lamentable want of perception of the best means of getting his characters *into* them; and the one being so ill done, sometimes excites as much provocation, as the other, being so well done, does of admiration.

The Hutted Knoll then becomes the future home of the ex-officer, his wife, his daughter, and an adopted child, an orphan girl, whose parents had been well-beloved friends. This girl, Maud Meredith, is the heroine of the tale, and is consequently attached to the settler's son, a fine young man, and, like his father, in the army. By degrees the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose, the cheerful hum of busy industry rises heavenward, the barns are filled with plenty, the stalls with fatness, the fields yield their increase, the streams give up their finny tribe, the woods their savoury prey. Plenty smiles around, and the settler and his wife rejoice in the midst of their children and their patriarchal life. A suitor presents himself to Beulah, the real daughter, and they marry, whilst Maud still cherishes her love for her nominal brother. Had all this been written by another than Cooper, we should have said it was well, but from him we expect better than well, and we are scarcely content. There is a certain tameness in the domesticity which he has dilated upon. Fireside conversations, summer-evening loungings, love-making,—none of these are his *forte*. His women have all the demerit of over-naturalness; they are as unmeaning and wearying as those with whom we are jostled every day of our life, and we like their company as little. Maud, whom he evidently has intended to endow with a bright spirit, flashes no light around her; and there is sad want of taste and lack of refinement in the interchange of devotedness between herself and her swain. Instance the hoisting him up with ropes and pullies into a window of the garrison under the injurious comparison of slaughtered provision for the besieged, the declaration of love sent in a snuff-box, and the

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reiteration beyond enumeration of that sadly unsentimental abbreviation "*Bob*," perpetually grating upon our nerves for the entire for ever of the narrative. After all, when Shakspeare asks the whole world, "What's in a name?" the whole world ought to answer, "A great deal." It is a death-word to sentiment to apostrophise a lover every half dozen syllables by such a sobriquet.

Since, however, there is no rubbing out the specks of the sun, let us be content with its brightness. "The Hutted Knoll" is still haunted by some of Cooper's old spirit. The character of the real hero, Wyandotté, is marked and new. There is originality in the delineation of his double being. We have said that, following the British camp, this man had imbibed its vices. The degradation of that corruption which clings to grosser natures had debased this child of the forest. Falsehood, cunning, drunkenness, every species of knavery he had readily acquired, and with these camp vices, practised whilst under military discipline, he had fallen under military correction. He had borne corporeal punishment under the command of Captain Willoughby, and had submitted grovelling to the lash, which it might be he had deserved. In olden times, it was an axiom that punishment was the penance which absolved a man from his offences, that it was the scouring out of the stain, the fulling that whitened the pollution: in modern adjudicature, a part of the liberal spirit of the day is to disavow the doctrine of paying men the just reward of their deeds, and to rest the entire usefulness of what was once considered retributive justice on its deterring efficacy. Our modern courts of law avow that they do not punish so much for the crime committed as for the sake of repelling future reiteration; losing sight of the doctrine of our forefathers, that paying the penalty was in some sort an acquittal of the crime, a view of the matter that might possibly reconcile, at least in some few instances, the mind of him who had to endure it, by teaching him that by such a process he might be reinstating himself: looking only on the principle which influences modern arbitration, the good of deterring others rather than of restoring efficacy to the individual, no wonder, we say, that the payment of that just penalty which the criminal has incurred appears both degradation and injury. Thus it is that corporeal punishment especially, almost without exception, debases him who endures it. The mind, already degraded, feels keenly and powerfully that its copartner the body is also abased, and instead of a regenerated energy of right, there follows the utter extinction of every moral aspiration.

The lash had this effect on Wyandotté, or, as he was known under his camp name, of Nick, Sassy Nick. His Indian nature became deadened within him; the creed of native virtues forgotten; the lofty spirit of a warrior and a chief laid low. Debased, degraded, grovelling, —selfishness, extortion, trickery, and low cunning took their place; and so for years does the Indian figure on Cooper's pages, his old existence as a freeborn leader of his tribe, wild, revengeful, but withal not destitute of native nobleness, all but forgotten and laid aside together with his very name. Thus in a great degree content in a species of sottish degradation, Sassy Nick pays occasional visits to Captain Willoughby at his new settlement, manifesting a sort of

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spaniel-like affection for the hand that has smitten him, and practising every species of pretence for extorting the price of a little and a little more "water fire." But after a while the clouds lower over the settler's patriarchal home. The quarrel breaks out between the mother country and her colony, and war tracks her bloody path to the "Hutted Knoll." Dangers and exigencies arise, and in the midst of them the Indian appears, now no longer the degraded camp follower, but rejecting the very name of his debasement "Nick," and resuming that of his chieftainship, "Wyandotté." Thus shaking off the slough of his late existence, no longer mercenary, no longer craving "the water fire," the Indian is himself again. This is a fine conception, and worthy of Cooper's genius. The triumph of Wyandotté's Indian nature over that of his artificial is admirable, and that consummating stroke, climax of horror though it be, is also a climax of talent.

"Nick's face was a fair index to his mind; nor were his words intended to deceive. Never did Wyandotté forget the good or evil that was done him. After looking intently a short time at the Hut, he turned, and abruptly demanded of his companions—

"'Why come here? like to see enemy between you and wigwam?'

"As all Nick said was uttered in a guarded tone, as if he fully entered into the necessity of remaining concealed from those who were in such a dangerous vicinity, it served to inspire confidence, inducing the two soldiers to believe him disposed to serve them.

"'Am I to trust in you as a friend?' demanded the captain, looking the Indian steadily in the eye.

"'Why won't trust? Nick no hero—gone away—Nick nebber come ag'in—Wyandotté, hero—who no trust Wyandotté? Yengeese always trust great chief.'

"'I shall take you at your word, Wyandotté, and tell you every thing, hoping to make an ally of you. But, first explain to me why you left the Hut last night—friends do not desert friends.'

"'Why leave wigwam? Because wanted to. Wyandotté come when he want; go when he want. Nick go too. Went to see son—come back; tell story, eh?'

"'Yes, it has happened much as you say, and I am willing to think it all occurred with the best motives. Can you tell anything of Joel, and the others who have left me?'

"'Why tell? Cap'in look; he see. Some chop—some plough—some weed—some dig ditch. All like ole time. Bury hatchet—tired of war-path why cap'in ask?'

"'I see all you tell me. You know, then, that those fellows have made friends with the hostile party?'

"'No need know—see. Look—Injin chop, pale-face look on! Call that war?'

"'I do see that which satisfies me the men in paint yonder are not all red men.'

"'No—cap'in right—tell him so at wigwam. But dat Mohawk—dog—rascal—Nick's enemy!'

"This was said with a gleam of fierceness shooting across the swarthy face, and a menacing gesture of the hand in the direction of a real savage, who was standing indolently leaning against a tree, at a distance so small as to allow those on the rock to distinguish his features. The vacant expression of this man's countenance plainly denoted that he was totally unconscious of the vicinity of danger. It expressed the listless vacancy of an Indian in a perfect state of rest, his stomach full, his body at ease, his mind peaceful.

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"'I thought Nick was not here,' the captain quietly observed, smiling on the Tuscarora a little ironically.

"'Cap'in right—Nick no here. Well for dog 'tis so. Too mean for Wyandotté to touch. What cap'in come for? Eh! Better tell chief—get council widout lighten' fire.'

"'As I see no use in concealing my plan from you, Wyandotté,"—Nick seemed pleased whenever this name was pronounced by others,—'I shall tell it you freely. Still, you have more to relate to me. Why are *you* here? And how came you to discover us?'

"'Follow trail—know cap'in foot—know sergeant foot—know Mike foot—see so many foot, follow him. Leave so many,' holding up three fingers, 'in bushes—so many,' holding up two fingers, 'come here. Foot tell *which* come here—Wyandotté chief—he follow chief.'

"'When did you first strike, or see our trail, Tuscarora?'

"'Up here—down yonder—over dere.' Captain Willoughby understood this to mean that the Indian had crossed the trail, or seen it in several places. 'Plenty trail; plenty foot to tell all about it. Wyandotté see foot of friend—why he don't follow, eh?'

"'I hope this is all so, old warrior, and that you will prove yourself a friend indeed. We are out in the hope of liberating my son, and we came here to see what our enemies are about.'

"The Tuscarora's eyes were like two inquisitors as he listened; but he seemed satisfied that the truth was told him. Assuming an air of interest, he inquired if the captain knew where the major was confined. A few words explained everything, and the parties soon understood each other.

"'Cap'in right,' observed Nick. 'Son in cupboard still; but plenty warrior near to keep eye on him.'

"'You know his position, Wyandotté, and can aid us materially, if you will. What say you, chief; will you take service once more under your old commander?'

"'Who *he* sarve? King George—Congress—eh?'

"'Neither. I am neutral, Tuscarora, in the present quarrel. I only defend myself, and the rights which the laws assure to me, let whichever party govern that may.'

"'Dat bad. Nebber neutral in hot war. Get rob from bot' aside. Alway be one or t'oder, cap'in.'

"'You may be right, Nicolas; but a conscientious man may think neither wholly right nor wholly wrong. I wish never to lift the hatchet unless my quarrel be just.'

"'Injin no understand *dat*. Throw hatchet at *enemy*—what matter what he say?—good t'ing, bad t'ing. He *enemy*—dat enough. Take scalp from *enemy*—don't touch *friend*.'

"'That may do for *your* mode of warfare, Tuscarora, but it will hardly do for *mine*. I must feel that I have right on my side before I am willing to take life.'

"'Cap'in always talk so, eh? When he soldiers and general, say shoot ten, forty, t'ousand Frenchmen, den he say, 'Stop, general—no hurry—let cap'in t'ink! Bye-'m by he'll go and take scalp, eh!'

"It exceeded our old soldier's self-command not to permit the blood to rush into his face at this home-thrust; for he felt the cunning of the Indian had involved him in a seeming contradiction.

"'That was when I was in the army, Wyandotté,' he answered, notwithstanding his confusion, 'when my first and highest duty was to obey the orders of my superiors. Then I acted as a soldier; now, I hope to act as a man.'

"'Well, Indian chief always in army. Always high duty, and obey superior—obey Maniton, and take scalp from enemy. War-path alway open, when enemy at t'other end.'

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" 'This is no place to discuss such questions, chief, nor have we time. Do you go with us?'

" Nick nodded an assent, and signed for the other to quit the rocks. The captain hesitated a moment, during which he stood intently studying the scene in the clearing.

" ' What say you, Tuscarora? The serjeant has proposed assaulting that breastwork.'

" ' No good, cap'in. You fire, halloo, rush on—well, kill four, six, two—rest run away. Injin down at mill hear rifle; follow smoke—where major den? Get major first—t'ink about enemy afterwards!'

" As Nick said this he repeated the gesture to descend, and he was obeyed in silence. The captain now led the way back to his party, and soon rejoined it. All were glad to see Nick, for he was known to have a sure rifle, to be fearless as the turkey-cock, and to possess a sagacity in the woods that frequently amounted to a species of intuition.

" ' Who lead, cap'in or Injin?' asked the Tuscarora in his sententious manner.

" ' Och, Nick, ye're a cr'atur!' muttered Mike. 'Divil bur-r-rn me, Jamie, but I t'inks the fallie would crass the very three-tops rather than miss the majjor's habitation.'

" ' Not a syllable must be uttered,' said the captain, raising a hand in remonstrance. ' I will lead, and Wyandotté will march by my side, and give me his counsel, in whispers. Joyce will bring up the rear. Blodget, you will keep a sharp look-out to the left, while Jamie will do the same to the right. As we approach the mill stragglers may be met in the woods, and our march must be conducted with the greatest caution. Now follow, and be silent.' "

The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City. A Novel. By Mrs. Gore, authoress of " Mothers and Daughters," " Mrs. Armitage," &c.

The wholesome moral which Mrs. Gore has here endeavoured to enforce is quite sufficient to elevate her book out of the class of works of mere amusement into that far higher one of useful teaching. The excursions of the imagination, when they make no further pretensions, may elevate the fancy, or, in other forms, refine the feelings; pictures of life may teach us to know the world better; portraits of men may make us more intimately acquainted with the various characters of our fellow beings: all these have their respective merits; but the endeavour to make all these subservient to the higher aim of enforcing a pure morality, and teaching a sterling and useful lesson through a pleasurable medium, deserves a higher commendation; and this has been Mrs. Gore's strenuous endeavour in " The Banker's Wife."

Commencing with a minor point, we must object to the title: the Banker's Wife is not the leading personage of the history, unless on the supposition that she suffers most, and that quiescently, assuredly the saddest shape of endurance; but even this species of pre-eminence we are obliged to repudiate, because though anguish may be deeply engraven on the surface of the heart, it is only remorse that eats into its core. The Banker is the real hero of the tale, and is depicted both with spirit and accuracy. Position in life is the one thing for which men universally strive. To struggle up, but never to slide downwards, is the great object of the world. A little higher and yet

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a little higher is the still stimulating, never satisfied, desire of the heart. Without this craving after an ever-receding good, which is the bane of peace, and the poison of present enjoyment, man might and would most generally be satisfied with his lot, since it is not so much on existing evil as on desired good that he founds his dissatisfaction: it is in the desire for happiness, which is the shadow, that he disregards contentment, which is the substance. Thus, the Banker makes aggrandisement his aim. To keep his position in society, nay, to elevate himself above it, he spends his days in toil, his nights in care. With the means of ample comfort in his power, he rejects its enjoyment for the sake of gaining another step higher in the world. With a wife whom Mrs. Gore has, with poetical license, made quite perfect, and children in whom affection might fairly concentrate and centre, his feelings are all poisoned at their spring, and turned out of their natural channel. It is a sad and dark concomitant of almost every species of crime, that it is attended by that other, of all the basest—*hypocrisy*. But few of the sins of the world walk avowedly unveiled. Vice still pays that homage to virtue as but seldom to show an unabashed, unblushing front; and hence the intimate connexion of the large family of evil. To avoid detection, commission follows on commission, one sin treads on the heels of another, to screen it from observance. Thus, the Banker, influenced solely, at first, by the desire to support the position in life which his deceased parent had occupied, gradually gives up every hold on rectitude. After exhausting his own resources, he trenches on the banking-house funds, and so there follows a long line of actions of increasing turpitude, and the lost man, struggling to protract his own utter ruin, sometimes trembling at the shadow of a straw, sometimes blind to overhanging mountains threatening to fall upon and crush him; labouring like a slave at the galley's oar, yet strenuously supporting an aspect of ease; devoured with the vulture at his heart, yet dressing his lip with smiles;—at last becomes that saddest of all things, *his own victim*.

But the character of the Banker is admirably contrasted, and the moral of the tale powerfully enhanced, by the old East Indian nabob: a man who, saving and excepting his wealth, which he is generous enough not to value for its own sake, has been bereft of everything near and dear to a heart abounding in love and home affections. A wife, on whom he doted with that old-fashioned sort of intensity which has become so *outrée* in modern days, and sons, grown up to an honourable manhood, had all been snatched away. Wearied with the scenes amid which he had amassed his stores of rupees, the old nabob had sought his native land to find himself forgotten by the friends of his younger days, and with all the work of the heart, if we may be allowed the expression, to begin afresh. But the impulses of that heart, or rather the fulness of its riches, outbursting their over-narrow garner-house, soon surround the aged and bereaved man with a very atmosphere of love. Making the happiness of others by a never-tiring generosity, he receives the gladness back again reflected into his own bosom: while the Banker, with every social relationship of life gathered around him, is yet as joyless as if he were *alone* in the

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vast world. True it is that the innate nature, and not the outward circumstances, makes the reality of a man's true condition.

The moral worked out by the actions of these two opposite characters is the primary object of the tale, and with this purpose our interest in the remaining personages has been kept subordinate. While desiring to do justice to the real merit of the work, we are not, however, blind to its weaker points. A little of the vapidness into which Mrs. Gore sometimes falls in her delineations of fashionable life is manifest in the less exciting portions of the narrative; and, a matter of some surprise when we are considering the productions of a lady, there is a feebleness in those parts which are devoted to sentiment, while the strength is all expended on its sterner portion. Contrary to ordinary example, the love affairs are not prominent, and, whether intentionally or not, the characters of the Banker and the Nabob stand conspicuous throughout. Upon the whole, we consider "The Banker's Wife" as one of the best of Mrs. Gore's numerous productions.

ROLL *on Moral Command.* Fourth Edition.

There is a tone of good sense pervading this work which at once commends it to the attention of the reader. The military details appear to be exceedingly interesting, but of these we shall not be expected to speak. There are other points, respecting general health, which are more open to us. Colonel Roll is, we believe, the first author who has directed public attention to the benefits to be derived from the use of horse-hair gloves. His directions on this subject are as follow.

"In order to carry out the object I have in view, and in unison with my motto, that 'we should all labour to be useful,' I shall endeavour to bring, as it were, before the mind's eye the absolute necessity of our paying the most particular attention to the state of the skin, and upon this subject the following observations may not be considered out of place. For the body to be in a healthy state, the blood should be constantly throwing off and getting rid of its own superfluous and impure portions, through the pores of the skin, by what is called perspiration, sensible and insensible. If we were in a state of nature, the outward air, by playing upon the surface of the skin, would dry up and carry off 'this moisture' as soon as it had reached that surface; but in the present artificial state in which we live, the air never being permitted to blow upon our bodies, they being covered three or four deep with wrapping of various sorts and kinds to exclude that air which we appear to dread as if it would be death—our skins become clogged, and, by degrees, as we get older, the accumulation of the stucco increases, becoming daily and hourly more and more impervious, until, at length, we get all crusted over with a substance similar almost to Roman cement. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that three-fourths of the diseases to which civilized man is subject, and which the savage knows not of, are attributable to the skin becoming stopped up, and which inconvenience nature, ever provident, had guarded against, by providing 'that the entire cuticular covering of the human body should be perforated by the little tubes called hairs,' and with which, accordingly, the whole surface of the skin is covered. I am also satisfied that if the state of the skin were well attended to, those horrid complaints, the gout and rheumatism, besides a thousand other miseries to

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which we are now subject, would cease to be, and the annoying visitation of colds would no longer afflict us, if my mode of treatment, as recommended in my little treatise, were generally followed. And why? Because this daily exposure of the surface of the body to the influence of the air fortifies the frame against drafts and chills.

" * * * * Ancient history tells us that the perspiration from the body of Alexander the Great was sweet to the smell, something like as if it were perfumed. So is the exudation from the bodies of all persons who are in a perfectly clean and healthy state; such persons have no wind on the stomach; they know not what that horrid word dyspepsia means; their days are unclouded, their nights undisturbed, and existence to them is real delight. Now to particularize my mode of grooming. After the commonplace toilet duty has been gone through, let every particle of covering be thrown off; then, with a glove on each hand, move about the room for twenty minutes or half an hour, rubbing the person and limbs actively the whole time, but still with caution, so as not to tear the skin. After having so performed, go over the whole body with a sponge dipped in cold water, or tepid water, if more agreeable, (but cold is better,) then run half a dozen times up and down the room, and go through any little evolutions as may be most agreeable, or dance a few steps of a favourite quadrille—do anything, in fact, that will give motion and extension to the body and limbs. Let this mode of treatment be followed up regularly, and then we may say, 'a fig for the doctor.' In addition to the foregoing, I would strongly recommend that a vapour bath should be taken at least four times a year, and a warm bath once or twice a month."

Porter's Key to the Celestial Globe. WEST.

This little book will prove highly useful as a companion to the celestial globe. Under its direction, every constellation, and every principal star, may be instantly found; and as they are alphabetically arranged, with their relative situations annexed, it forms a desirable catalogue for general reference. A glance at this book and at the globe, will enable any young lady to point confidently to the heavens any night in the year, and name the stars and the constellations to her admiring friends. One such display were surely worth eighteen-pence, the price of the book.

Selections from the Kur-án, commonly called, in England, the Koran; with an interwoven Commentary; translated from the Arabic; methodically arranged, and illustrated by Notes, chiefly from Sale's Edition: to which is prefixed an Introduction, taken from Sale's Preliminary Discourse, with Corrections and Additions. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, author of "The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and translator of "The Thousand-and-one Nights."

There is no book better known by name than the Kur-án, and none so little known by perusal. The name of the Prophet is a by-word amongst us, and yet few even pretend to know the purport of his teaching. Saving and excepting a few broad doctrines, and those belonging more to the poetry of the faith than the faith itself, the gene-

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rality of people are utterly in the dark respecting the tenets of the Faithful, and our familiarity with the name of Mahomet is chiefly derived from his influence in the pages of light literature, where he so often "points a moral and adorns a tale."

But when we consider the vast influence which the impostures of this one man has exercised over the globe, the wide spreading of a religion which is so palpably a religion of pride and of the senses, and yet one that has numbered so vast a myriad of followers that even the sands on the sea-shore but fitly image them, the dominancy of which has up to this hour remained so powerful as still to hold a large proportion of the world in thraldom, thus perpetuating the mental fetters of such multitudes of our race—when we consider this, we say that a lively interest in the Mahometan book of faith is one of the most natural emotions of the mind.

To say that the means of gratifying this laudable interest has not hitherto been afforded would be erroneous. Sale's valuable version of the Kur-án, a work of real erudition and laborious production, being in our possession, the blame of ignorance might well rest upon those who have not entered upon its investigation. But the very learning of the work has, to a great extent, rendered it a sealed book. Not being presented to us in a popular form, unintelligible passages, often apparently without connexion, perplex and fatigue the mind, and it is thus most generally laid aside under the impression of disappointment. "Knowledge of a part is better than ignorance of the whole," stands as the motto on Mr. Lane's title-page, but we might almost consider it as an emendation if we were to read, "Knowledge of a part is better than knowledge of the whole," when that whole comprises such a ritual of moral, civil and religious law, as is scarcely suitable for general perusal; and this being the case, we consider that the present selection and abridgment, in which the text is both explained and methodically arranged, is a production which our literature most peculiarly needed, and one that must soon find its way on to every library shelf. Mr. Lane's previous researches into Arabic letters, and his labours as a translator, rendered him peculiarly well fitted for his task, which he has discharged with a degree of united industry and ability that must not only make his work really well received, but enhance his own literary character.

Passing over his preliminary matter, for which Mr. Lane avows himself to be largely indebted to his predecessor, Sale, we give our extracts from the Kur-án itself, selecting from it some passages in the life of King Solomon.

"¶ 7. And he examined the birds, *that he might see the lapwing, that saw the water beneath the earth, and directed to it by pecking the earth, whereupon the devils used to draw it forth when Solomon wanted it* [*to perform the ablution*] *for prayer: but he saw it not;* and he said, Wherefore do I not see the lapwing? Is it [*one*] of the absent?—*And when he was certain of the case he said,* I will assuredly punish it with a severe punishment, *by plucking out its feathers and its tail, and casting it in the sun, so that it shall not be able to guard against excessive thirst;* or I will slaughter it; or it shall bring me a manifest convincing proof, *showing its excuse.*—And it tarried not long *before it presented itself unto Solomon, submissively, and raised its head, and relaxed its tail and its wings: so he forgave it; and*

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he asked it what it had met with during its absence; and it said, I have become acquainted with that wherewith thou hast not become acquainted, and I have come unto thee from Seba (*a tribe of El-Yemen*) with a sure piece of news. I found a woman reigning over them, *named Bilkees*, and she hath been gifted with everything *that princes require*, and hath a magnificent throne. (*Its length was eighty cubits; and its breadth, forty cubits; and its height, thirty cubits: it was composed of gold and silver set with fine pearls and with rubies and chrysolites; and its legs were of rubies and chrysolites and emeralds: upon it* [*were closed*] *seven doors: to each chamber* [*through which one passed to it was*] *a closed door*). I found her and her people worshipping the sun instead of God, and the devil hath made their works to seem comely unto them, so that he hath hindered them from the *right* way, wherefore they are not rightly directed to the worship of God, who produceth what is hidden (*namely, the rain, and vegetables*), in the heavens and the earth, and knoweth what they [*that is, mankind and others*] conceal *in their hearts*, and what they reveal *with their tongues*. God: there is no deity but He, the Lord of the magnificent throne, *between which and the throne of Bilkees is a vast difference.* (Chap. xxvii. vv. 20—26).

" ¶ 8. *Solomon* said *to the lapwing*, We will see whether thou hast spoken truth, or whether thou art [*one*] of the liars. *Then the lapwing guided them to the water, and it was drawn forth* [*by the devils*]; *and they quenched their thirst, and performed the ablution, and prayed. Then Solomon wrote a letter, the form whereof was this:—From the servant of God, Solomon the son of David, to Bilkees the queen of Seba. In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Peace be on whomsoever followeth the right direction. After* [*this salutation, I say*], *Act ye not proudly towards me; but come unto me submitting.—He then sealed it with musk, and stamped it with his signet, and said unto the lapwing*, Go with this my letter, and throw it down unto them (*namely, Bilkees and her people*); then turn away from them, *but stay near them*, and see what *reply* they will return. *So the lapwing took it, and came unto her, and around her were her forces; and he threw it down into her lap; and when she saw it, she trembled with fear. Then she considered what was in it, and* she said *unto the nobles of her people*, O nobles, an honourable (*sealed*) letter hath been thrown down unto me. It is from Solomon; and it is *this*:—In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Act ye not proudly towards me; but come unto me submitting.—She said, O nobles, advise me in mine affair. I will not decide upon a thing unless ye bear me witness.—They replied, We are endowed with strength, and endowed with great valour; but the command [*appertaineth*] to thee; therefore see what thou wilt command *us to do, and we will obey thee.* She said, Verily kings, when they enter a city, waste it, and render the mighty of its inhabitants abject; and thus will they do *who have sent the letter.* But I will send unto them with a gift, and I will see with what the messengers will return, *whether the gift will be accepted, or whether it will be rejected. If he be* [*merely*] *a king, he will accept it; and if he be a prophet, he will not accept it.—And she sent male and female servants, a thousand, in equal numbers,* [*five hundred of each sex,*] *and five hundred bricks of gold, and a crown set with jewels, and musk and ambergris and other things, by a messenger with a letter. And the lapwing hastened unto Solomon, to tell him the news; on hearing which, he commanded that bricks of gold and silver should be cast, and that a horse-course should be extended to the length of nine leagues from the place where he was, and that they should build around it a wall with battlements, of gold and silver, and that the handsomest of the beasts of the land and of the sea should be brought with the sons of the jinn, on the right side of the horse-course and on its left.* (Chap. xxvii. vv. 27—35.)

" ¶ 9. And when *the messenger* came *with the gift, and with him his attendants*, unto Solomon, he [*that is, Solomon*] said, Do ye aid me with wealth?

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But what God hath given me (*namely, the gift of prophecy, and the kingdom*) is better than what He hath given you, *of worldly goods;* yet ye rejoice in your gift, *because ye glory in the showy things of this world.* Return unto them *with the gift that thou hast brought;* for we will surely come unto them with forces with which they have not power [*to contend*] and we will surely drive them out from it (*that is, from their country, Seba, which was named after the father of their tribe*), abject and contemptible, *if they come not unto us submitting. And when the messenger returned unto her, with the gift, she placed her throne within seven doors, within her palace, and her palace was within seven palaces; and she closed the doors, and set guards to them, and prepared to go unto Solomon, that she might see what he would command her to do. She departed with twelve thousand kings, each king having with him many thousands, and proceeded until she came as near to him as a league's distance; when he knew of her* [*approach, and*] he said, O nobles, which of you will bring unto me her throne before they come unto me submitting? An 'efreet, of the jinn, answered, I will bring it unto thee before thou shalt arise from thy place *wherein thou sittest to judge from morning until mid-day;* for I am able to do it, [*and*] trustworthy *with respect to the jewels that it compriseth, and other matters. Solomon said, I desire it more speedily.* [*And thereupon*] he with whom was knowledge of the *revealed* scripture (*namely,* [*his Wezeer*] *A'saf the son of Barkhiya, who was a just person, acquainted with the most great name of God, which insured an answer to him who invoked thereby*) said, I will bring it unto thee before thy glance can be withdrawn *from any object. And he said unto him, Look at the sky. So he looked at it: then he withdrew his glance, and found it placed before him: for during his look towards the sky, A'saf prayed, by the most great name, that God would bring it; and it so happened; the throne passing under the ground until it came up before the throne of Solomon.* And when he saw it firmly placed before him, he said, This is of the favour of my Lord, that He may try me, whether I shall be thankful, or whether I shall be unthankful. And he who is thankful is thankful for *the sake of* his own soul, *which will have the reward of his thankfulness;* and [*as to*] him who is ungrateful, my Lord is independent, [*and*] bountiful. (Chap. xxvii. vv. 36—40).

"¶ 10. [*Then Solomon*] said, Alter ye her throne so that it may not be known by her, that we may see whether she be rightly directed *to the knowledge thereof,* or whether she be of those who are not rightly directed *to the knowledge of that which is altered. He desired thereby to try her intelligence. So they altered it, by adding to it, or taking from it, or in some other manner.* And when she came, it was said *unto her,* Is thy throne like this? She answered, As though it were the same. *She answered them ambiguously like as they had questioned her ambiguously, not saying, Is this thy throne?—and had they so said, she had answered, Yes). And when Solomon saw her knowledge, he said,* And we have had knowledge bestowed on us before her, and have been Muslims. But what she worshipped instead of God hindered her *from worshipping Him;* for she was of an unbelieving people. —It was said unto her *also,* Enter the palace. (*It had a floor of white, transparent glass, beneath which was running water, wherein were fish. Solomon had made it on its being said unto him that her legs and feet were* [*hairy*] *like the legs of an ass.* And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water, and she uncovered her legs, *that she might wade through it; and Solomon was on his throne, at the upper end of the palace, and he saw that her legs and her feet were handsome.* He said *unto her,* Verily it is a palace evenly spread with glass. *And he invited her to embrace El-Islám,* [*whereupon*] she said, O my Lord, verily I have acted unjustly towards mine own soul, *by worshipping another than Thee,* and I resign myself, with Solomon, unto God, the Lord of the worlds. *And he desired to marry her; but he disliked the hair upon her legs; so the devils made for him the depilatory of quick-lime, wherewith she removed the hair, and he married her; and he*

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loved her, and confirmed her in her kingdom. He used to visit her every month once, and to remain with her three days; and her reign expired on the expiration of the reign of Solomon. It is related that he began to reign when he was thirteen years of age, and died at the age of three and fifty years. Extolled be the perfection of Him to the duration of whose dominion there is no end! (Chap. xxvii. vv. 41—45)."

Friendship's Offering of Sentiment and Mirth.

The first competitor of this beautiful class of works is now in the field. We had hoped that by this time they might have become naturalized amongst us, but that most dangerous era that divides between the expiration of novelty and the establishment of a custom, seems now to have arrived. Favouritism has no middle age: it must either have the force of freshness or the strong power of habit. The line which separates the two is often fatal to its existence; but when the last state is entered, time, as it passes on, adds stability to its being. We had fully hoped that those beautiful productions, choice combinations as they were of graceful fiction, melting poetry, and tasteful embellishment, would have, long ere now, taken the place of established favourites; but innovations, even when they take the shape of improvements, must needs be construed into indications of less stableness of condition than we would willingly believe. True it is that the first impulse in a new speculation imparts an ardour and energy to executive exertion, requiring a continual renewal of motive power; and if this in any degree decline from the want of corresponding appreciation in the public mind, the original undertaking must needs droop and languish. The fault of failure in continuous efforts too often rests with that hard task-master, the world, rather than with those who are labouring to meet its wishes, and it may be that this has been the case with "Friendship's Offering." We miss the names of contributors who a few years back enriched its pages, and we miss also a perceptible something in the taste and choice of the selection. It may be that a partial failure in the harvest fields of this species of literature may have happened to operate unfavourably, yet why it should be so we are at a loss to guess. The poetry which finds its way into the annuals is just that which we might hope to find the freshest, since it is comprised of pieces of such rapid execution and short extension as to have been penned upon an impulse proportioned to their execution, with nothing left to be the effect of constraint and compulsion. This species of energetic composition ought to have all the brightness of a flash of light, and consequently we expect felicitous snatches of song, and little sparkling gushes of poetical feeling in the annuals. We allow that it is different with the prose articles. An animated, well proportioned, sparkling *novellette*, with sufficient arrangement of plot, and sufficient development of character, is a rarer thing, and much more difficult to obtain; but happily, or rather unhappily, there is talent in the market.

The proprietors of the Friendship's Offering have this year presented their volume to us like an old friend with a new face. The

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tome for 1843 externally looks well and handsome in its robings of golden coloured and gold: its dimensions are also enlarged: internally we find an alteration in the mode of embellishment, the illustrations being of diversified character. Two of them in the Turner style, by an amateur artist, who is pleased to be known as J. R., of Christchurch, Oxford, are full of taste. The Maiden's Tower, Constantinople, drawn by Manwaring, and engraved by Fisher, is a good plate, in quite a different style. Our own contributors, Mrs. Abdy, and Major Calder Campbell, also grace the company of authors; and we never remember to have met the ladye poet in a more cheering vein than in her pretty versification of a "Bridal Visit." "Recollections of the Gifted," possesses genuine feeling, and "Love's Landing Place" is a pleasing romance. Among the poets, however, we must own that the same J. R. of Christchurch, not content with his attainments as a painter, stands foremost as one who will eventually take his place among the poets of England.

Poems, Original and Translated. By CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, Esq.

Some of the highest aims of poetry are to give right directions to the affections, to elevate the intellect, and to illustrate the ways of God to man. Such are Mr. Kennedy's objects, and his verses are ennobled by their intention. The charm of poetry is too potent for it ever to be misapplied without danger, and it is well that the beautiful should embellish and adorn the right and the good. An extract from the "Poet's Dream" will best introduce our author to the reader.

"And what is fame? A thing of air,
Sought far and wide, and found nowhere;
More flitting than a shade. Who knows
From whence it came, or whither goes?

The statesman plans; he giveth laws;
While listening senates peal applause;
The people bless their happy lot,
And shout, and hail him patriot;

Their gratulations echoing pour,
Like ocean waves from shore to shore;
Then silence; and those echoes die,
Like a forgotten melody.

Soon other sounds are on the gale;
They tell a new, a different tale;
The people mourn; and he the cause;
They curse the man, revile his laws:

The storm frowns, gathers, bursts at length
Yet courage! he hath inward strength
To bear him up! Ah, no! he shrinks
Before the cruel blow: he sinks,

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Hopeless, heart-smitten; as an oak,
When riven by the lightning-stroke.
Sapless and bare and honour-shorn,
Stands on the blasted heath forlorn.

The victor's praise loud clarions tell,
While nations ring the funeral knell.
O madness! One there lived, whose breath
Was victory, whose frown was death:

He seem'd on earth a demigod;
On throne and altar fierce he trod;
He moved and found no resting-place;
Shook the broad hills his thunderpace:

His trumpet loud and shrill he blew,
And thousand thousands round him flew,
O'er valley strode, o'er mountains clomb,
Travers'd the waste, and found a tomb.

He march'd to Winter's icy field,
And sternly bade the monarch yield;
But Winter call'd her vassals round,
They, at the word, in arms were found:

She came, and blew so wild a blast,
Shriek'd vale and mountain, as she pass'd;
She came, and in her chariot-train
Famine and frost and hurricane:

Where be those warmen? On their host
The snow in stormy waves hath tost,
Frozen the blood within their veins,
Their bones lie scatter'd on the plains.

'Twas not for this the gallant band
Left their sweet home, their native land:
Some other hope before them shone:
Yea; 'twas a dream that led them on!

And dreamt not he, that soul of pride,
Who scorn'd the earth, and heaven defied?
I wis not what his visions were;
But his awaking was despair;

The poet's aim is pure and high;
The poet's love can never die:
He pants for gales that ever blow,
He thirsts for streams that ever flow:

He asks for much, and much receives,
And hoping much, he much believes;
And while to heaven he looks for bliss,
To man a friend, a brother is.

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His eye is soft as the moonray,
Yet dazzling as the orb of day,
Light as the silver-shining rill,
Yet as the ocean deep and still.

Now loves he in the shade to lie,
Now sparkles like the butterfly,
Now like a swallow skims the stream,
Now basks him in the sunny beam.

He softly breathes on Nature's lute;
To hear his lay, the winds are mute,
And air and heaven and earth and sea
Swell with deep love and sympathy.

He soars where never bird hath flown,
O'er regions vast, to man unknown:
He comes, and tells where he hath been,
He comes, and tells what he hath seen;

And few believe; yet still he sings
Of his unearthly wanderings:
With sacred fire his breast doth glow,
Unfading wreaths adorn his brow

In great and small his heart hath place,
Of love divine he finds the trace,
In woman more than beauty sees,
In life unnumber'd mysteries:

Dreams, if thou wilt! So let it be:
Fresh glories ever weaveth he;
Truthful, and bright, and spirit-free,
He dreams of immortality."

The Last Days of Francis the First, and other Poems. By JOHN THOMAS MOTT.

The principal poem in this collection is founded on an anecdote which has obtained some celebrity, namely, that of Francis the First, while residing at Chambord with his sister Margaret of Navarre, writing on the window of his apartment these lines,

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie."

It is odd enough how little unpremeditated points in the history of men stand prominently forward so as to become resting-places for memory, reviving with our recollections of them more decidedly than their most important actions. This little ebullition of spleen in the mind of Francis, probably at the moment feeling his heart embittered by the stinging of inconstancy, has become one of them, and Mr. Mott having chosen it for his versification, has put it into a very agreeable metrical form. Margaret's spirited, womanly, yet tender expostula-

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tion, possesses many of the requisites of poetry. "The Crusades" is another poem of equal merit, and in the whole of this little volume the choice of subject is select, the style pure and undisfigured by affectation or false ornament, and the morality unexceptionable. We think that, considering how much abused are the Muses in all these respects, that we are offering Mr. Mott no slight praise.

Select Poetry for Children: with brief Explanatory Notes. Arranged for the Use of Schools and Families. By JOSEPH PAYNE.

This is a judicious selection of poetry, suitable for children of all ages, and chosen from our best poets. In these days, when abtruse science is carried almost into our nurseries, it is really a treat to see anything so simply good as the little volume before us. Childhood is assuredly the season for strengthening the best feelings of our nature, as well as for exercising that most early developed of the intellectual faculties,—memory; and both these great objects may be aided by such a little volume as the one before us. "Emulations, strifes, envyings," are too frequently the result of scholastic competitions, but such works as these introduced into educational establishments, may carry on the gentle work of instilling what is pure in sentiment and high in morality, first commenced on the mind of her child on a mother's knee; and thus this unambitious little volume may be productive of higher good than all the works of imagination that ever issued from the highly-gifted intellects of some of our first authors.

Practical Introduction to the Study of the German Language. According to the Views of Dr. Becher, the Discoverer of the Natural System of Language, and Founder of an Improved Method of Instruction. By HEINRICH APEL, late Assistant-Master in King's College, London.

Dr. Becher's natural system of Language, upon which this elementary book is founded, is too well known to need definition here. According to his views, "grammar has for its base a system, connected in all its parts, at once simple and natural, explaining the phenomena of language in a manner intelligible to all." Undoubtedly the labour of the linguist has ever been a fearful taxing of the memory unassisted by the other faculties of the mind, and if they can be brought to exert themselves simultaneously, it will necessarily be found that "union is strength," and the required exertion will be infinitely lightened. Of Mr. Apel's ability to present us with an educational grammatical work on this new system, the fact of his having been occupied during six years in instructing large classes in King's College School in his native language, is the best proof, and will prove the strongest recommendation, for a practical knowledge in tuition is the best qualifier for those who would impart it.

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The Art of Questioning and Answering in French. By A. C. G. JOBERT, author of the "Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles du Puy de Dôme," late Editor of the "Journal de Géologie."

Monsieur Jobert's plan of teaching is that of the auricular, and we go far in our coincidence with him, that it is the best—the best because the easiest; for the labour wasted on rules and exceptions, if profitably bestowed, would usually do much towards the acquirement of a language. Our author repudiates all the plans of self-teaching and book-instructing, on the ground that sight, without previous training, can never convey the right idea of sound. Conversational instruction, in which good pronunciation, and a just application of words, are at once acquired, he considers as the most successful, and least laborious mode of acquiring a language; and he has consequently arranged a formula of the Art of Questioning and Answering in French, which may either be brought to the assistance of other modes of instruction, or used independently of them all. To those who may not be willing to adopt it in its primary intention, we recommend it as a useful adjunct.

Hours in the Picture Gallery of Thirlestane House, Cheltenham: being Notices of some of the Principal Paintings in Lord Northwick's Collection.

The visitors of Cheltenham will find this species of Catalogue very much enhance their pleasure in viewing Lord Northwick's Gallery, which is so kindly and liberally, and with that genuine desire of promoting love for the arts, made so easy of access to the public. The collection is good, containing some of the best works of the old masters, while those of more modern date are selected with taste and judgment. No one ought to visit Cheltenham without thankfully availing themselves of the liberality which throws this Gallery open to their inspection; and no one ought to approach the collection without carrying this descriptive Catalogue in their hands.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's RIENZI is now ready; and the other volumes reprinting of the prose works are in a forward state.

Our readers who remember the sensation produced by the publication of that very original and talented work, "Susan Hopley," will be pleased to learn that the author has now in the press a new production, entitled, MEN AND WOMEN, or MANORIAL RIGHTS, which may be expected to appear early in December.

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A lady in Norfolk is about to publish a new work, entitled THE GLEANER, which will contain the cream of the best authors, and form an elegant drawing-room or library table book. The work is to be published by subscription, and the names of subscribers are received by Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

The Hon. Miss Maynard's new volume of Poems, RECORDS of SCENERY, is advanced towards completion.

The new edition of BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE being now in preparation, any communications or alterations should be forwarded to the publisher without delay.

Mr. Grant, the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," is about to bring out a new work, under the title of "PARIS" AND ITS PEOPLE. The work, which will be in two volumes, is, we understand, written on the same plan as his "Great Metropolis," which excited so much interest a few years ago. The English public will doubtless be anxious to learn what Mr. Grant says of our Parisian neighbours. He does not, we are told, write in an ill-natured or depreciating spirit, but he gives the result of his inquiries and observations in the free and fearless manner which characterizes most of his previous works. The work may be expected to appear in about a fortnight.

Messrs. Longman and Co. announce for speedy publication the following among other new works:—Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh Review; the Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Macintosh; Southern Ethiopia, by Major Harris; Memoirs of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan; Mr. Laing's Kings of Norway; and an Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, by Mr. Webster and the late Mrs. Purkis.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Lieutenant and the Crooked Midshipman. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.*
A Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet. By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Jessie Phillips; a Tale of the Present Day. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Belle of the Family; a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Sir Cosmo Digby. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Ireland and its Rulers since 1829. Part I. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Dramatic Works of James Sheridan Knowles. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Findlay's Modern Atlas, containing Thirty Maps and Index. Royal 8vo. half-bound 12*s.* coloured, 9*s.* plain.
Miss Corner's History of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Musical Bijou for 1844. Royal 4to. 15*s.*
Narrative of H. J. Marks, a Converted Jew, by Himself, with Preface. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Isles of Greece, and other Poems. By F. M. F. Skene. Fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Search after Proserpine, and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. Fc. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Gift; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1844. 8vo. 21*s.*
Fidelity, or a Town to be let Unfurnished; a Poem. By G. Hatton. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Gleanings from the South, East, and West. Fc. 8vo. 5*s.*
Diary of a March through Sinde and Affghanistan. By the Rev. J. N. Allen. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

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Derry; a Tale of the Revolution. By Charlotte Elisabeth. 12mo. 5s.
The English Governess; a Tale of Real Life. By R. M'Crindall. 12mo. 5s.
Eastern Romances, Arabian and other Tales. Fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Legends and Traditionary Stories. Square 16mo. 4s. 6d.
Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches. Third Series. Royal 8vo. 21s.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are glad to find that the trade of Manchester has been more active during the past month. On printed goods there is a decided advance on previous rates, and as manufacturers are partially out of stock, an increased briskness may fairly be expected. In woollen goods the market has been firm, and quite equal to that of the same period in other years. In Mark Lane supplies have been steady. In tea, the large amount in the sales has had a tendency to make prices dull. In coffee and sugar the market has retained average rates.

Money Market.—The abundance or scarcity of money being always dependent on the ease or difficulty of its profitable and safe employment, capital still remains in plenty in the market. The English Stocks, though with some slight fluctuation, have kept tolerably firm. The foreign funds have not been depressed, though they have been sluggish.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 27th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 179 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 95 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 95 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Anns. 101 three-fourths.—Indian Bonds, 75, 8 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500*l.* 1¾*d.* 64*s.* 67*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54.—Spanish Three per Cent. 30 three-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Oct. 31, 21.—Mexican Five Cent. 30 seven-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 97 one-half.

BANKRUPTS.

From Oct. 3 to Oct. 20, 1843, inclusive.

Sept. 26.—J. F. Sporer, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, tailor.—R. Parker, Deptford-row, Rotherhithe, linendraper.—S. Borges, Dunstable, tailor.—H. H. Barker and J. Bean, Argyll-street, Oxford-street, tailors.—J. Etock, Leeds, linendraper.—S. Canning, Warwick, victualler.

Sept. 29.—J. Smith, Hoxton Old-town, linendraper.—W. and R. Gray, Bishops Waltham, Southampton, corn dealers.—C. Chambers, Peterborough, liquor merchant.—S. Wesley, Long Buckley, Northamptonshire, baker.—W. Smart, Billinghurst, Sussex, dealer. — R. Kipling, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. — R. Kipling and W. Atkinson, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehousemen.—E. Goldsbury, Hastings, draper.—H. Watts, Bristol, sailmaker.—J. B. Carson, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Hill, Durham, grocer.

Oct. 3. — W. Woodward, Hammersmith, builder. — T. Bennett, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street-within, timber merchant.—C. Bourjot and W. Espivent de la Vellesboisnet, Coleman-street-buildings, merchants.—G. Brimsmead, Bideford, Devonshire, retailer of flour.—J. Sykes, Birstall, Yorkshire, corn miller.—O. Jones, Liverpool, draper.—J. Southern, Birmingham, grocer.—W. Havelock, South Shields, carver.—W. Hughes, Plascoch, Merionethshire, slate merchant.

Oct. 6.—J. Brooker, Southampton-row, carver and gilder.—P. A. Nuttall, Cheltenham, newspaper vender.—J. Bedford, Melina-place, Westminster-road, iron merchant.—J. Harvey, St. Mary-axe, builder.—G. Keeling, Manchester, brewer.—S. Gould, St. John's, New Brunswick, merchant.—E. K. Bullman, Leeds, cabinet-maker.

Oct. 10.—J. and R. Davies, Chiswell-street, drapers.—F. W. E. Barandon, Philpot-lane, merchant. — J. Mallett, Hadley, Middlesex, miller.—J. Millington and T. Salter, Manchester, and Low Mills, near Chorley, calico printers.

Oct. 13. — J. Harrison, Brighton, coach builder.—W. R. Filby, Norwich, wine merchant. — J. L. Woodruff, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, innkeeper.—J. Ridgeway, Manchester, merchant.—J. W. Harrison, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—T. J. Whidborne, Liverpool, chemist.—J. Smalley, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, ironfounder.

Oct. 17. — W. H. Frearson, Wood-street, Cheapside, sewing cotton manufacturer.—W. Dickinson, Abbey-hill, Bexley, Kent, merchant. —R. Sharpe, Chelmsford, Essex, draper. —J. Wood, Coleman-street, tobacconist. — R. T. Abbott and A. T. Tebbit, Birmingham, wholesale tea dealers.—A. Gordon, W. Cartwright, and J. Blackett, Manchester, machine makers.

Oct. 20.—E. Brain, Rodney-street, Pentonville, steel and copperplate printer.—J. Whipple, Crown-street, Finsbury, stay manufacturer.—J. G. West, High-street, Wandsworth, grocer.—W. Mills, Birmingham, upholsterer.—J. Bourne, Bemmersley, Staffordshire, printer.

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MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	48-69	30,14-stay.	N. b. E.		Clear, except the early part of the morning.
24	50-64	30,12-30,05	N. & N.W.		Generally cloudy.
25	46 67	29,95-29,86	N. & N.W.		Cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon.
26	42-58	29,83-29,71	N.W.		Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	38 54	29,53-29,44	N. b. W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
28	37-58	29,44-29,54	N.W.		Clear.
29	38-57	29,66-29,70	N.W.		Clear.
30	45-64	29,54 29,64	S.W.& N.W.	,22	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
Oct.					
1	70-56	29,70-29,74	W. b. S.		Clear.
2	63-54	29,74-29,76	S.W.&N.W.	,105	Raining lightly in the morning, aftn.& evg.clear.
3	46 64	29,82-29,80	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
4	54 70	29,86-29,82	S.W.		Clear.
5	50-66	29,80-29,69	S. & S. b. E.		Clear.
6	51-63	29,58-29,30	S. b W. & S.	,4	Generally cloudy with rain, at times heavy.
7	55 63	29,41-29,26	S.W.	,25	Showery all day.
8	60-51	29,12-29,44	S.W.		Generally cloudy. [generally cloudy.
9	46-53	29,12-29,38	N.& W. b. S.	,305	Rain in the morning, afternoon, and evening;
10	37-55	29,61-29,36	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, rain in evening.
11	37-60	29,02-28,95	S. b. W.	,1	Cloudy, with frequent rain. [evening clear.
12	40-47	28,99-29,22	WbS&WbN	,39	Morning cloudy, rain about noon; afternoon and
13	33 48	29,38-29,42	N.W.&S.W.	,11	Generally clear: rain from 3 to 4 A.M.
14	49 35	29,44-29,51	N.W.		Do.
15	28-49	29,44-29,41	N.W.& N.E.		Do.
16	27-45	29,41-29,40	N. & N.W.		Do.
17	29-45	29,04 29,09	S.W.&WbN.		Generally cloudy: heavy rain at 4 A.M.
18	34-45	29,54-29,79	N. by W.	,38	Generally clear.
19	27-42	29,95-29,99	North.	,1	Do.
20	24-48	29,96-29,85	S.W.		Do.
21	37 53	29,60-29-72	W.b.S & NW	,115	Morning raining, afternoon and evening clear.
22	32-56	29,75-29,68	S.W.		Generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

C. L. F. Franchot, of Arundel Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and C. M. T. du Motay, of the same place, Gentleman, for an improved method of connecting and laying pipes or vessels beneath the surface of water, for the purpose of forming therewith tunnels or viaducts for the conveyance of passengers and goods. Aug. 31st, 6 months.

G. Catlin, of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Artist, for certain improvements in the constructing of vessels for navigation, designed to prevent the loss of life in cases of shipwreck or other accidents at sea. Sept. 4th, 6 months.

W. Thomas, of Cheapside, Merchant, for an improved fastening for wearing apparel, and which may also be applied as a fastening to portmanteaus, bags, boxes, books, and other things. Sept. 6th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Spears, of Glasgow, Merchant, for improvements on or appertaining to glass bottles proper for wines and other liquids. Sept. 6th, 6 months. Communication.

P. Pelletan, of Fitzroy Square, Middlesex, Esq., for improvements in the production of light. Sept. 6th, 6 months.

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W. Denley, of Hans Place, Sloane Street, Middlesex, Bricklayer, for certain improvements in the construction of fire-places, flues, and chimneys. Sept. 21st, 6 months.

J. B. Wickes, of Leicester, Framework Knitter, for improvements in machinery employed in the manufacture of framework, knitted, and looped fabrics. Sept. 21st, 6 months.

G. R. D'Harcourt, of Argyll Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in sorting, checking, and delivering letters, newspapers, and other articles. Sept. 28th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, ETC.

Medical Relief in Ireland.—The institutions in Ireland receiving grants of public money for the relief of the sick are distributed into three classes, viz. dispensaries, fever-hospitals, and infirmaries: subscriptions to dispensaries amount to 34,727*l.* 14*s.* 1½*d.*; the grand jury presentments are 34,322*l.* 15*s.* 11½*d.*; total, 69,060*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* The subscriptions to fever-hospitals are 7,168*l.* 9*s.* 8½*d.*; the grand jury presentments are 22,072*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*; the total is 29,241*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.* The proportion of intern patients to the population in these fever-hospitals is 1 to 209½. In infirmaries, subscriptions amount to 2,877*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; the grand jury presentments to 25,362*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*; the parliamentary grant to 3,172*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*; miscellaneous, 8,655*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.*; total, 40,067*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* The proportion of intern patients in infirmaries to population is 1 to 423½. Cost of public medical relief, 138,268*l.* 5*s.* 9½*d.* Taking the population of Ireland to be nearly nine millions, the amount expended on in-door medical relief is 7,700*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* to a million. In France, with a population of thirty millions, there are 1,229 hospitals for giving in-door relief, which cost annually 2,048,882 francs, or about 68,000*l.* for the relief of each million. In England, under the poor-law, the cost of medical relief is 139,000*l.*, and the cost of voluntary medical relief, 800,000*l.*; total, 936,000*l.* The greater part of the public medical attendance provided for the sick-poor in Ireland is given by the dispensaries. The present dispensary-system is, to all intents and purposes, perverted into a provision of cheap and efficient medical assistance in the rural districts to the wealthier inhabitants, and charging a large proportion of the cost on the public revenue. More than two millions of the population of Ireland are annually sick. The largest amount of in-door relief has been only for 60,683; and even that amount has decreased 30 per cent. within the last year. In this statement there is no reference to the number of sick persons under medical treatment in the workhouses, which are especially unsuited in construction, &c. for medical establishments. The workhouses, should they prove a failure, will remain isolated monuments to puzzle posterity, like the round towers of Ireland; for they can never be made available to any useful purpose. The claims for public relief on the grounds of destitution, must be submitted to the most rigid test, for the protection of the funds. On grounds of disease there is not much danger of fraudulent misrepresentation. Amongst a population so singularly situated as the Irish, a well-organised system of public medical relief, administered upon a liberal and comprehensive principle, would be found one of the most efficient means of checking pauperism, and improving the domestic and social condition of the poorer classes. The people are reluctant to go to the hospitals of workhouses, but have no objection against fever-hospitals and infirmaries. The term "pauper relief" should not be applied to the relief of the sick, from motives of good feeling and charity. The fiscal and administrative machinery of the poor-law offers the most effective means of giving effect to a system of public medical relief, which would be highly beneficial. The medical institutions that have suffered most from the introduction of the poor-law are the infirmaries. The income of the

	Cork North Infirmary.	South Infirmary.
In 1840 . .	£1369 9 2	£1092 6 10
— 1841 . .	1139 14 11	944 10 3
— 1842 . .	834 7 8	997 17 8

Showing a total falling-off of about 630*l.* in two years. Whilst the local government

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and management of the several establishments for giving medical relief should be vested in elective bodies freely chosen by the rate-payers, it would be essential, in order to secure uniformity of action and regularity of detail, that a central governmental authority, responsible to parliament, should exercise a control over all the medical institutions supported by public assessment.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Archæological Discovery, in different parts of the continent, has of late furnished a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we may lay before our readers. M. Baër, who has recently returned from a journey undertaken, by desire of the government, into the northern regions of Russia, for the purpose of making a geological survey thereof, has discovered in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and some of the islands lying near the coasts of Finland—particularly in Wies, which is all but desert, several subterranean stone labyrinths. The natives whom M. Baër interrogated as to the origin or destination of these labyrinths, knew nothing of them, save that they were called *Babylons*, and held in such veneration that the people were afraid to touch them. M. Baër has brought away drawings, which he is about shortly to publish, for the speculations of the learned and curious.—The excavations in the forest of Bretonne, in France, continue to yield interesting results. A bath has been laid open, reached by a staircase in hewn stone. A bronze hatchet, fragments of mosaic, cups and rings in bronze, broken household vessels, oyster-shells, bones of human beings and of animals, continue to keep attention alive. A substance found in a vase broken by the pick-axe of a labourer, long puzzled the science of the Normans; but an elaborate analysis has shown it to be a composition of cobalt, known as *smalth*, mixed with carbonate of lime, and used, no doubt, for painting frescoes.—In the forest of Cornouet (Finistère), not far from the ruins of the castle of that name, which overhangs the waters of the Isole, have been discovered some valuable antiquities; amongst others, a tomb, composed of stones, joined together with a cement of a brown colour, partaking of the character of wax, but hardening to the consistency of stone on exposure to the air. The tomb contained a chain of massive gold, whose circular links are in good preservation. The rings are of different sizes, two and two, and formed each of four thick gold threads. On the pavement of the tomb were found as many small arrows, of sharp and transparent flint, as the chain has rings, a sword, and three lance-heads, one of silver. The tomb is supposed to be that of a distinguished Gaulish military chief.—A letter from Dieppe says:—"The excavations at St. Marguerite, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons, near several of which were found pieces of armour, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small, and it is conjectured that they were young men of from sixteen to eighteen years of age."—A student at Bayonne has made a curious discovery in a plane not far from the commune of Lalonquette, in the canton of Thèze. In the centre of a little hillock, a few feet only below the surface lay, and has lain for centuries, an admirable mosaic. The colours are three—red, white, and black. The divisions—the largest of which do not exceed twenty millimètres in length, by twelve in breadth,—affect the most varied forms, and compose in their arrangement, not landscapes nor scenes in animated nature, but figures perfectly regular, circles single or concentric, polygons, lozenges, trapeziums, and sometimes hearts. So admirably, too, are they combined, that in the whole extent of two hundred square mètres, which the mosaic covers, there is nothing approaching to monotony. This magnificent pavement rests on a bed of cement about three centimètres in thickness. Under the cement is a layer of mortar mixed with sand, brick, and quicklime, and the whole is on a pavement of large flint-stones, fixed in a bed of argillaceous earth. —*Athenæum.*

Galileo.—Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzi Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

Terrestrial Magnetism.—In our investigations of this subject we can never leave out of view the fact that we cannot demonstrate the existence of any other phy-

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sical force in nature than electricity. Free electricity exercises no directive power upon the magnetic needle, because the directive power results from the simultaneous exertion of attraction and repulsion; but we find, when electricity is latent and in motion, that then the directive power is manifested. Now one electric current does not constitute magnetism, it is merely an elementary portion of magnetism; but a parallel and contiguous series of electric currents, existing in closed circuits, does, provided that by their union the covered surface of a geometrical solid be formed. This curious result of the parallelism and contiguity of electric currents depends upon the principles of attraction and repulsion of electric currents, according to their direction. For instance, all round a rheophore, in which an electric current is established, the action upon the magnetic needle is the same; therefore the intensity at each point of the circumference of the rheophore is equal. But when two electric currents are made to run in the same direction, a mutual attraction takes place; and hence results a *pro tanto* neutralisation at the points of contact, and a corresponding increase of intensity externally. The more the number of electric currents is increased, the more marked are these effects; so that when a parallel and contiguous series of indefinite currents is formed, existing in the same plane, if we conceive a line to be drawn at right angles to their direction, and equal in length to the sum of their transverse diameters, the middle of this line will be neutral, and from this point the intensity increases in geometrical progression to the extremes. But if these currents, instead of existing in the same plane, form portions of a spherical surface, then the intensity increases in numerical progression. We have thus the cause of the existence of the neutral point in the middle of a magnet accounted for, and also the cause of the difference in the increase of intensity of a globular magnet and of an elongated one. It therefore follows, that the more convex the surface of a magnet is, the less will be the diminution of intensity at the equatorial region; and conversely, the more concave, the greater the diminution. So that if a globular magnet were compressed into the circular plane of its equator, the intensity would then be at its maximum at the circumference of this circle, and the neutral point at the centre. This may be proved by placing a disc of steel between the opposite poles of two magnets; the maximum intensity will then be found at the circumference of the disc, and a neutral point in the centre.

If we now form the rheophore into a convolved spiral, with the spires contiguous, and existing in the same plane, when the current is sent through this instrument it flows in concentric circles, expanding from the centre. Suppose each of these circles decomposed into four different directions; at every second inflection, the partial currents existing therein will be in direct opposition, repulsion will consequently exist between them, and at every successive inflection in the direction, the partial currents will be running towards the apex of an angle and from it; repulsion will also arise from this cause, which is merely a consequence of the former. The repulsive force, and consequently neutralising force, will therefore increase inversely as the diameter of the circle; a neutral point is thus formed in the centre of the spiral, from which point the intensity progressively increases to the circumference. We have thus the cause of the existence of a neutral point at the extremity of the axis of a magnet accounted for; and the same principle with respect to convexity or concavity here holds good.

The preceding facts enable me to come, in some degree with *connaissance de cause*, to the consideration of the neutral action of magnetic bodies. As the north pole of one magnet repels the north pole and attracts the south pole of another, it is thence concluded that the two halves of a magnet are different in their magnetic faculty. This is quite erroneous; for it is well known, that, externally, the north pole of a magnet attracts the south pole of an electro-dynamic cylinder, yet, internally, a perfect equilibrium of their mutual action is established only when their centres of figure are coincident, and then the north pole of the magnet is adjacent to the north pole of the helix. To prove this also with respect to magnets, I magnetised the interior of a steel tube, and floated it upon mercury; a small cylindrical magnet was then held in a line with the axis of the tube, and with its north pole towards the south pole of the tube; the tube was then attracted, and the motion thus communicated continued until the tube enveloped the magnet; the north as well as the south poles of each were then adjacent. The action of a steel tube, when magnetised internally, is therefore analogous to that of an electro-dynamic cylinder. A remarkable fact, and one highly confirmatory of the truth of the electro-dynamic theory, is, that the currents of the internal surface of the tube are in an opposite direction to those of the external

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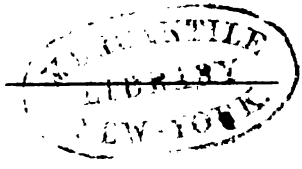
surface; hence externally, either pole of the magnet will attract either pole of the tube. Again, if the tube, instead of being magnetised internally, be magnetised externally, and a small magnet be now introduced within it, so that the homonymous poles be adjacent, the tube will be repelled, and pass from over the magnet. This fact clearly establishes the internal state of neutralisation of a magnet, and proves that magnetic attractions and repulsions are phenomena of direction of electric currents. Hence the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another, only indirectly and partially, in every position, even where the axis of both magnets are in a line; for in this position one magnet will not lift up another, unless there be an overwhelming disparity in their respective dimensions—the greatest lifting power of a magnet residing, not at the extremity of the axis, but at a certain distance laterally from it; that is, at the latitude of maximum intensity. Hence, when one magnet is lifted up by another, their axes, instead of being in a line, form an obtuse angle: because the forces of the north pole of one magnet do not coincide in direction with those of the south pole of another, a perfect coincidence could only arrive when the homonymous poles of both magnets would also be coincident. So that we may conclude, that the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another only as a consequence of the attraction, in a particular direction, of the mass of one magnet for the mass of the other.

These facts being premised, we shall find that, by a careful generalisation of them, the question of terrestrial magnetism will unfold itself with the utmost simplicity. In considering this question I shall, in the first place, take general results; and in the next, endeavour to show to what local causes the exceptions to these results must be attributed. Observations made at different points of the surface of the earth furnish us with the following facts:—At the terrestrial equator a magnetic needle, suspended from its centre of gravity, and having motion in a vertical plane, assumes a horizontal position. If the same instrument be carried from the equator towards, for instance, the north pole of the earth, along a meridian line, the south pole of the needle inclines from the horizontal position; and this inclination increases, in a certain proportion, with the latitude, until the needle arrives at about 75° of latitude, where it assumes a vertical position; so that, if terrestial magnetism be analogous to artificial magnetism,—and the identity of effects in both cases proves this,—the verticality of the magnetic needle is only a character of the magnetic pole, but is no proof whatever of actually having reached it. Therefore, in this case, the needle has merely reached the parallel of latitude of maximum intensity. It follows from this, that if the surface of the earth were uniformly spherical, any three points of equal inclination, upon this parallel of latitude, being found, the position of the magnetic pole would be determined. That position could only be in the centre of the plane of this parallel of latitude, and consequently coincident with the pole of the earth,—a fact which I hope to be able to establish satisfactorily.—*Literary Gazette.*

Female Academie Française.—M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female Académie Française. Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty. Among the ladies who are already chosen members of the new Academy are, Mmes. Georges Sand, Emile de Girardin, De Bawr, Virginie Ancelot, Anna des Essarts, Clémence Robert, Charles Reybaud, Princesse de Craon, Eugénie Foa, Mélanie Waldor, Anaïs Ségalas, D'Helf, Comtesse Merlin, and several distinguished female painters and musicians.—*Foreign Quarterly.*



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THE

METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Paris and its People. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. &c.

"Paris and its People." The title is most apposite. It expresses in a single phrase the character of the work, which comprises a picture of the city, and a portraiture of its inhabitants. Nothing could have been better imagined, and the merit of the execution is proportionate.

Just as every district amongst us has its show-houses, so is Paris the show-city of Europe. Though divided from us but by a narrow channel, and that channel traversed like one of our high roads, the character of our French neighbours is as marked and dissimilar from our own as ever. The national features of its society, the form of its institutions, though subject to every extremity of change, never lose their distinctive opposition. In all the wild fury of its often aroused elements of anarchy, in the fierce rebounds by which it is so frequently propelled from one extreme to another, whether monarchical or republican, in every succeeding change of dynasty or form of government, our warm-tempered neighbours still present us with a curious speculation, and one never diminishing either in interest or importance.

To keep our knowledge of "Paris and its People" on a par with their own ever-changeful aspect, literature must constantly be employing its graphic art. A nation of such restless vivacity must needs sit very frequently for its portrait. France is becoming accustomed

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to revolutions, and whether or not Louis Philippe may be able to hold the reins of his government, with sufficiently coercive power of restraint to ensure to himself the privilege of surrendering his life to Him who gave it, on a peaceful bed, or whether the hour of his departure hence may be settled by the bullet or the knife of an assassin; still at its close, whether thus accelerated or prolonged to the "fourscore years," of which the "strength is but labour and sorrow," the time will surely come when the elective monarchy being vacant, there will arise a strife to ascertain who has the right of might. Whether or not that most sagacious project of surrounding Paris with its bastions, the profound policy of which lay so long too deep for comprehension, but is now, when too late for remedy, beginning to be unriddled, will be competent to aid in promoting a quiet succession, remains to be shown. Undoubtedly the enemies, against which the much-talked of bastion walls have been erected, were internal and not external, and the people are becoming cognisant of this fact. Whether or not rebellion will dare to rear its bold front against the succession, remains to be seen, though we fear that the spirit of peace has flown with the spirit of religion. Meanwhile the feverish effervescence which an enforced quietude does but stimulate is manifest throughout the population: and the noting the present aspect of the city and its people is as curious to the eye of the philosopher as it is entertaining to those who strive not to scrutinize below the surface.

The plan of Mr. Grant's book is able and comprehensive. Two most agreeably written volumes present us with a view of "Paris and its People," distinguished alike by vivacity and discernment. Mr. Grant is not one of those authors who content themselves with the easy task of dotting down in their common-place book just whatever of the amusing or interesting fall in their way, leaving to chance to determine whether or not such material is worthy of the press and the public. Undoubtedly a certain degree of agreeableness frequently makes even such books acceptable; and how, then, ought such labours as Mr. Grant's to be estimated, in which no expense of labour and pains has been spared? So far from being content with a cursory view and a facile ready flowing descriptiveness, this work bears evidence of sound and judicious arrangement. Not yielding to mere impulses of pleasure, perhaps excited by novelty, and only caculated to charm the passing hour, Mr. Grant has striven to unite the sterling with the agreeable, and he has succeeded to a degree which entitles him not only to our warmest commendation, but to a fuller appreciation of his valuable labours.

During Mr. Grant's continental sojourn he devoted himself exclusively to an organized plan of inspection and investigation, of which the work itself supplies the fullest commentary. Commencing with a brief inquiry into the early history of Paris, he has furnished an epitome of its origin and progress, at once lucid and satisfactory. Passing from this matter of antiquarian interest, he places himself in a position to command its present aspect, remarking on the contrary impressions which may be received from the two principal modes of approach. Entering Paris from Boulogne, the mind of the

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stranger is filled with disappointment and disgust, but from the Champs Elysées architectural beauty and tasteful magnificence stamp their impression upon his imagination. Mr. Grant's descriptions of these localities then give place to a more minute investigation of the distinguishing features of the city, instituting comparisons, as he progresses, between ourselves and our neighbours on the opposite shore. In noticing the leading characteristics of this city, which may justly be denominated the most barbarian and polished in the world, we cannot choose but be amused with the variety and novelty of his pages. Streets, houses, shops, shopwomen, public vehicles, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, the arcades, the Palais Royal, all pass before us in gay and vivid panorama. Then come the people, everything distinctive amongst them being marked with the nicest discrimination; their habits, their social disposition, their vivacity, their prejudices, their very dress being all amusingly animadverted upon. From these Mr. Grant carries our attention with him to an investigation into the state of political feeling; comments on the system of government, its despotism, the military, whose spirit is sustained by the general homage of society, although the pay is scarcely commensurate with their necessities, the organization of the national guard, and the police. Passing from these, he carries us to the Legislative Chambers; enters into the origin and history of the Chamber of Peers, detailing the requisite qualifications; from these we accompany him to the Chamber of Deputies, describing the mode of procedure in the sittings, with a fund of interesting and relative information respecting those who have been as marked men among this representative body. By another transition we find ourselves among the theatres, for which the people display the most enthusiastic fondness, the numbers attending far exceeding our own drama-loving spectators. In this section of the work will be found much curious information respecting theatrical amusements, the modes in which the establishments are regulated, and other matters of theatrical moment. From these Mr. Grant proceeds to a sort of review of the military spirit of the people, the desirableness of its subjugation, the condition of the army, and other consequent and relative matters. An account of the public libraries, which must prove peculiarly valuable to bibliopolists, closes the first volume. The second opens with a consideration of the character of Louis Philippe as a statesman, a husband, a parent, a king; and here our author has not proved himself an adulator of royalty. From the monarch the transition is natural to the minister, and Guizot succeeds his master on the stage, in a sketch of real interest; in short, this brief memoir of the statesman-author would stand out with a most marked distinctness were it not for the equalizing influence of the surrounding merit. The higher classes then occupy Mr. Grant's attention, in a consideration of their past and present state, their circumscribed importance, and the consequences of their humiliated position in society. From these the transition is easy to the middle classes, their mode of managing business, and their influence in the state; but even a larger measure of interest is connected with our author's descriptive view of the lower classes, in which he compares their condition with those of England: their cheerfulness, their physi-

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cal strength, their food, their average rate of wages, and their habits of economy, make a really pleasing picture: then comes a comparative consideration of the customs, habits, and manners of the two countries. Then, approaching graver matter, Mr. Grant proceeds to a consideration of the state of morals and of crime, to the courts of law, the Palace of Justice, the nature of the proceedings and the condition of the barristers. Hotels, coffee-rooms, dining-houses, the Louvre, Versailles, the Madeline, Nôtre-Dame, Père-la-Chaise, convents and boarding-schools, and other interesting places, then occupy his pages. From these, evidently with the tone of one *au fait* and deeply interested in such topics, he passes to literature and the press; investigates the condition of the leading newspapers and periodicals, the general state of the publishing world, introducing anecdotes and much amusing matter relative to well-known authors, whose names are distinguished in the world of letters; winding up with a serious consideration of the existing state of religion in France.

From this brief abstract of the great amount of matter comprised in the pages of this interesting work, our readers will at once see the comprehensive scope of "Paris and its People." We need not repeat that this is not one of those gossamer works whose fabric is scarcely calculated to last a day: on the contrary, it is one of those productions which have weighty value as well as graceful light attraction. Those who purpose visiting the show-city of the world, will find such a fund of instructive information in it as will enable them at once to enter upon their own enjoyment without the waste of time, which is also a waste of pleasure. Independently of its higher worth, it will prove a most admirable hand-book for Paris. After reading this work, it will be a stranger's own fault if he be not quickly familiarized with all that is best deserving his observation. While grasping the really important, Mr. Grant has not disdained to register many of those useful details which, however trivial they may seem in the telling, yet in the enduring harass the stranger to a most vexatious degree, and take away a full moiety of his satisfaction. Thus we are told of the very spots where a visitor may best sojourn, and the actual amount of the necessary draughts upon his purse, the specific entrance-money to every theatre in that gay metropolis, as well as mention being made of the various places to which the public are entitled to gratuitous admission. In proportion as the ignorance of little things is found to be annoying, so is instruction in them valuable; and we hold that these, undoubtedly the minor merits of Mr. Grant's book, will yet be estimated according to their usefulness. As a picture of "Paris and its People," it is undoubtedly the most complete in plan and execution that has ever appeared, having also the value and advantage of being the most recent. The very aspect of the French capital, with all its really noble architectural beauty, the quaintness of its up-piled houses, each floor distinguished by its different hue of paint; the gay display of its shops, in which taste predominates over every other quality; the vivacious aspect of the people, as in all their showy luxuriance of costume they disport themselves in the cafés, the boulevards, and the theatres; these, and a thousand other auxiliaries, unite in rendering "Paris and its People" all that England and its People could desire.

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Our extract relates to certain points of domestic usage.

"The period of courtship has been described by poets and novelists as the happiest period of human existence. So, undoubtedly, it is, when the love is ardent and sincere on both sides, and neither relatives nor circumstances interfere to prevent its course from running smooth. This is a pleasure, however, which is unknown in France. It is known only by report in that country; and never having been enjoyed, cannot be adequately imagined.

"It will be asked, in what way, then, are matrimonial matches made in France? The process may be very briefly described. A husband and wife have a son one-and-twenty or two-and-twenty years of age, whom they wish to see suitably married. Another husband and wife have a daughter somewhat younger, whom they also wish to see 'settled in life.' The former mention to some friend that they wish to see their son married, naming the sum they mean to give him as his portion, and intimating that they will be happy if their friend should be able, in a few weeks, to tell them of any friend of his who has a daughter whom he wishes to see married, and who can give the same sum with her. The parents of the young lady make the same communication to some friend in reference to her. The friend of the family, in either case, then runs over in his own mind the names of all the families, in the same station of life, with whom he is intimate. Eventually the former meets with some father who is willing to give his daughter the same amount as his friends are willing to give with their son. He commences the negotiation by remarking, 'I have a friend who has a son, aged so-and-so, who wishes to see him married, and is willing to give him a certain sum as his portion. You have a daughter, a few years younger (or of the same age, as the case may be): I think, if you are disposed to give a similar fortune with your daughter, that a very suitable and mutually advantageous match might be made between the parties.' If the other agrees, which is almost invariably the case, it is immediately arranged that the parents of the two young persons themselves, shall meet some early evening at the house of some friend, in order that the young gentleman and lady may see how they like each other, before any farther steps are taken in the matter. They are both informed of the object for which they are to meet, and are asked to endeavour to make themselves as agreeable as possible. They accordingly meet, and are introduced to each other as persons whom their parents are desirous, if agreeable to themselves, of seeing united, because they conceive that the match would prove conducive to their mutual happiness. A few words pass between them of a very vague and general character, and not having the slightest reference to the circumstances in reference to which they have been brought together. The company breaks up, and the young persons, on their return home, are respectively asked by their parents how they like the proposed 'parti?' An answer, intimating their willingness to enter into the matrimonial state, is usually returned by each. The answer of the one is communicated to the other. The young gentleman then visits the young lady at her parent's house two or three times, but always in the presence of her mother or some elderly female relation. A day is appointed for the marriage, which usually takes place in a few weeks. The bridegroom—for such he may now virtually be considered—must still observe the greatest formality towards his intended wife, not even taking the liberty of giving her a kiss as they part, unless he has previously obtained the consent of her mamma, or the matronly relative who has the care of her.

"A French marriage, it will be thus seen, is from first to last a pure matter of business. The shopkeeper taking the preliminary steps towards matrimony, proceeds in exactly the same way as if he were in the

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market for the purchase of goods. The first question is, What is the lady worth, whom some one suggests to him as eligible for a match. What fortune, in other words, has she got? If she possess the requisite money, there is little danger, unless she be absolutely hideous, that, so far as he is concerned, the bargain will be struck. He goes through the form of 'seeing' her, as it is called, at some friend's house, before he gives an unqualified intimation that he means to make her his wife; but so rarely do instances occur of refusing to enter into matrimonial contracts, after matters have proceeded so far as a 'meeting' of the two, that the friends on either side invariably consider the matter settled when the appointment is made. It is the same with the lady. She has only nominally, not really, the right of putting the veto on the wishes and proposals of her friends. She might, if she chose, say she did not like the man, just as she would tell her draper that she did not like the pattern of some new dress he submits for her approval; but she scarcely ever rejects the person whom her friends have proposed for her husband. If she were to do so, she knows she would commit an unpardonable sin in the eyes of her parents, and render herself miserable ever afterwards. Instances, it is true, do occur in which the lady as well as the gentleman, rejects the 'parti' whom the friends have provided, because she sees, or fancies she sees in him, or he in her, something absolutely and inherently odious; but, as already remarked, such cases occur so exceedingly seldom, as not to justify any notice of the exceptions to the rule. The affair is, I repeat, a mere mercantile transaction between the friends of the gentleman and the lady. The affections, on either side, are not suffered to have the least play. The heart has nothing to do with the matter; both parties are assumed to have no heart. The transaction altogether, in reference to the terms and conditions of the contract, bears as close a resemblance as may be to that of a mercantile partnership entered into by two individuals in trade."

L'Inferno di Dante Alighieri, secondo il testo del P. Baldassarre, Lombardi M.C., disposto in ordine grammaticale e corredato di brevi dichiarazioni per uso degli stranieri. Da LORD VERNON. "Onorate l'altissimo Poeta." Firenze, 1842.

The very amiable and accomplished lord of Sudbury Hall, that fine old Derbyshire mansion which has of late been the favourite residence of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, has now been residing for some years in Italy, assiduously cultivating his taste for Italian art and literature, to which the arts and letters of all countries are so deeply indebted. The learned Mathias, who inherited from the poet Gray his taste and passion for Italian poetry, retired in his old age to that sweet country "ove il sì suona," and passed the last fifteen years of his life on the shores of the Neapolitan Bay, in the regions which gave Virgil his tomb and Tasso his birth. The tranquil old man says in the prose introduction to one of the volumes of his Italian poetry (he published several volumes of the sort at Naples) that his time was spent "in ozio non disonesto." Lord Vernon may very well repeat these words; and many of his countrymen in Italy, undeterred by his personal modesty, may add a compliment of much greater significance. We have heard reasons assigned for his prolonged absence from the halls of his ancestors

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and from his native country, which are in the highest degree honourable to his lordship's principles and feelings; but these are private matters; and to this brief and well-meant allusion to them, we can only subjoin a wish, that such causes of expatriation may soon cease. Admiring, as we do, the uses to which his lordship applies his time and his opportunities, and knowing, as we do by our own experience, the enchaining spell which Italy casts over all those who remain for any length of time on her genial soil and under her sunny sky, we must still feel that the proper home for a British peer is in his own country, and that such a man as Lord Vernon, whether peer or commoner, is not to be spared from the "patrio nido" for too long an interval.

Though of a less ambitious kind, we doubt whether the pleasant Italian labours of Lord Vernon be not of better purpose and of more utility than those of the veteran author of the "Pursuits of Literature,"—holding, as we do, (and not upon weak proof,) Mathias to have indisputably been the author of that once too famed, and now, perhaps, too much neglected and forgotten work. Both verse and prose, the narrow strip of text as well as the ample breadth of foot notes, we believe all to have been written by him. The said notes display a familiarity with the high Italian literature, which, after the death of Gray, was not possessed by any English author except Mathias, and which has scarcely been obtained by any English writer since, except the late William Stewart Rose, the translator of the Orlando Furioso, the adaptor of the Animali Parlanti, &c. The works of Mathias's age were original verses in Italian, or translations from English compositions into Italian verse. The first, though correct enough in the essentials of language, syntax, and prosody, and though occasionally pretty and graceful, are all artificial, thin, and weak; they are but a sort of ingenious mosaic work, after all, with a glittering bit from this old native poet laid down here, a bit from another laid down there. Except in the rarest cases, to write verse in a dead language, or in a living language not one's own, is but a *tour de force* which may excite surprise for a moment, but which is incapable of producing any durable impression. There was even a Frenchman—a French abbé—living at Rome, and holding a crook among "I Pastori Arcadi," who wrote verses, and some of portentous length, in very choice Italian; and vapid, and affected, and tinselly, and unsubstantial as they were, we confess that they did not seem to us to differ much in quality from those of the English maker. The same defects pervaded Mathias's translations; and in looking for approved turns of poetical idiom in the Italian classics, he was but too apt to overlook or overlay the sense of his English original. Nor was his selection of authors and subjects for translation a very happy one. Even if perfectly executed, it was not a version of Mason's cold, stiff, and mechanical drama of "Caractacus" that could convey to the Italians a favourable notion of English poetry, or that could open to them any new field of ideas.

One great classical work he touched, paraphrasing the two first books or cantos of the Faerie Queen; but, great as he was, Spenser was only an Englishman formed upon greater Italian models, and an

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esoteric Ariosto: and not only all that was truly English and spontaneous in Spenser, but also all that was animating and inspiriting in any other way, was evaporated in Mr. Mathias's slow and laborious processes.

Lord Vernon has merely undertaken the modest task of rendering the first and greatest of all Italian poets intelligible to his own countrymen and to other foreigners. Such students are not likely to take up the Divina Commedia until they can read and understand good plain Italian prose. There is, therefore, on this side no disadvantage or obstacle in the fact of his lordship's notes and explanations being all given in Italian: while, on the other side, (besides the homogeneousness) there is a very evident and not insignificant advantage, for few Italians, except such as take rank as literati, can read a canto in Danté without the assistance of notes and commentaries; and—the vast majority of native editors being crabbed, pedantic, absolute, each to some theory of his own, and most wearisomely diffuse—there are few or no Italian editions of Danté half so well suited to the popular use alluded to; and were it only for this last advantage, we should be disposed to hail with a welcome the appearance of his lordship's modest contributions to Italian literature, and to wish that copies of it may be multiplied and dispersed among all classes of the interesting people that dwell between the Alps and the sea of Reggio, or beyond that sea, in Sicily, where the Italian muses first began to articulate, and where the rude and primitive poets were born, who were the masters and teachers of those who taught Dante his rudiments; teaching him all that living men were then capable of teaching, and leaving all the rest, (i. e. nearly everything) to the improving study of Virgil, Ovid, and some two or three more of the ancient Roman classics, and to the innate workings of his own marvellous and stupendous genius. Like the commentators of other authors and of other countries, not a few, of the commentators of Dante have often made by their pains-taking,

> "Still darker
> What was dark enough without;"

and, not unfrequently, their perverse pedantry has turned light into darkness, and created difficulties where none existed. For, once that the poor doubting student has been led to the right path by the dim uncertain taper or the murky drowsy midnight lamp of these doctissimi, ten times has he been perplexed and hoodwinked by them. And then the unmannerly fury of these expositors of a theme divine! the brawls, the curses, the screams from every one of them, that his light is the only true light! that his exposition is the only rational one, and that all other expositors, past or present, are fools or impostors! It was not in the ancient times of literary rancour, but in our own polite days, that Signor Biagioli apostrophised one of the best approved of the Dante commentators, as "quella sfrenatissima bestia il Venturi." This surely is but a sorry accompaniment to the strains of him who sings of Hell and Heaven. Nothing of this extraneous and jarring matter will be found in the calm, reverential notes of the edition now before us; and these notes, which remove difficulties

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instead of creating them, which do not attempt to explain what really is inexplicable, which seek to drive no theory down one's throat, but which only purpose to put in plainer words the concentrated, condensed meaning of the poet, will be found to be explanation and commentary enough by those who are beginning the study. We hope some similar services may be rendered with respect to Petrarca, and many other classics. It is not until the dust and cobwebs of the long prevailing pedantry are utterly swept away, that the early and best Italian literature can have a chance of becoming popular (in the exact meaning of the word) among the great body of the Italian people, or of reaching "lor ville e lor castelli."

Perhaps a short specimen will be the best means of showing the nature of Lord Vernon's work.

"Temp 'era dal principio del mattino,
E 'l Sol montava in su con quelle stelle,
Ch' eran con lui quando l'Amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle;
Sì ch' a bene sperar m'era cagione
Di quella fera la gaietta pelle,
L' ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione;"

"Era *il* tempo *del* principio del mattino, e il Sol montava in su con quelle stelle (*colle stelle del segno d'Ariete, cioè, nella primavera*), ch' eran con lui *col Sole*, quando da prima l'Amor divino *di Dio creò* e mosse *diede moto a* quelle cose belle, *cioè, il Sole e le stelle;* sì ch' e la *piavevole apparenza della* gaietta pelle de quella fiera, l' ora del tempo *il principio della mattina*, e la dolce stagione *la primavera* m' eran cagione a bene sperar *di superare l' altezza;*"

In addition to these clear explanations given at the foot of each page, there are occasional marginal notes, which render the comprehension of the text still more easy. Where the sense is most obscure, and where many different interpretations have been given by the commentators, Lord Vernon, as far as we have examined, has chosen the best and most rational explanation. As yet we have received only the first fascicolo or part, containing the first seven cantos of the Inferno, the life of Dante extracted from Boccaccio, discourses on the origin of the Guelfi and Ghibellini, and of the Bianchi and Neri, from Machiavelli; a chronological table of events illustrating the life and writings of Dante; some other tables, and lists of the emperors, popes, and other princes and potentates that lived in and near to that age; a preface and a dedication, the two last being written by his lordship in pure and elegant Tuscan. There is a grace and delicacy in the dedication; it is addressed to the Signor Mariano Armellini of Rome, his lordship's Italian master, to whose excellent instructions he declares himself indebted for the advantage of being able to read, comprehend, and enjoy the writings of the sublime poet. The book is elegantly and correctly printed by the Piatti of Florence. It has, as a frontispiece, an etching from the portrait of Dante, which was painted on the wall of a Florentine chapel by Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, and which, after being hidden for centuries under a coating of plaster and paint, was discovered and uncovered in the year 1840, chiefly through the

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exertions of an amateur English artist, the accomplished Mr. Kirkup, who has resided many years in Italy, and whose taste for Italian literature, and acquaintance with the works of Dante, are well known to many. So precious a relic is not often recovered. "The three superhuman geniuses of the universe are Homer, Dante, and Shakspere." So said the learned and tasteful Ugo Foscolo, who was himself a noble poet, and who was engaged in writing the best of all comments and dissertations upon Dante, when sickness and death interrupted his labours, and consigned his remains to an alien but not unhonoured grave in Chiswick churchyard.

Records of Scenery, and other Poems. By the Hon. M. Julia Augusta Maynard.

The appearance of this volume has more than realised the expectations of those who, knowing the talents of its authoress, had been warranted in forming the highest anticipations. In the course of our editorial duties, many a tome of pleasing poetry passes through our hands, and we are always willing to deal gently with those who prove to a certain extent their purity of taste, by aspiring to so intellectual a distinction. The love of poetry can seldom live in a gross nature, and for an individual to find pleasure in wooing the Muses, is a proof of a certain degree of elevation of mind. The love of the beautiful can never co-exist with the love of the base. One might almost go so far as to say that Poetry is a species of Religion: not indeed the pure faith of the apostles, but a sort of poetical and intellectual light which may almost be called the theology of the mind. Happy as we always are to encourage the cultivation of this refinement of feeling, and unwilling to crush even the faintest aspirations of the spirit, with what a real sensation of satisfaction are we enabled to express our critical opinions on such a volume as the one now before us! From the pure harmony of numbers flows the poetic thought, the refined imagination, the tender sentiment, the calm, soothing, yet ennobling pleasure in the fair beauties of nature, and all the long train of exquisite enjoyments which a poetic temperament opens to its possessor. These are the characteristics which attest Miss Maynard's right to be classed among the poets. Her selection of subjects is such as no common minstrel would have chosen, all bespeaking an elevated mind. We find in this volume no one trivial subject, and what is more, no one trivial line. The smoothness of the versification does not mark the poverty of the idea, but each bears to each a felicitous assimilation. The flowing numbers glide smoothly on; all is graceful and redolent of thought and feeling. Miss Maynard's command over our language is complete, and sound echoes sense with so nice an accuracy, that we are struck with the affinity. Sometimes we are made to recall the music of those metrical lays with which Walter Scott sang his pleasant minstrel romances, and then again we are reminded of the deeper and more lofty harmony of Lord Byron's swelling numbers. Miss Maynard's choice of subjects is also always worthy of her poetry. Her spirit dwells over the fair cities of ancient days, the palaces of which seem to have crum-

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bled into their own tombs; cities which live in the memory of the past ather than exist in the present: these are her prominent themes, but her Muse passes on from these to other strains, numerous and diversified, but all such as a feminine poetic spirit might fairly expatiate among. We are happy to enrich our pages with an extract, which will at once confirm our opinion of this really beautiful pictorial volume.

" SESTRI.

THERE stands a rugged promontory o'er
Fair Sestri, and its most enchanting shore,
Covered with cypresses of richest dyes,
With spiral verdure pointing to the skies!
Whilst flowers, full of prodigal sweets, exhale
Their scents delicious to the mellow gale.
The ripe—ripe fig, and luscious flowing grape,
Luxuriant grow, and fruits of every shape
And varied colour, from the rarest gem
That decks autumna's golden diadem,
To the wild strawberry, whose tassel red
Droops in the woodlands on its leafy bed.
And distant hills the silvery olives stud,
Where herds recumbent chew the tranquil cud.
In such displays of overteeming store,
What can we dream of, think, or covet more?
Imagination is at loss to guess
What else desire could wish of plenteousness—
And yet, alas, there are in scenes like these
A blasting crowd of human agonies!
And can we deem it so?—Alas, we find
Within the soul alone is bliss enshrined;
And nature's gaiety to grief can be,
In its sad thought but bitter mockery!
The balmy breeze, with its all-perfumed breath,
Wafts also on its wings the sighs of death;
And mark ye on yon bed of roses placed,
The dying butterfly that oft has graced
The aërial regions with its splendid hue,
As o'er the modest flower it strayed to sue;
And now amid death's agonizing stings,
Suffers it less because its glorious wings
Are brighter than the brightest tints that deck
The glassy peacock's most majestic neck?
Ah, no! and thus it is that fairest skies
And richest landscapes that delight the eyes,
Can give small comfort to the suffering soul,
Which spurns the feeble aid of such control.
Within the spirit only can arise
The depths of woe—or joys of paradise!
And when from this too treacherous earth we fly—
When reason totters on infinity—
Ah! there it is, the new-awakened sight
Views in religion its eternal light!"

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Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India, from Bareilly, in Rohilcund, to Hurdwar, and Nahun, in the Himalaya Mountains, with a Tour in Bundelcund, a Sporting Excursion in the Kingdom of Oude, and a Voyage down the Ganges. By C. J. C. DAVIDSON, Esq., late Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers, Bengal.

The soldier who has spent the most ardent, as well as the most monotonous, years of his life in active duty, among scenes full of marked novelty, and a daily panorama of bright colours, is apt to feel a certain tediousness even in the repose that is taken on his own laurels. Habit is a mighty master, and when it joins its powers to that most natural curiosity which animates us all in a greater or a less degree, there is little wonder if the calm unexciting rotation of domestic details—details scarcely important enough to ripple the current of time, and in which a breakfast is an incident and a dinner an event, have too little of pungency in them to satisfy the appetite of one who has been used to open his eyes for many years continuously on all the splendid paraphernalia of Eastern parade. The quiet of an English retirement, where all things are done decently and in order, where men live according to law, and even eat and drink by measure and by rule, must needs be tame enough to those whose ears have become accustomed to drums and trumpets, and to whom the smell of gunpowder is an ordinary savour. Undoubtedly, as we said before, such an individual would scarcely rest contentedly even on a bed of laurels.

Is then this want of quiescence in a state of quiet comfort to be looked upon as an evil? Judging from the work before us, we should say that it was a positive good. The resource of authorship has made Colonel Davidson open his stores of travel to the public, and we are gainers of considerable profit. He has opened his diary to the world, and the world has just occasion to be well pleased with its contents.

In the first half-dozen lines of his work, Colonel Davidson has contrived, all unconsciously indeed, to make us acquainted with himself. Cheerfulness is his leading characteristic. Were we not afraid of being over figurative, we might say that his book has a smile on its face all through. From the moment of starting on his travels in his own yellow and black buggy, accompanied by his suite of bullocks, steeds, elephants, natives, and every other moveable appendage, to the closing of his farewell page, good-humour throws its sunshine over all. Those natural *disagrémens*, which even home travellers in cushioned carriages, on the smooth turnpike roads on the queen's highway, experience at home, often poison pleasure, for shadows as they are, a shadow is still enough to intercept the sunshine: but travelling in India is altogether another matter. Extortion and oppression are ever ready to grasp the unwary or the weak. The native officials, influenced as much by their inherent rapacity as by a natural jealousy of the English, appear to have a pleasure in bestowing hindrances and denying aids. They are willing to injure, unwilling to help. But, so far from fretting or complaining, these petty obstructions seem to have actually contributed to our author's amusement, as they certainly do to the reader's.

In the narrative of these annoyances, our previous knowledge of the

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Indian character is painfully confirmed. Our estimation of the weighty responsibility of legislating for so vast an extent of empire assumes its most serious aspect. It is that of a parent over his children, and there is wo to him who neglects so sacred a charge. The numbers comprised in the family of this parental government does but multiply and augment its amount. We believe that little or nothing can be done with an adult population; but with the vast pecuniary resources of India, and the long date of our dominion there, why do we look in vain for educational measures on behalf of the rising population, at least such as, instead of being narrow and partial, might be of a nature to leaven the whole land? The absence of all moralising influence strikes us forcibly in Colonel Davidson's narrative. Extortion and deception meet us at every turn; and though we are constrained to smile in mirth at the ludicrous aspect of detected theft and defeated manœuvre, yet it is with sorrow of heart that Christian England should hold rule over a country where Christianity is held as a dead letter. In truth, British India furnishes us with a sad testimony that we have but little of a missionary spirit in our legislature over the rich and extensive provinces of the East, for whose moral and religious culture we are so deeply responsible.

But to return to our author, who certainly has given no room for grave reflections. To pass his time pleasantly, to enjoy to the fullest, though in a fair way, wherever the materials of enjoyment presented themselves, and to use his good-humour like the power of the alchymist in turning everything of dross into gold, being resolute in not blenching under annoyances, and really making mirth of privations,—being, in fact, a philosopher in practice, with as little pretension to the theory as can well be imagined,—such are his characteristics and his purposes. There are no political reflections in his work, no speculative metaphysics, no laborious ravings into antiquity, no groping in the dark regions of historic remains. On the contrary, the book is a right soldierly book of lively narrative, in which, without parade or trouble, we are most agreeably familiarized with the present aspect of the places of Colonel Davidson's travel, from which we gather true views of the existing state of society, learn the condition of the inhabitants, and reap the happy advantage of his *bonhomie* by finding it reflected back again upon our own spirit.

The name of a Thug is familiar to us all: here is a portrait.

"From a most laudable curiosity, perhaps partly craniological, I one day sent a respectful message to these tourists, and they were good enough (though in the civil line) to wait upon me without any unnecessary parade or ceremony. I must say that I expected to see a great man, but at the first glance I saw that I was in the presence of a master. The Thug was tall, active, and slenderly formed; his head was oval; his eye most strongly resembled that of a cobra de capella; its dart was perfectly wild and maniacal, restless, brilliant, metallic, and concentrated.

"After the usual compliments, and some light chatting, I took the liberty of recounting the interesting particulars of a neat robbery which had been committed upon my private property while in tents at Hameerpore; and the lively, nay, ultra-professional joy which illuminated his countenance, tempted me to exclaim, rather unguardedly, 'Perhaps you were employed in that little affair yourself, or it may have been executed

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by some of your agents?' His manner immediately changed 'from lively to severe,' and with a look which might have frozen a less innocent querist, he exclaimed with a sneer, 'No, sir! murder, and not robbery, is my profession!' 'What!' said I, in a timid, respectful way, 'do you Thugs never divert yourselves with the minor performances of the profession?' 'Humâra rozgâr nuheen—it is not my profession! We do rob, there's no denying it, but it's not our profession; we look upon it as low and dirty, and I assure you that none but the merest novices would descend so low as to rob a tent or a dwelling-house.'

"I felt abashed; but I now believe that there was a little dash of pride in the denial—a little *esprit de corps;* for I have since heard an anecdote which proves that they conceive themselves to be occasionally justified in robbing from tents. The fastidiousness is unreal. Not three years ago, a field officer of infantry was marching through Bundelcund, and while reposing one night in his tent, he was awakened by the swift passage of some substance over his face. He jumped suddenly up, but could not discover the cause. Again, while asleep, he was disturbed by a similar sensation; again he lay down, but the third time he jumped up in time to see his white cotton night-cap twisted off his head in a noose; and starting up, he saw the Thugs in full retreat. He might have been a good field officer, but he was evidently too slow in his movements; had it been a little quicker, it is clear that the noose would have been his necklace for life."

Here is a soldier's *ruse*.

"Instead of finding abundant fodder for my cattle, as I expected, to my great annoyance I could with the greatest difficulty procure a single bundle of grass for my Turcomanee; but,

> 'When cash and lands are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent;'

so I put my wits to work. Seeing a sleek, well-fed Hindoo, with the bramincal thread, I hailed him.

"'Oh, Pundit-jee!'

"'Sahib!'

"'Come here, my good priest, and listen. You see I can get no grass for those fine Nagore cows; they are actually starving. I don't like to keep them in misery, so I have made up my mind to kill and eat the calf which you observe running about. If you wish to save the life of a cow, now's your time, for I'm getting hungry. Be quick!'

"The poor priest was horrified, and dreadfully concerned at the revelation of my murderous intentions, and instantly promised to exert his utmost energies in procuring me an ample supply: in a couple of hours he returned, with men laden with a sufficiency for their use, and I paid him handsomely. There now! after that do you doubt my talents for the judicial, or even the political department?"

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for 1844.

This engaging Annual, the very name of which can never pass from our lips or strike upon our ears without engaging in its own behalf all our best and kindliest feelings, comes to us in the present volume rich in those claims of merit which have hitherto sustained its character, and progressively established its reputation. It ought never

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to be forgotten by the public, that we are indebted to the "Forget Me Not" for the introduction of this engaging fashion into our own country; others, indeed, have followed its lead, full of taste and talent, and the more highly they claim our admiration, so the more ought we to esteem ourselves indebted to the spirited leader which has brought so many able followers into the field. Not only, however, does the "Forget Me Not" claim its eminence of favouritism on the grounds of priority, but of those of talent also; and two most important concurring causes have worked together in producing this effect. We speak, in the first place, of the care and taste of the judicious editor; and, in the second, of that liberal spirit which has always characterized its pecuniary transactions. With some few honourable exceptions, it must at once be readily admitted that amateur authorship does not and cannot take the lead in the field of literature; the spur of necessity is wanted, that spur which, however much it goads, however much we may rebel against it, still stimulates men to do their utmost in the various avocations to which they are devoted, and most of all, where mental labour supersedes the lighter toil of the mere manipulator. That coercion is a more powerful taskmaster in urging men on than love to the pursuit is powerful in attracting, is at once apparent from the different degrees of eminence attained by those who toil from necessity, and those who labour for amusement—always, of course, admitting noble exceptions. The necessitousness of authors is proverbial. Thoughts that for their luminous beauty and their sterling worth have become the treasure of a country, have yet been minted in a mind shrined in some shrivelled body famishing with hunger, and shivering with cold in some lonely garret. It may well be said that necessity is the mother of invention. It is necessity which works the brain as well as the body, and thus it is that money can command the market even of mind. It is therefore a most unwise and hazardous speculation for proprietors to rest on gratuitous contributions. An editor's judgment is at once shackled, for how can he object to a gift? his volume must needs be filled, though he himself the while is perfectly conscious, and grieving at that consciousness, that it is filled unworthily. Thus, then, it is that the liberality and gentlemanly feeling which have always marked the money transactions consequent upon the production of the "Forget Me Not," have had a powerful influence in sustaining its high merit, by leaving Mr. Shoberl's judgment and taste liberty of action; and never have their influence been more marked than in the present volume. In no class of books could the strong necessity for a high prevailing moral influence be so important as in this, designed expressly to be placed in the hands of the young and the feminine, and Mr. Shoberl might proudly challenge criticism to find one tainting line, or even one doubtful sentence, in his elegant Annual. The work is indeed fitted in every way for the purpose of its designation. Fitted to charm the taste and fancy of the young, to elevate the imagination, and to confirm their love for the beautiful and good. The illustrations sustain the high character of their predecessors; and, taken as a whole, from the commencement of the publication, make a choice gallery of pictorial design, each year enriching. As a memento of friendship and

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affection—feelings deserving, indeed, the choicest memorial—we think that no vehicle would be found more fitting to convey their just expression than the "Forget Me Not" for 1844.

Though fully allowing the general merit of the contributions, we of course recognise degrees in the parts which make the value of the whole. We notice a plate by Mote, from a painting by Cattermole, full of rich-toned depth of effect, with a tone of power more than of passion, illustrating a tale by Abbott Lee; entitled "The True Traitor." As the writings of this author take so prominent a lead in our own pages we feel that their doing so at once precludes our indulging in commendation, and renders it superfluous, since we could utter no praise so convincing as that which is attested by the fact of their occupying so constantly a leading portion in our Magazine. "The Great Will Cause," by R. Skelton Mackenzie, LL.D., is a happy little history; "Alice Stanley," is a tale of right womanly love told with right womanly feeling, by Mrs. Hall; "the Delicate Point," is one of the "Old Sailor's" agreeable yarns, spun in his own racy way, full of his marine flavour; "Kate of the Heath," a fine Highland sketch, replete with nationality; "The Maid of Larne," a touching narration of Irish life, peculiarly appropriate at the present painful juncture; "Second Thoughts are Best," a pretty, good-humoured satire on her own sex, by Mrs. Gore. While last in our list, but not least in our estimation, comes "Old Sir Marmaduke and his Three Godsons," by Eden Lowther, a quaint, old fashioned history, full of feeling and spirit, of vigour and animated dialogue, with a high tone of dramatic effect, all uniting to develope an admirable moral. The little novellettes of this author are marked by originality of design and vivacity of execution, and we are happy to see that they are duly estimated, as this peculiar and spirited style of writing is very rare. The poetry of the volume does credit to the taste of the selection; and for the sake of all the varied and uniting merits of the "Forget Me Not" for 1844, we cordially recommend it to friends and relations, as one of the choicest Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Presents, that can be selected for presentation.

We give a scene from Abbott Lee's "True Traitor."

"'Here cometh our friend Digby and his new ally.'

"As he spoke, there issued from one of the side arches two men of widely different aspect. The one short of stature, with a sinister expression of countenance, who would have been insignificant, but for a certain air of innate and determined purpose, which at once redeems a man from puerility of character. Cool, calm, collected, with his mind's eye ever fixed upon some object unseen by others, every word and action yet bore signs of reference to that one unseen purpose. This individual, low in stature, and wrapped in a short cloak, was preceded rather than followed by the new confederate, a man in middle life, bearing this one point of similarity, namely, that of some fixed and firm purpose, which he was fully bent upon attaining. This man had a peculiarly swarthy complexion, an abundance of black hair, was somewhat round-shouldered, and somewhat corpulent; had an aquiline nose, a bright, piercing, and intelligent eye; looked as if he were suffering from ill health as well as from anxiety of mind, and yet as if he disdained to yield to either. It could not be said that he had dignity, but un-

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doubtedly he possessed determination: and his eye, instead of quailing like that of a conspirator, looked boldly into the purposes of other men, instead of seeking to hide his own: and this is the best of all disguises. If this were policy at all, it was good policy; and, as he stood in that dark, cavernous gloom, his feet firmly planted on the ground, his hands resting on the hilt of his rapier, and his cloak thrown open, as though he disdained concealment, the keen eyes that were fixed upon his own at once confessed that such a man would prove a right capable coadjutor.

"'So, my masters,' said Digby, as he paused at the end of the old oak table, and lifted up a sort of light battle-axe which was lying upon it, many arms being strewn around—'so, my masters, ye be beguiling the time with mirth and jollity until King James come to his own again.'

"'Ay, marry,' replied one of the band who was lounging in the corner, every now and then, in wanton idleness, waking an echo through the long arches with the reverberation of his drum—'ay, marry; and I say amen to that on the lips of this brave tankard. Down to the dust and the dogs with this heretic Hollander, and welcome King James home to his own again!' and the man contemptuously spurned with his foot a torn and degraded banner which was lying on the ground.

"'What meaneth this?' said the stranger. 'Were ye true Englishmen, would ye trample the colours of your country thus beneath your feet?'

"'What, man, dost thou savour of the bitter orange?' scornfully retorted the soldier. 'Thus I spurn and tread under foot the colours of the heretic and the usurper!'

"'And thus I raise the banner of England!' said the stranger, as, with an eye kindling and a mien elated, he snatched up the prostrate and humiliated colours, and planted them firmly on the ground. 'Thus I raise our national banner; and, if ye be true Englishman, ye will give three cheers for the flag of your country, whatever king may reign!'

"'Bravo! bravo! A true Englishman! true to the blood and the bone!' exclaimed the surrounding men-at-arms. The stranger had touched the chord of nationality; and, though conspirators, they were Englishmen.

"From amidst this discordant applause the stranger turned, and, accompanied by Digby, walked up the arched passage towards the junta of conspirators, who rose to receive him.

"'Comrades,' said Digby, 'I bring you a brother in arms.'

"'He shall be welcome, so that he keep true faith with us,' said Sandys.

"'Behold this holy symbol,' said Father Philip, elevating a crucifix before him; 'thou must swear fealty upon it.'

"'Priest,' replied the stranger, 'he who brake one trust might fairly be misdoubted of another. I have been cradled in a different creed from thine, and thou must content thyself with a word in place of an oath.'

"'Son, thou shalt swear upon the Holy Evangelists. Thy sect professeth to believe the Gospels as well as Holy Mother.'

"'My *sect!*—But let that pass. I will promise on my sword,' said the stranger, as he clanged and rattled it over the pavement.

"'A right soldierly oath!' exclaimed Captain Sandys; 'and the Pope himself ought to be content therewith.'

"'What wilt thou so promise?' said Father Philip: 'to be true and faithful to King James, and to use any and all means to regain him his lost throne and crown from the usurper?'

"'Nay; I bind myself to no such servitude; I submit to no such slavery. Ye might bid me put mine own neck into a halter. Nay; but this I promise—promise on a soldier's honour—that, though I were put to the torture, William of Orange shall never know from my lips more than ye tell him from your own. And, let me say so much, my masters, whether it be treason or not, if this man had done you as much despite

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as he hath done me in putting on this purple and this crown, ye would have no heartier wish than that he were back again to his birthright.'

"'A man's only real birthright is six foot of earth. Dost mean that thou couldst wish him that?' said Father Philip.

"The stranger's keen eye fastened itself searchingly upon the priest.

"'Methinks I would give him a little time for repentance.'

"'The longer the wicked live the more have they to repent thereof. Thinkest thou not it were mercy to save them from plunging themselves deeper and deeper into that bottomless pit?'

"'Sooth to say, when my feelings be at the strongest, I could almost wish that William were in his grave.'

"'Master Digby telleth us that thou bearest a tyrannous hate against him. Since it be not the love of Holy Mother Church that kindleth thee, nor her zeal inspiring thee with the love of souls, what be it else that moveth thee? Is it public weal or private injury?'

"'William of Orange hath maltreated me more than any man within these realms. He hath lured me from a quiet home to put my very life in jeopardy. At this moment the sword hangeth over my head; I walk over snares and pitfalls; there is but a hair's breadth between me and destruction.'

"'Here thou mayest abide, and thou wilt find safety with us, son,' said the priest. 'The tyrant, in weakening his friends, doth but strengthen his enemies. Thou addest another link to the chain which is begirding him to drag him to his own destruction.'

"'We will tread this poisonous adder under our feet,' said Captain Sandys; 'he hath been a pest to the whole nation.'

"'But for him,' said the priest, 'a Catholic king would still have sat upon the throne of this poor, blind, besotted country, and haply it might have been gathered up by the shepherds and restored to the one fold.'

"'He who steals a crown is surely a greater thief than he who steals a crown-piece,' said Stourton.

"'And he hath not only stolen a crown, but stolen it from his own father,' said Sandys.

"'The sanctified thief!' returned Stourton. 'Little, indeed, did pious King James deem that, when he gave him his daughter, he was leading him to uncrown himself and send him forth into the world a vagrant and a beggar.'

"'Ay; when they made bridal holiday, who could have dreamed that the bridegroom would take his father's place, and drive him forth a vagabond and an outcast to beg his daily bread in another land! Ay, well it befits the king of England to be asking alms of his hereditary enemy!'

"'Nay, son,' interposed Father Philip, 'he doth but receive hospitality from a brother. King Louis and King James be both children of the same Holy Mother.'

"'Wert thou an Englishman, father, thou wouldst have a different feeling,' said Captain Sandys.

"'Son, thy passions be somewhat too unbridled,' said Father Philip. 'In thy hot zeal, thou lookest but at a temporal kingdom—I to an eternal one. Thy patriotism is for a people—mine for a faith. Thou wouldst reinstate the king of these realms because he hath been unjustly and unnaturally defrauded of his birthright—I because he is a son of the true Church, and may be the instrument of restoring this portion of her heritage. Son, we toil from different motives; but thine is subordinate to mine. Nevertheless, we are fellow-labourers in the same field. Our new friend here offers us aid from different motives; but, since we are permitted to use all instruments, even unhallowed ones, in great and righteous undertakings, we are bound to accept him on his own terms of service; and, in sooth, I know of no stronger energy of impulse in carnal

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man than that of personal injury. Ay, son, the hatred for private wrong, being just in itself, may doubtless be overruled to the promotion of a great and good cause; and thou mayest not only accomplish thine own just revenge, but be earning the reward of good works; and that, too, greater than thine own heart may reckon on.'

"'Priest,' said the stranger, 'I pretend not to have been bred in the schools, though my scholarship may not have been wholly neglected by those who had me in their tutelage in my young days. Doubtless, you reason well; but let that pass. As for private injury, I say again that William of Orange hath caused me to be more maligned, more despitefully used, more persecuted, and more maliciously, unnaturally, and injuriously entreated, than man's blood will bear. I say it again, and I would say it to his face, that he hath caused me to be more maltreated than the lowest scullion in his land; and I would I were now singly with him in some lone spot, far away from you all: methinks I should breathe the freer, were that wish gratified. But bear me witness, Master Digby, that I sought not to pry into your counsels. If I said that William of Orange had wronged me, and that I knew more harm of him than any other man living, I spake honestly and openly, and I will not gainsay mine own words; and if, on the strength of such a feeling, ye deem me fit to join your confederacy, why I am here, and ready.'

"'Yet would we have some surety for thy faith; and the more because thou avowest a different creed.'

"'In associating with you, put I not mine own life in jeopardy? There be little trifling with treason in these perilous times. What more would you have? But see, my masters, I will give you more. I will prove to you that I am already deeper in your secrets than ye deem. Ye fancy me in my probation, my noviciate; and in so far have I dallied with you to try your prudence; but now, look ye here, my masters. See, I have a scroll containing the names of those among you that have sworn destruction to the man who now sitteth on your English throne. Priest, Sandys, Stourton, ye be among this goodly company; some noble names, too, are with you. Witness ye yourselves. Behold the counterpart of your own secret signatures!'

"'Son,' said Father Philip, 'thou needest no further initiation. Thou art already one of us, or this dangerous scroll had never been in thy possession. We bid thee welcome, as comrade and true brother.'

"'It being so, we will waste no further parlance,' said the stranger. 'In this list standeth the name of De Vere. Where tarrieth he? Be ye well assured of him? What ground of discontent hath he? My mind misgives me of his constancy.'

"'Thou provest thy deep-sightedness. De Vere hath no hatred towards the usurper,' said Father Philip; 'but the wise general profiteth by every opening. He is thwarted in a bauble. The passions of fools make them fitting instruments for wise men to play upon. He hath set his heart on the toy of a woman, a plaything with bright eyes, and golden hair, and sunny smile—things that rot in the grave; and he raveth against the tyrant who hath denied him his fancy. Howbeit we trust him not fully till we have better tried his consistency. Ay, William, with all his brains, hath worked politically for us rather than himself; he hath made a foe when he might have kept a friend, at the trifling price of a girl, who cost him nothing.'

"'But De Vere hath just come from his travel, and, as I hear, knoweth not the king.'

"'*The king!*'

"'Call him what you will.'

"'The unnatural usurper. True—he hath not seen him face to face; but his father hath interceded for him, and been refused.'

"'The name of his father standeth not here.'

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"'Nay; he is content to carry the colours of a new faith and a new loyalty.'

"'And why deem ye then that the son of so loyal a subject is denied his guerdon?'

"'William hath an ascetic, gloomy, morose, unloving, selfish, care-cankered heart. He hath a pleasure in giving pain, and is altogether ignorant of the policy of making friends. 'Tis best that it should be so—best for us, for the right cause, and for the true faith.'

"'The man that is unloving and unloved hath not only a narrow soul but a narrow influence,' said Digby.

"'There will be the fewer to regret him when he dies—*as die some day he must,*' said Sandys.

"'*And that soon,*' significantly rejoined Stourton.

"'The sooner the better,' added Sandys.

"'Many lives may sometimes be saved by the sacrifice of one. Such things are sometimes for the good of a whole community,' said Sandys.

"'And many souls,' said the priest.

"'Think ye, then, that the time is ripe?' asked the stranger.

"'The fruit is ripe if the hand be ready to pluck it—the fruit of reward. A bold hand and a brave heart may now not only win fame but fortune.'

"'Would you tempt me to play the part of an assassin?' said the stranger.

"'The hand that executeth justice is not that of an assassin,' said the priest. 'He who executeth the laws is honoured and honourable.'

"'But from whence shall we count our commission?' asked the stranger.

"'Spiritually, from Holy Church,' replied Father Philip, 'who hath the keeping of men's consciences; and temporally, from our anointed sovereign, King James, the only just, true, and legitimate monarch of these realms. King Louis helpeth us with troops; the Holy Father sanctions our proceeding; and we carry King James's commission.'

"'I see, I see,' said the stranger: 'ye need a bold hand and a dauntless heart, that may make all sure at a stroke. It may be that I have them, and can use them on occasion: but there must be no blundering in the dark in this matter.'

"'Come thou with us into surer privacy,' said Father Philip: 'in matters such as ours the very stones should be mistrusted.'

"And so the junta adjourned."

The Keepsake for 1844. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.
Heath's Book of Beauty. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

These volumes, edited by the same talented lady, appearing simultaneously, and of twin-like form, elegance, and beauty, seem to put in a claim not to be divided even in criticism. But criticism must needs feel itself disarmed, must cast aside its arrows and forget the use of all offensive weapons, in approaching the representation of so much beauty presented by so much beauty, and of so much talent ushered in by so much talent. The cold and sterile season of the year which marks the celebration of that august festival which memorializes to our hearts the most stupendous event the world has ever witnessed, does by its atmospheric joylessness but force us into the more pleasurable enjoyment of social feelings and home comforts, and among these the reciprocation of mementos of affection and friendship; memorials, also, fitting well the season of "peace and good-will have an

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unspeakable appropriateness. That these should be marked by elegance and taste and talent, renders them but the more fitting expression of the feeling which they are intended to convey, and more worthy of that preservation, to which, as such tender memorials, they are entitled. The Annuals, enriched by literature, and adorned by pictorial illustrations, seem, indeed, to have been designed by the hands of the Graces as a fit token of remembrance; and in our admiration of this sweet fashion, we ought always to remember that it was our old favourite "The Forget Me Not" which led the way and taught us so delightful a mode of commemorating at once both the season and our affections. There are now, however, various other competitors in the field, and among them the two volumes edited by Lady Blessington are marked by beauty of illustration and taste in literary selection. "The Book of Beauty" presents us with an assemblage of female loveliness pervaded by an air of high patrician refinement. "The Keepsake" is enriched with designs of great internal merit, and calculated to enhance most strongly the reader's interest in the scenes which they exemplify. The beauty of these embellishments, and their real artistical value, render them well worthy of taking their place in that gallery of art which these works are progressively forming. In the literary department there are many eminent names, among which we notice that of the distinguished editress herself, the Countess of Blessington, our own well-known contributor, Abbott Lee, Capt. Marryat, Charles Dickens, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Abdy, and others. The moral tendency of Lady Blessington's "Danger of Coquetry" cannot be too much commended, more especially as the lesson, instead of being repulsive and severe, is conveyed in her own refined and attractive manner. Her ladyship's "Railroad Adventure" is so naturally told, that we are constrained also to believe it true, and as such it is, indeed, most honourable to her kindness of heart.

In both of these graceful volumes we find contributions from Abbott Lee. "Money and Love," honoured by being placed in the lead of the prose tales in "The Book of Beauty," is from the pen, and marked by the peculiar characteristics, of this author, being replete with spirit and vivacity. "The Old Lady and the Young Lawyer," in "The Keepsake," is another of Abbott Lee's lively novellettes, to which an illustration has been expressly painted and engraved, and from which we take our extract, only adding, that for taste, elegance, variety, and talent, these twin-works may rival each other, but can scarcely be excelled.

"The Lady of Rohillaire was sitting in her brocaded chair and her brocaded dress, as stiff, as erect, as stately, as proud, and as high and mighty as ever on one side of the little deal table, doing nothing; and Joanna, on the other, very busily employed, with all her implements spread out before her, fabricating buds and blossoms, that were all but nature, and at least second best, when a gentle knock came to their door, and was followed by the entrance of the poor student himself.

"'I hope,' said Oliver Paulett, 'that the motive of my intrusion will be its apology. Unspoken gratitude seems a heavy burden, and I came

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to express mine, for the condescending kindness which I have received at your hands.'

"'Gratitude,' and 'condescending kindness!' no form of expression could better have propitiated the pride of the old lady of Rohillaire; and though the poor student looked towards Joanna, it was the former who replied,

"'However fallen we may appear, sir, we belong to a race whose province it has ever been to give rather than to receive. Whatever aid, in your illness or necessity, Miss Rohillaire had it in her power to bestow, it behoved her to render; and to such you were very welcome.'

"'I did nothing—but I hope you are better,' hastily, and with a deep blush, said Joanna.

"The poor student's clear, scrutinizing eye glanced from one to the other, and he bowed to each.

"'You may sit, sir—be pleased to sit,' said the old lady, waving her hand, with the style of royalty, towards the shabby rush-bottomed chair. 'Though, even in our fallen fortunes, we would not hold companionship with plebeians, yet you seem ill, sir, and a Rohillaire must ever remember, that it is the prerogative of her birthright to succour and protect; therefore be pleased to sit, sir.'

Again the poor student's clear eye looked up into the face of the old lady of Rohillaire; but without resenting the mode of her proffered courtesy, he accepted it, and took the sole remaining chair of their costly chamber.

"'May I be allowed to say, that I rejoice in the accident which has introduced me to your notice?' said our hero; 'and at the same time, I cannot help wondering how an inhabitant of the same dwelling could be so long ignorant of his vicinity to such superior neighbours.' And again the poor student bowed to each of the ladies.

"'You have breeding, young man—you have breeding; and I should not wonder if you are of gentle birth,' said the old lady of Rohillaire.

"'I am almost ashamed to own how closely the pride of a good descent from an old county family clings to me in all that I do,' replied the poor student; 'more especially when pride and poverty, in my own case, make such a sorry partnership.'

"'Ashamed!' exclaimed the old lady of Rohillaire—'ashamed! Be ashamed of thy shame, young man! One drop of an ancient pedigree must still shine out though all the mists of poverty, manifesting more true nobility than mines of wealth can emulate.'

"'But still, pretensions so ill supported may be better laid aside,' said Oliver Paulett.

"'There is something degenerate in this age!' said the old lady of Rohillaire. 'Even the daughter of our house, whom I have nurtured from a child, and to whom the high dignity of her race has been as a daily lesson, I cannot teach at all times to remember that she owes to the princely blood which flows through her own veins a princely honour. Humility is the virtue of plebeians and menials. I grant that in them *it is* a virtue; and yet I cannot cure her of this, in one of her race, debasing quality.'

"'Dear grandmamma,' said Joanna, a tear in her eye and a blush on her cheek, as she went on twisting and twirling her buds and her blossoms together—'dear grandmamma, you know that you were born the lady of Rohillaire, and I was born a—'

"'A *beggar*, wouldst thou say, Joanna? Well, and could we exchange places, thinkest thou that I would delve with my fingers for—'

"'Dear grandmamma!' hastily deprecated poor Joanna, with a face burnt up with blushes.

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"'Well! well! it need not to have been so, were not might stronger than right, in this world. But it is the law, sir, the law, which ruins men. The world is right in that at least. It is the law which robs the widow of her portion, the orphan of her birthright! It is the law, sir!—the law, sir! I detest lawyers!'

"'I grieve to hear you say so,' replied the poor student, 'since it is to the law that I look for a revival of my own fortunes.'

"'How so, sir?—how so?'

"'I am hoping, some of these days, to be called to the bar.'

"'A base calling it is, sir! a base calling! I and that girl have been pillaged of the revenues of Rohillaire by a piece of the law's base trickery! At this moment another sits in my place, and the child of a churl will heir my father's house and lands instead of my own gentle Joanna; and all because of the law, sir!—because of the law, sir!'

"'Dear grandmamma,' said Joanna, 'let not the past embitter the present!'

"'And for my part, I cannot but regret that any word of mine should have called up associations so painful,' said the poor student; 'and I will take my leave, once more expressing my gratitude to Miss Rohillaire for her kind humanity, and to you, madam, for your condescending reception.'

"'Young man, young man, I have not met with a single being possessing so much gentlemanly feeling since I left the halls of Rohillaire!'

"'May I then be permitted sometimes to inquire after your health? sometimes to have the pleasure of a quarter of an hour's conversation?'

"'You may come, young man, you may come. A descendant of the house of Rohillaire could never play the churl!'"

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1844.

When beauty of pictorial embellishment, talent recognised and appreciated by the world, and morality too pure ever to be called in question, unite in the production of a volume like the one before us, what, it may well be asked, could be desired more to render it worthy of our warmest commendation? Have not publisher and editress done all in their power to merit our approbation, and are we not unjust in withholding its most decided expression?

We admit unhesitatingly all that Mrs. Ellis's friends could say in the way of honest eulogy. We fully believe that she has never written "one line that dying she might wish to blot." We allow that she uses the best exertion of really admirable abilities to perform her engagements both with the world and her publishers, and yet we are left with something still to wish for.

We sincerely desire not to be misunderstood. It is not that we are dissatisfied *with* Mrs. Ellis, but we are dissatisfied *for* her. It is a truth as self-evident as it is stale, that the impulses of genius are not to be commanded. Not even Apollo himself, nor any of the tuneful Nine, could write poetry to order. How then can Mrs. Ellis, year after year, volume after volume, be expected to supply not the soulless rhyme of poetry alone, but its spirit? As well might she be expected to create vitality. This is a case in which the high moral virtue of untiring industry can avail her nothing. Labouring after animation the longer it is persevered in can but produce the heavier lassitude. Poetry must ever be a free spirit, and must die the moment it is

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shackled like a slave. We are quite sure that even Mrs. Ellis herself will agree to the justness of these observations. It is apparent that she feels employed on a task rather than spontaneously occupied in a labour of love, and the weariness which she cannot but feel is apparent in her pages. We think also that an injurious influence is felt in the present arrangements of the work. It cannot be otherwise but that a want of variety should be felt, however diversified the subjects, when the execution devolves upon one individual. The same tones of feeling, the same trains of thought, the same turns of expression, the same points of view, are naturally repeated. Diversity of authorship, even where there is equality of talent, imparts the charm of variety, which is always as healthful to the mind as it is agreeable to the fancy. Mrs. Ellis's name as editress would no doubt be highly valuable to the work, because it would furnish a guarantee for the morality of the contents of any publication bearing it; but as sole author, it may eventually be found that even the favouritism of the public may be drawn upon too largely.

It is with pleasure that we sum up all our remarks by saying, that the volume is really handsome, that the plates are both liberally bestowed and well selected, and that Mrs. Ellis's articles are marked by the influence of a sound understanding as much as by a pure morality.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1844. By the author of "Women of England."

This pretty little volume presents itself to us as a worthy successor to those of gone-by years. It is externally as glitteringly attractive, and internally as prettily embellished, as its predecessors. To be perfectly candid in our criticism, we are inclined, however, to think that the designs rather overshoot childish subjects, and we are not without a suspicion that the calibre of Mrs. Ellis's mind is too enlarged to excite an interest in juvenile capacities. It requires a peculiar talent to write for the young, and Mrs. Ellis has, happily for herself and her own reputation, formed her own habit of writing above them. Nevertheless, the morals of this little work are unimpeachable, and the instruction it contains diversified; and if we say that we think parents will like it better than children, perhaps we are all the while offering it the higher praise.

China, in a Series of Views, displaying the Scenery, Architecture, and Social Habits of that Ancient Empire; drawn from original and authentic Sketches. By Thomas Allom, Esq. *With historical and descriptive Notices,* by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A.

The late events in China have rendered that country and its people objects of intense interest to the whole civilized world. Every

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step we take in the vast empire now opened to us, will be fraught with important consequences. A people whose habits have been unchanged for thousands of years, and who have been kept thus long isolated by a paternal despotism and a boundary wall, must present to our contemplation objects of the most striking character. The publication before us is admirably adapted to gratify inquiry; as a splendid table book, and as a history, it is valuable; but as a series of Pictorial Illustrations of China, in the highest style of art, it is certainly unequalled. Referring to these Illustrations in the preface, Mr. Wright observes, "Having dwelt in 'the land of the cypress and myrtle,' Mr. Allom's talents were fully matured for the faithful delineation of oriental scenery, and in many instances he has so successfully pictured forth the subject to be illustrated, as to secure a signal triumph for the pencil over the pen." Mr. Wright's portion of the work appears, however, to be very ably conducted. We subjoin a list of the engravings which embellish this very beautiful volume. We understand it is in great demand, as it deserves to be. The Kin-Shan, or Golden Island—Lake Su-hoo, &c., from the Vale of Tombs—The Imperial Travelling Palace—Harbour of Hong-Kong—The Pool-ta-la, or Great Temple—Se-Tseaou-Shan, or Western Seared Hills—Tseih-Sing-Yen, or Seven Star Mountains—The culture and preparation of Tea—The Great Wall of China—Bamboo aqueduct at Hong-Kong—Punishment of the Bastinado—Temple of Buddha, Canton—Imperial Palace—Raree Show Temple of the Bonzes—Military station—Feeding silk-worms—The Zung-Tin-Shin—The On-Ma-Too, or Five Horses' Heads—Façade of the Great Temple, Macao—European Factories, Canton—Apartment in a Mandarin's house—Merchants and Tea Dealers—Whampoa, from Dane's Island—Thintruat Tien-Sin—Ships passing Bocca Tigris—Rice Sellers—British Encampment—Capture of Ting-Hai, Chusan—Dinner-party at a Mandarin's House—House of a Chinese Merchant, Canton.

The Belle of the Family; or the Jointure. A Novel. By the Author of "The Young Prima Donna," "The Little Wife," &c. &c.

Two tales divide the pages of this work—of about equal length and average merit. It is more than probable that the first has held the higher estimation in the mind of the authoress, from its occupying the post of honour, but we are inclined ourselves to give the preference to the latter.

The critic, like the rest of the world, is sometimes too apt to commend good talents independently of good intentions, though undoubtedly good intentions are requisite for the right appropriation of good talents. It is, therefore, praise when we say, that in this work that which is morally best decidedly takes the lead. The purpose is undoubtedly good, and not unably seconded by the execution.

Nevertheless, the moral of the first tale, "The Belle of the Family," though evidently earnestly laboured after, seems rather unaccountably

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to have escaped from the grasp of the authoress. The heroine, an angel in all but her actions, most delectably gentle and yet most pertinaciously self-willed, appears so to have engaged the affection of the authoress, that, like Pygmalion, loving the being of her own creation, she could not find in her heart to punish her for faults, which in her first moral intentions she had endowed her with, for the sole purpose of visiting with retribution as a warning lesson to the world, and as a sort of warranty for her own writing. Evidently not having had nerve enough to inflict penal sufferings on her own literary child, and being somewhat timid of rewarding her for her faults with wealth and love, she has taken Alexander's plan of cutting the knotty question, and drawn the curtain over a fainting fit, leaving the reader to guess what might happen on recovery. Nevertheless, we must needs enter our protest against a young lady, be she ever so beautiful and angelic, marrying a rich old man, to whom she was more than indifferent, whilst she loved a poor young one; we presume, also, to make some slight objection to her matrimonial deportment towards a husband, who, if he laboured under the misfortune of having a somewhat ancient date affixed to his parish register, yet, owing to that very circumstance, had been enabled the longer to prove himself a most munificent friend to her own family. We make, also, some little demur against the widow retaining wealth which it was her husband's last intention to alienate from her under certain supposeable contingencies;—but this last count in the indictment we believe we must waive, since our authoress leaves us only to guess that her heroine might possibly marry the man she loved, when he came in her way, and there was nothing to prevent her—but, of course, we only consider the thing as just within the bounds of possibility.

The second tale, entitled "Harry Monk," is of a far more healthy stamina. The moral is perfectly unexceptionable, and the conduct of the narrative untinged by a single shade of sickly sensibility. Evidently penned with an honest desire to illustrate the grievous evil of the breach of a sacred and positive duty, the authoress seems to have gained energy from the purity of her own intention, and by keeping a single eye upon this sole object, her powers of mind and execution have been concentrated, undistracted and undivided into petty purposes, greatly to the advantage of her literary reputation, for not only is "Harry Monk" superior to "The Belle of the Family" as a moral lesson, but as a work of art. Pleasant dialogue, occasional touches of feeling, and a sufficiency of incident, make this lady's writing very agreeable reading.

Glenny's Garden Almanac and Florist's Directory, for the Year of our Lord 1844, *being Bissextile or Leap-Year. Containing Directions for the Management of an Amateur's Garden during the Year; Lists of Show Flowers, Fruits, Plants, London and Provincial Nurseries; and other useful Information.* By GEORGE GLENNY, F.H.S. Editor of the Gardener's Gazette.

If two useful purposes can be accomplished together, we think that they ought fairly to be estimated at double value. We think, too,

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that there is something appropriate in associating a measurement of time with the culture of flowers, since its duration is at once needful to their development, and the certain arbiter of their decay. The Calendar giving laws to Floriculture we consider them most fit for companionship in the same pages; and this neat little almanac unites them most usefully and most agreeably.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.—These delightful illustrations continue to be as beautiful as ever—more so they could scarcely be. As diversified in beauty as they are in number, they merit an increasing favour. These sweetly executed views are gradually forming a valuable and admirable collection.

Knight's London.—The physiognomy of this work is becoming like that of an old friend. By its aid we believe that the inhabitants of our great metropolis will acquire a far more thorough knowledge of its history, habits, legends, and localities, than otherwise they could have hoped to possess. Valuable material, sufficient for many consecutive works, comes to us crowded into these cheap numbers with lavish hand. Since our last notice there has accumulated a mass of interesting information. "The Society of Arts," "Medical and Surgical Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums," "London Shops and Bazaars," "Education in London," "The Old Jewry," "Old Trading Companies, "Public Statues," "College of Arms," "Houses of the Old Nobility," "Buckingham and Old Westminster Palaces, "Westminster Hall and the New Houses of Parliament," are all interesting articles.

Pictorial History of England.—This laborious and deservedly popular work brings us down to the date of 1810. The best abilities are being industriously used to render it worthy of becoming a standard document of national history. The illustrations are both a valuable and agreeable feature in its arrangement.

Artists' and Amateurs' Magazine.—Taking into consideration the necessity of meeting the perhaps over-excited taste of the public, who from having been so long accustomed to highly-flavoured aliment, have lost their relish for simple wholesome compounds, we would recommend Mr. Rippingille in some farther degree to accommodate himself to the popular taste. Were he catering solely for true lovers of the art, exclusiveness might be a merit, but as the class is not sufficiently numerous in a pecuniary sense to encourage and reward his labours, and as, after all, we must suppose him to be providing for the general public rather than a class, a public who yet at least need encouragement in the cultivation of a purer taste—taking, we say, these circumstances into consideration, we would suggest the expediency of admitting matter still relevant, but somewhat more popularly interesting. We would in these observations by no means be

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understood to undervalue Mr. Rippingille's labours, but simply to express a friendly fear lest he should be aiming above the capacity of the general reader; and we offer our observations with sincere wishes for his ultimate success.

Harry Mowbray. By Captain Knox, author of "Hardness," "Day Dreams," &c.—The late numbers of this work display some almost fearfully forcible writing. Captain Knox's imagination seems to luxuriate in scenes from which those of ordinary calibre would shrink. The sepulchral swoon of his heroine, and the horrors of her sentient soul, enthralled within the dominion of her torpid body, are only paralleled by the final outbreak of that incipient insanity which has throughout the narrative been struggling through the mind and actions of one of its leading personages. As the work advances towards its close, the plot also contracts, but we must rank amongst its merits that Captain Knox has contrived to involve his *dénouement* in inscrutable mystery, and considering the acumen of well-versed fiction readers, this proves no ordinary power.

The Local Historian's Table-Book.—This publication has now reached its thirty-fourth number, and continues to keep up its interest. It will be well esteemed by all who are connected by birth or circumstance with the counties to which it relates, as well as to those who are fond of diversified reading. The events, chronologically arranged, are now brought down to the year 1826. When completed, it will prove an amusing as well as a useful history of the counties on which it treats, without the usual heaviness of topographical works.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Paris and its People. By W. Grant. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Ned Myers, or a Life before the Mast. By J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.*
The Birthright, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Grumbler; a Novel. By Miss E. Pickering. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Light Dragoon. By the Author of the Subaltern. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Modern Chivalry, or a New Orlando Furioso. By Mrs. Gore. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India. By Lieut.-Colonel Davidson. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Heath's Book of Beauty for 1844. Royal 8vo. 21*s.*
Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1844, 'The American in Paris during the Summer.' By Jules Janin. Royal 8vo. 21*s.*
The Keepsake for 1844. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Royal 8vo. 21*s.*
A Love Gift for 1844. 24mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth, 3*s.* silk.
The Ball Room Annual for 1844. 32mo. 1*s.*
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The Life of Gerald Griffin. By his Brother. Forming the first volume of his Life and Works, to be completed in 8 vols. 12mo. 6*s.*
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LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

Mr. Ochterlony, who from his station in the British service in China has had ample opportunities of observing all the details of the recent hostilities there, has just committed to the press a work, on which he has been for some time past engaged, entitled, The Chinese War. It will embrace a complete history of that eventful contest, and will be illustrated by a variety of interesting sketches of character and scenery, taken by himself on the spot.

The new work, Men and Women, or Manorial Rights, by the author of "Susan Hopley," is nearly ready. We have had the pleasure of giving some account of it in our present number, having been favoured with an early copy.

The new work, which we last month announced as in progress, entitled The Gleaner, is now nearly ready.

The Island of Antigua is about to be made more familiar to the reading world than it has hitherto been, by the publication of a new work, entitled Antigua and Antiguans. It is from the pen of a lady long resident there, and commences prior to that early period when the great mind of Columbus led him to sail in quest of a new world, and is carried through the several eras of history down to the government of the present much-esteemed Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy. It embraces historical, genealogical, topographical, botanical, and zoological subjects. It treats of slavery and free-labour systems, and is interspersed with impartial sketches of Character, Anecdotes, and Legends of by-gone days.

The Hon. Miss J. A. Maynard's Records of Scenery is now ready, and we have enjoyed great pleasure in its perusal. Our remarks upon this beautiful volume will be found in our review department.

Such of our readers as are connoisseurs in engravings, will be pleased to hear that a work is about to be published entitled The Print Collector. Such a work has, we think, long been wanting, and its value when seen will, we are persuaded, be at once apparent.

A volume of Poetry, entitled Early Hours, is nearly ready.

In the press, and speedily will be published, "Researches, Physical and Ethnological, with the History of the Asiatic Nations," being the fourth volume of "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind." By J. C. Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France.—Vol. V., to complete the work, is in a state of forwardness.

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THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE aspects of our manufacturing interests continue to be unmarked by any decided change, although some slight amendment may be distinguishable. A tolerably fair business has been transacted of most descriptions of goods. In corn there has been a moderate supply of English wheat, the finest parcels obtaining a ready sale at prices equal to those which have lately prevailed. In sugar the demand has been somewhat dull, but the sales effected sustained the previous rates. For coffee there has been a good inquiry.

MONEY MARKET.—The Stocks continue to maintain a firm position, an improvement of prices in Consols having been manifest. In the absence of great speculation, the public remaining steady buyers, is sufficient to keep the market firm. In the Foreign Market, the Mexican has fallen. Santa Anna's demonstrations of animosity appear to have excited some uneasiness in the minds of bondholders. In the Railway Market, quotations are well supported, and in that of the Brighton line an advance has taken place.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 27th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 181.—Consols for Acct. 96 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 96 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 102 one-eighth.—Indian Stock, 271 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, small, 1¼d. 54s. 52s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54 five-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cent. Bonds, 32 one-eighth.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Nov. 30, 22.—Mexican Five Cent. 30 five eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 99 seven-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 24 TO NOV. 17, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 24.—T. Wright, Blackmore-street, Clare market, cheesemonger.—T. Donkin, Sidney-street, Cambridge, victualler.—W. B. Gough, Newport Pagnell, Bucks, grocer.—M. Harris, Swansea, draper.—J. Bains, South Shields, grocer.

Oct. 27.—E. Florance, jun., Subdeanry, Sussex, potato dealer.—J. B. L. Farrant, Maidstone, agricultural machine maker.—W. B. Gaskell, Birmingham, draper.—R. Yood and W. Rennards, Liverpool, cheese factors.

Oct. 31.—H. W. Morley, Dean-street, Soho, tailor.—J. Phillips, Hall-court, Old Broad-street, tailor.—R. Grand, Old Jewry-chambers, merchant.—A. Mason, Bury St. Edmund's, coach proprietor.—L. C. Lecesne, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street, merchant.—W. Pickford, and H. G. Clapton, Bristol, warehousemen.

Nov. 3.—T. H. Giles, Bow, Middlesex, omnibus proprietor.—G. Lawes, Southampton, tailor.—J. H. Tipple, Wymondham, Norfolk, bombazine manufacturer.—G. Muir, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—W. Warren, Pownall-Fee, Cheshire, blacksmith.—J. Smith, Liverpool, draper.—H. Griffiths, Chelford, Cheshire, innkeeper.

Nov. 7.—J. M'Lean, Sun-street, statuary mason.—C. W. Davies, Holborn, upholsterer.—G. Nettleton, Brompton, tailor.—W. B. Cockerill, Reedham, Norfolk, butcher.—J. Willis, Osborn-street, Whitechapel, ale and porter merchant.—A. H. Wagstaff, Leighton Buzzard, apothecary.—D. Aumonier, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, jeweller.—J. Phillips, Pinners-hall-court, Old Broad-street, tailor.—D. Fraser, Little Tower-street, shipowner.—E. Charles, Radipole, Dorsetshire, brickmaker.—C. Harrington, Kidderminster, plumber.—G. H. Crowther, Warrington, Lancashire, stationer.

Nov. 10.—G. J. Pouchee, Oxford-street, stationer.—T. Baker, Camberwell, carpenter.—C. C. Acatt, Bath-street, City-road, cabinet-maker.—C. Killick and J. Sadd, Blackman-street, Borough, paper stainers.—C. J. Hunt, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, billiard-table maker.—B. G. Drury, Dudley, licensed victualler.—B. Dowell, Bishopwearmouth, builder.—W. Taylor, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, wool merchant.

Nov. 14.—T. G. James, River-street, Myddleton-square, builder.—J. Sewell, Charles-street, Paddington, victualler.—T. Thorpe, Chertsey, Surrey, plumber.—R. Toulson, Westminster-bridge road, Lambeth, furnishing warhouseman.—J. Zuliani, Mincing-lane, merchant.—E. Swift, Chingford mills, Essex, miller.—I. T. Couchman, High-street, Kensington, builder.—J. Williams, jun., Abingdon, Bucks, carpet manufacturer.—A. W. Lowman and T. S. Lowman, Eastcheap, City, cheesemongers.—G. Chamberlain, Wivenhoe, Essex, shipowner.—R. H. Frary and J. Frary, Oxford-street, carpet warhousemen.—J. Peacock, Bradford, ironmonger.—L. F. Bingham, Bakewell, Derbyshire, flourseller.—T. Withell and W. Withell, Padstow, Cornwall, ship-builders.

Nov. 17.—S. Pears, Old Jewry, city, wine-merchant.—T. H. Wood, Penton-street, Pentonville, draper.—W. Hayward and J. Jennings, Walbrook, commission-agents.—T. Thorpe, Chertsey, plumber.—R. Collier, Hythe, draper.—J. G. Poett, University-street, St. Pancras, surgeon.—J. Pierce, Dean-street, Soho, licensed victualler.—T. Bayley, West Smithfield, licensed victualler.—G. Wheldon, Dudley, clothier.—R. Hale, Margate, bookseller.—R. T. Milbanke, Burewood-place, Edgeware-road, surgeon.—D. Collins, Bennett's-place, Follard's row, Bethnal green, silk-manufacturer.—T. Bourne, Liverpool, corn-factor.—J. Ward, Nottingham, tailor.—J. Crisp, Liverpool, auctioneer.—A. Westmore, West Dudley, Lancashire, joiner.—T. Barlow, Sheffield, grocer.—J. Hudson and J. Broadbent, jun., Gale, Lancashire, calico-printers.—T. Spink, Hilham, Yorkshire, farmer.

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MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	46-57	29,71-29 74	S. b. W.		Clear.
24	47-56	29,60-29,36	S. b. W.		Generally cloudy.
25	49·37	29,20-29,18	N. b.E.	,35	Cloudy, with rain in the morn., aftn. & evg. clear.
26	28-48	29,20-29,33	N. & W.b.N.		Clear.
27	28 47	29,41-29,23	S.W. & S.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy.
28	49-42	28,85-29,06	S. by W.		Generally clear: high wind in the morning.
29	29-47	29,35-29,37	S.W.		Morning foggy: sun dimly seen about noon: hazy.
30	31-57	29,22-29,04	E. & S. b. E.	,27	Cloudy, with frequent rain during the day.
31	49-45	29,14-29,19	N.	,6	Raining generally during the day.
Nov.					
1	46-36	29,35-29,46	N. & N.W.	,665	Cloudy till the evening.
2	34-46	29,50-29,52	N.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
3	44-32	29,30-29,40	S. b. W.	,1	Generally cloudy.
4	55-42	29,39-29,52	S. W.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening hazy.
5	40-53	29,64-29,69	N. & N.W.		Generally cloudy.
6	39-51	29,66-29,65	S. b. W.		Morning cloudy, with rain.
7	55 41	29,38-29,49	SbW&WbS	,18	Morning raining, afternoon and evening clear.
8	49-34	29,51-29,56			Generally clear, heavy rain shortly after noon.
9	28-42	29,59-29,53	S. b. W.	,2	Generally hazy.
10	29-45	29,28-29,41	S.	,155	Morning raining, aftern. & even. generally cloudy.
11	30-45	29,59-29 78	E. & E. b. N.		Generally clear.
12	28 44	29,80 29,84	N.W.		Do.
13	23 43	29,86-29,90	N.E.		Clear.
14	28 40	29,85-29,81	N.W.		Morning raining lightly, aftern. generally cloudy.
15	29-39	29,86-29,74			Morning clear, afternoon hazy.
16	45-32	29,63-29,72	N. b. W.	,1	Generally clear.
17	28-47	29,60-29,40	E. b. S.		Morng. generally hazy, aftern. generally cloudy,
18	48-38	29,31-29,28	S. b. W.	,05	Clear. [rain in the evening.
19	29-45	29,42-29,52	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening hazy.
20	39-49	29,24-29,46	S.W.		Morn. generally cloudy, aftern. & evening clear.
21	39 *57	29,38-29-28	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
22	53-45	29,22-29,40	S. b. W.	,175	Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morning.

* This temperature occurred in the evening of the 21st, and continued till midnight—perhaps later; the extreme of the morning of the 22nd was not lower than 53.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

E. H. Collier, of Goldsworthy Terrace, Rotherhithe, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces and flues. Sept. 28th, 6 months.

J. A. Farmer, of Redhaigh, near Dalkeith, N.B., for a new or improved mode of drying tiles, bricks, retorts, and such like work, made from clay and other plastic substances. Sept. 30th, 6 months.

J. G. Briggs, of Leicester, Coach Proprietor, for certain improvements in axles. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

E. Banton, of Walsall, Stafford, Saddlers' Ironmonger, for certain improvements in saddles and horse harness. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

R. Boote, of Burslem, Stafford, Earthenware Manufacturers' Clerk, for certain improvements in pottery and Mosaic work. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

B. Albano, of Piccadilly, Civil Engineer, for improvements in preparing materials and applying them to the manufacture of ornamental mouldings and other useful purposes. Oct. 5th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Combe, of Leeds, Engineer, for improvements in heckling, cleaning, preparing, and carding flax and other fibrous substances. Oct. 5th.

F. C. Warlich, of Cecil Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of fuel. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

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W. North, of Stangate, Surrey, Slater, for improvements in covering roofs and flats of buildings with slate. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

J. Saunders, of Soho-hill, Birmingham, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of tyres of railway and other wheels, and in the manufacture of railway and other axles. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

J. Griffin, of Withymoor Works, Dudley, manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of spades, shovels, and such like tools. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

J. B. Soldi, of Windsor Place, Southwark Bridge Road, Surrey, for improvements in apparatus for measuring of persons' heads, and for fitting and retaining hats, caps, and bonnets, according to such measure. Oct. 5th, 6 months. Communication.

C. Brown, of Woolwich, Kent, Surgeon, for improvements in the manufacture of dip candles. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

L. Hardman, of Liverpool, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be employed in the manufacture of sugar. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in grates, furnaces, and boilers; and also in manufacturing or working iron or other metals, and in machinery connected therewith. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

M. H. Marshall, of Manchester, for a certain improved plastic composition applicable to the fine arts and to useful and ornamental purposes. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

G. Wall, jun., of Manchester, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the methods or processes of manufacturing earthenware, china, and other similar substances, and also in the machinery or apparatus applicable to such manufactures. Oct. 5th, 6 months.

P. Walsher, of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines. Oct. 12th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Cleaver, of Ripley, in the county of Derby, Spelter Maker, for an improved furnace for subliming or reducing to a metallic state the ores of zinc. Oct. 12th, 2 months.

S. Hutchinson, of the London Gas Works, Vauxhall, Engineer, for certain improvements in gas meters. Oct. 12th, 6 months.

C. Brook, of Meltham Mills, York, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and twisting cotton and other fibrous substances. Oct. 12th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Serle Street, Gentleman, for improvements in enveloping medicine. Oct. 12th, 6 months. Communication.

S. Geary, of Hamilton Place, King's Cross, Architect and Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of panelling and framing applicable for all building purposes, cabinet work, and other similar uses. Oct. 13th, 6 months.

R. Beard, of Egremont Place, New Road, Gentleman, for improvements in printing calicoes and other fabrics. Oct. 13th. Communication.

R. T. Nevill, of Llangennech, Carmarthen, Esquire, for an improved mode of separating certain metals when in certain states of combination with each other. Oct. 18th, 6 months.

W. Watson, jun., of Leeds, Chemist, for certain improvements in ventilating houses and other buildings. Oct. 18th, 2 months.

J. A. Detmold, of the city of London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of furnaces or fire-places applicable to various useful purposes. Oct. 18th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Graham, of Wapping, Middlesex, for improvements in the construction of pots or vessels and furnaces used in the manufacture of zinc and in other manufactures, and also improvements in the treatment of the ores of zinc in the process of manufacturing zinc. Oct. 18th, 6 months.

T. M. Jones, of Birmingham, Merchant, for improvements in heating liquids and aeriform bodies. Oct. 18th, 6 months.

J. Gibbons, of New Radford, Nottingham, Machinist, and T. Roe, of the same place, Machinist, for certain improvements in machinery used for what is called setting or reading patterns, and stamping or punching them in jacquard cards. Oct. 21st, six months.

G. E. Mylne, of Albion Terrace, Canonbury Square, Islington, Watchmaker, for improvements in the construction of watches. Oct. 21st, 6 months.

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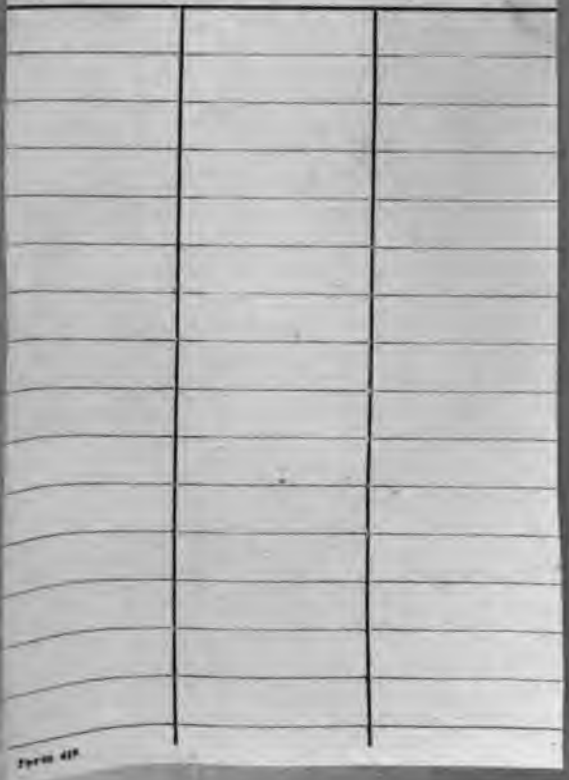

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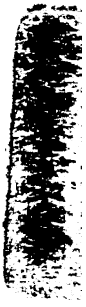
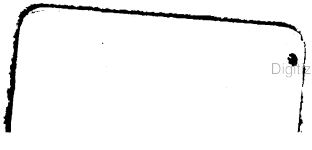
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